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McCLURE'S

Win-the-War Magazine

20¢

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DECEMBER
1918

"OUT IN FRONT" — BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

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INCORPORATED

How to Make Your Salary Worth 10% to 30% More

A Simple Device That Anyone Can Apply With Quick Results

By Peter Rhodes

Mr. FERRIN

HOW much are you earning—twenty, twenty-five, fifty, one hundred dollars a week, or more? It doesn't matter. Whatever your income you can increase its buying power 10% to 30% and you don't have to change your job. You don't even have to speak to your boss.

I don't deny that it is unusual to make such a sweeping statement. But let me tell you my story. Then decide for yourself.

Two years ago I made $2,000 a year, and I was always in debt. Try as I could I was unable to get ahead. Nor could I figure out from week to week where my money went. Neither my wife nor I were spendthrifts. Our tastes were simple. We had two little children whom we dressed well but not extravagantly. Yet our income was absolutely inadequate.

Finally things came to such a state that I decided something had to be done. I already had a pile of unpaid bills amounting to about $300, and things were going from bad to worse. I simply had to have more money—not only was I failing to save anything for a rainy day but I couldn't make both ends meet.

In a quandary I consulted a friend of mine, a Mr. Underwood, whom I admired very much because I knew him to be quite successful—at least with the same size family as mine he lived better than we did and I had heard him talk about investments he had made, so I knew he was getting along much better than I.

Imagine my amazement when this friend confided in me that instead of an income two or three times as much as mine he was earning exactly the same amount that I was—$2,000 a year—and that he was able to save $600 a year—in other words, he was really earning about 30% more than I was on the very same salary!

I couldn't understand how he did it. The Underwoods seemed to have so much more than we did. Of course there wasn't any grand opera in their program, but they did go to the theatre regularly; enjoyed most of the pleasures of life; they wore good clothes; entertained their friends on Sunday evenings; had two well-dressed children and were about the happiest and most contented couple of all our married acquaintances.

My friend, Mr. Underwood, saw my amazement and told me the secret. It seems that a few years ago he had gone through the same experience that I was going through.

They had no plan; they were living in a happy-go-lucky fashion, without any system—in fact, the very same way we were *now* living.

Finally, he came to the realization that what was keeping them poor was the money that they frittered away. He realized that the little leaks in personal and household expenses were preventing them from saving money and even meeting their bills on time.

Then he determined that he *could* easily live within his income and also save money if he could in some way make his money go further. With this idea in mind, Mr. Underwood worked out a plan which enabled him to save $600 each year and still enjoy the pleasures and enjoyment that make life worth living.

This plan which has worked so successfully for my friend has been incorporated in the Ferrin Money Saving Account Book and Budget System, a system that can add anywhere from 10% to 30% to your savings just as it has for him and for me. For no sooner had I heard my friend's story than I followed his example, and it has worked out just as successfully in my case as it did in his. It really is the same to me as an increase in salary because I can enjoy more pleasures now than I ever did—and I get *real joy* out of them—because *I know* I can afford them.

The Ferrin Account System

grew from the realization that a simple automatic system of accounting was absolutely essential to success in personal money matters.

This amazingly simple method has been introduced by the Independent Corporation, because the publishers of The Independent (and Harper's Weekly) recognize the nation-wide need of such a device—at this time especially—and because the founding of such a system of money saving fits closely with the program of efficiency which is being developed by its Efficiency Service and its Division of Business Education.

The Ferrin Money Saving System is encompassed in a handsome Account Book bound in half Blue Silk Cloth Back—Cadet Blue Cover, paper sides—turned edges semi-flexible—stamped in gold on front cover. It contains 112 pages, size 8¼x10¾ inches. This wonderful aid to money saving, this watch dog of your income and expenditures, will tell you to a penny where the money goes. It will keep actual track of your spending and enable you to plug up the the leaks. It will keep you out of debt. It will help to put money in the bank.

Read!

Letter from Head of Financial Department of Largest Corporation of Its Kind in the United States.

INDEPENDENT CORPORATION.

Gentlemen:

I consider your account book a remarkable contribution to the people of this country at this time. I refer especially to your discovery of the absolute necessity of the budget idea as applied to personal and household account keeping and I am amazed that this fundamental and absolutely essential idea has not been employed in a simple form long before this.

In our company we have 5,000 employees and it was a revelation to me in giving them advice regarding the making out of their income tax returns to find how few had any intelligent idea of their income and their living expenses. It was that perhaps more than anything else, that brought home to me the great service that your new budget account book will render to the people who need it most, no matter what their income is.

The simplicity of your plan, which by comparison with previous methods of account keeping would seem to be well-nigh automatic, appeals to me strongly.

They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks, but I will say to you that I am going to use the Ferrin Book for my own family expenses and consider it will make money for me right from the start.

(Signed) D. S. BURTON.

The Budget System

The Ferrin Money Saving Account Book is the first and only device of its kind.

Incorporated in it is a Recapitulation for every month of the year which shows at a glance the Budget and amounts paid out during the month for the various classified items of expense. **It is the only book to our knowledge which has a Budget column for every month.**

You simply lay out your budget according to the sample budgets given for incomes of one to five thousand dollars a year. This can be modified easily to suit your special conditions, or we will gladly a ange a budget for you, whatever your income.

BUDGETING your income on the simple Ferrin System is the most important factor in money saving and this is the only book that shows you exactly how to do it. It is more than a book—it is a system and contains compact information on keeping expense accounts; making an inventory of household goods; making safe investments and other financial matters of vital interest to every family.

No Better Time to Start

Today, with almost hourly increases in the prices of food, clothing and every necessity of life, the apportioning of an income calls for the exercise of the utmost intelligence and thoughtfulness. The beginning of the New Year is an excellent time to put the Ferrin System into practice. Start *Budgeting* your income with the first day of 1919. It will require no resolution to continue.

The Ferrin Money Saving Account Book is a most practical gift to any newly married couple entering upon the business of domestic management, and particularly under present conditions. As Christmas gifts you could offer nothing more essential or more useful and timely than a Ferrin Account Book.

Two Minutes a Day

The Ferrin System takes only about two minutes a day. No knowledge of bookkeeping is required. Any child who can read can keep the accounts. Instead of being a hardship, saving becomes fun. Keeping records the Ferrin way is more enjoyable than a game. And the pleasure lasts forever.

Read the following letter from Mr. Carleton F. Brown, Treasurer and General Manager of the Corona Typewriter Company:

"I today received the Ferrin Money Saving Account Book, and on showing it to some of my friends they were very much impressed with the idea and requested me to order one for them. I would therefore appreciate it if you would send me five more of these Ferrin Saving Account Books. I am sending you herewith my check for $12.00 to cover the cost of these five in addition to the one which I have just received."

Also the following from Mr. D. G. Shephard, Publicity Manager of the Fairmont Gas Engine and Railway Motor Car Company:

"My wife and I have been making entries in the book only a little over one week, and already have discovered many household 'leaks' to an approximate sum of $5.00. We have the Ferrin method to thank for these discoveries."

Examine It Free

So confident are we of the great value of this Ferrin Money Saving Account Book, that we will gladly send it to you on approval, without a penny in advance. Keep it five days. See how simple it is. See how much you have missed by not having it before. See how much it will mean to you from the very day you get it. Then if you feel that you can afford not to have it, return it and you will owe nothing.

But if you feel that it means the beginning of a new era of financial independence for you, send only $2, the small sum asked. The Ferrin Money Saving Account Book is an investment and will return its cost many times over every year. The system is good for four years, which makes it cost about 4 cents a month! And you need send no money until you see it and examine it and are satisfied that it will pay you big returns.

Mail the coupon or send a letter now, while the matter is on your mind.

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Division of Business Education

Dept. 4612, 119 W. 40th St., New York

Publishers of The Independent (and Harper's Weekly)

Please send me the Ferrin Money Saving Account Book on Free Examination. I will send you $2 within 5 days after receipt, or return the book.

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One pupil writes: "Under your treatment I gained 15 pounds the first three months and became strong and healthy. I would not be back where I was for any amount of money."

If you only realized how surely, how easily, how inexpensively your weight can be increased, your figure perfected, and your health improved, I am certain you would write me.

I want to help you as only a woman can. I've had a wonderful experience covering sixteen years. Write to me and if my work won't help I will tell you what will.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 95, 624 S. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Volume 50 — Number 14

McClure's Service Flag

"New Occasions Teach New Duties"

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *President*
HOLLAND S. DUELL, *Vice-President*
CONRAD MILLIKEN, *Secretary*
ARTHUR S. MOORE, *Treasurer*

THIS IS OUR PLEDGE:
to devote the pages of
McCLURE'S WIN-THE-WAR MAGAZINE
to the national service by doing everything we can, in every way we can, to help
WIN THE WAR

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How We Improved Our Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones and His Wife

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson I was surprised to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

What the Course Did for Mrs. Jones

From what Mr. Jones tells us, the Roth Memory Course did just as wonderful things for Mrs. Jones. She became fascinated with the lessons the first evening she could get them away from her husband, and he is forced to admit that not only did she learn the magic key words more quickly and easily than he did—but so did Genevieve, their twelve-year-old daughter.

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In a few days Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how her newly acquired power to remember the countless things she had to remember simplified her life. The infinite details of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surprised how much more time she had for recreation—because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening came she missed much of the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in orderly procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand—because she never forgot a name or face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones, in developing her own perfectly good memory, discovered a secret of success, not only in housekeeping, but in her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among Mrs. Jones' friends—for she has let them into her secret.

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> "Enclosed please find check for $5.00 for Memory Course forwarded me. This course, to my mind, is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever heard of, and comes to hand at a time when I need it greatly.
>
> "As Chairman for the State of Tennessee for Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, it is very necessary for me to remember the names of thousands of women, and with the very little acquaintance I have had with your wonderful course I find my memory greatly strengthened. I feel sure that after having completed the course I will be able to know my women and the counties they are from the minute I see them."

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So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

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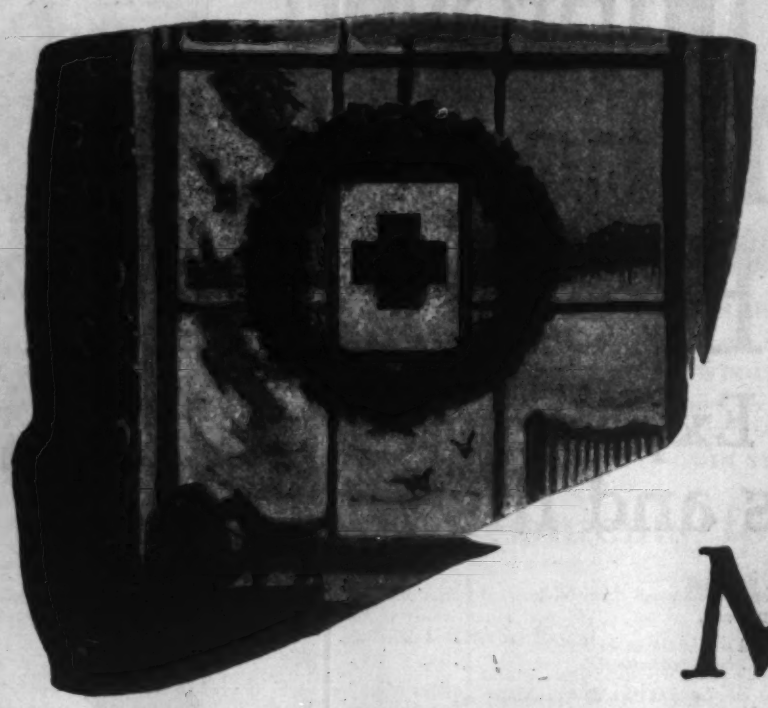

Mother

I USED to be a little bit ashamed of the way I felt about Mother. I loved her, of course—loved her with all the love that could be crowded into a boy's heart—but I hated to show it. Only girls and babies, I thought, showed affection. It wasn't "manly" for a boy to be petted—especially if there was someone around to see.

I used to go to Mother when I had cut my finger or had some childish grief or woe and she would bind up the wound in my finger and my heart and drive away all the pain and sorrow in some strange, mysterious way that only mothers know about.

Then she'd put her arm around me and smooth my hair—but I'd pull away and swagger out, whistling loudly, and play with my dog.

But at nights when I'd gone tired to bed I'd think about Mother.

And always she appeared in a sort of soft light with a smile of understanding. To myself, I called her "The Greatest Mother in the World."

* * * *

The other day I saw a Red Cross Poster—a white clad nurse with a wounded soldier in her arms; they called it "The Greatest Mother in the World."

It brought a jealous little tug to my heart when I saw it. I resented the use of that title for a Red Cross Poster. It was my name for Mother.

I closed my eyes for a moment and a vision of Mother came to me. The same soft light and tender smile. And when I looked up at the poster again I understood.

I felt that the Red Cross had the right to use that title, "The Greatest Mother in the World."

For I realized that the spirit of my Mother—and yours—was behind that big organization—binding up cut fingers for little boys who have grown up and aren't really little boys any longer.

And that's the reason I'm going to answer "Present" at the

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DECEMBER 16-23

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Take the ordinary longhand letter *d* Eliminate everything but the long down-stroke and there will remain / This is the Paragon symbol for **D.** It is always written **downward.**

From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon **E** o

Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have **Ed** /

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus / will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end thus / and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m* which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke —

Therefore, —*o* would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus / and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle **O** and you will have / (medo), which is **meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

You now have 5 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word signs, 6 prefix contractions and and one natural rule for abbreviations. That is all.

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McCLURE'S

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

DECEMBER
1918

Illustrations
by
Clarence F.
Underwood

She raised her eyes to the man's face, and recognized James Broderick of "The Daily News"

OUT IN FRONT

One of Life's Sincere and Simple Films Unrolls Itself

by Gertrude Atherton

IT was a coalless Monday and a bitter wind was blowing. Delia Ramsing, whose stage name a year before had been Yvette Belmont, turned as automatically into the little moving-picture theatre as if it were her daily resort. As a matter of truth, although she had been almost a Film Star when stricken, it was her pride that she never had crossed the lobby of a "Movie House." Her aspirations four years earlier had been toward the legitimate drama, but that had been a long and weary road for a New England small-town girl with no friends in New York, and there had been an insatiable demand for youth in the moving-pictures as elsewhere. The "pictures," in fact, as well as the magazine covers, had created such a cult of Youth as never before had prevailed in the modern world. Its only parallel was the worship of the beautiful young male in ancient Greece.

A girl acquaintance in the cheap theatrical boarding-house, where she was already in arrears, had finally persuaded her that as between pictures and starvation argument was negligible. She had accompanied her practical friend to a Studio, where a supernumerary was wanted; and, later, as she was found to screen well, given minor parts until she found an opportunity to prove herself indisputably equipped for the new art.

While far from being a beauty — with her merely wavy bright brown hair and patriotically gray eyes, her slender, fashionable young form — she had the round outlines so necessary to the heroine of the screen, combined with a severe restraint in adjusting the muscles of her face to the limitations of the film. It was doubtful if she ever would become one of the celebrities whose income tax later inspired successful business men with envy, but she was soon featured, and there was no doubt that she would obtain lucrative engagements, including an allowance for gowns, as long as youth lasted and the guileless public demanded "Society" plays.

And then had come the attack of typhoid fever, which, with the long convalescence, had devoured the savings she had hoarded in the hope of one day educating herself for the higher art while she still possessed some of the youth demanded by the public like a thirsty ogre; or, failing that, for study at Columbia University for a profession that would assure her independence and the permanence of her self-respect. She was not of the type that drifts into any sort of thraldom to men, and she was equally averse from the bitter alternative of subsiding into auxiliary middle-age parts when the movie fans would have no more of her in the heiress rôles she had helped to create.

It had satisfied some blind ideal to keep out of moving-picture houses, to spend a dollar a week on a good play, but to-day she opened her purse and laid a dime on the ledge of the cashier's window without casting a memory to her secret pride. The humble theatre would be warm, and she was cold and poor — terribly poor.

As she dropped her ticket into the box she was aware that a man stood beside her; his hand looked so firm and confident beside her skinny little paw, that she instinctively raised her eyes to the man's face. But she

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In Time of War

by **Mary Stewart Cutting**

LIFE, come to me to-day! This I entreat—
Flow in my hands, inform my lagging feet,
Shine in mine eyes, and smile upon my lips.
Oh, lift my spirit's flame from dull eclipse
And sing within my heart, that I may be
Life, in my turn, for those who look to me!

averted them hastily; she recognized James Broderick of *The Daily News*. He had come several times for "stories" to the Long Island Studio, and had even interviewed her upon one occasion, giving her a fleeting Sunday personality in the great City of New York.

She had no apprehension that he would recognize her, with her gaunt gray face and thin dry hair; she, whose stock in trade had been her beautifully curved cheeks and abundant young brown locks; to say nothing of her fashionable clothes and port; but she hurried, nevertheless, into the dark house, for he was the first person she had encountered since leaving the hospital who was in any way associated with what she was now by force of contrast disposed to look back upon as the old victorious days of her youth.

But Broderick had recognized her. No face could alter itself out of his meticulous memory. He had heard nothing of her illness, nor absence from the screen, moving-pictures forming no part of his diversions; but he was shocked at the change in her appearance and her manifest poverty. Moreover, when a good reporter scents a tragedy he shames the bloodhound.

He, too, was seeking the little theatre for warmth, although his purse was full. But he had spent hours on the trail of an elusive spy, and as the quest had been futile and the Bronx was far from Park Row, he had concluded to thaw out in the only place that promised warmth.

Delia had forgotten him when she took a seat halfway down the dark auditorium where there was less danger of the sudden draught; and as one of those ghastly depressing "comedies," which have played their part in pinning the average intelligence to its original level, was racing across the screen, she closed her eyes and hoped for sleep. She had come for a brief interval of physical comfort, not for distraction, and had not even glanced at the gaudy posters that announced the day's program. As the house was almost empty at that hour of half-past twelve the impression did brush her tired mind that some one had taken the adjoining chair, but she was not sufficiently interested to open her eyes.

She could not sleep, although the plaintive pianola was soothing. Her problems beat back and forth across the little theatre of her brain. What should she do? She had precisely two dollars and thirty-seven cents in her purse. Her parents were dead. In the little Massachusetts town whence she came there were three relatives of her name: Henry Ramsing, married, prosperous, a church warden, the father of a virtuous flock; two spinster aunts who lived frugally in the old homestead, lapsing to them long since by right of mortgage.

No help was to be expected from them. When she left Friendly Corners with the avowed intention of being a "play-actress," she was anathematized as a disgrace to the family name and invited to dissociate herself from her relatives forevermore. She had just graduated from the Normal School and was full of vitality and the vanity of youth; she had laughed at their nineteenth century Puritanism, and left vowing they would beg the honor of her acquaintance before five years had passed.

For a time she had consoled herself with the belief that they had not heard of her ignoble change of program, but some two years ago a casual encounter with a western reporter who had grown up in Friendly Corners had dispelled the illusion. Like many of the worthy folk who would feel themselves lost if they extended a limp hand to a member of the class that brings the dead play to life, they had been hardy theatregoers at the neighboring city connected with Friendly Corners by trolley, until the advent of the moving-pictures; thereafter, they had assiduously patronized the cheaper and more abundant amusement.

In due course, they saw the youngest of the Ramsings (whose widely heralded stage name, and red and yellow, blue and black countenance on the billboards, naturally gave them no cue) suddenly projected upon the screen in an introductory close-up. They had gasped with horror and shame, but morbid curiosity held them until the end of the play; while the alternately languid and reckless "Fifth Avenue heroine," heiress of many millions and acquisitor of as many suitors as the management could afford, blasée at eighteen, presumably from the effort of changing her costume so often, sauntered through the play smoking cigarettes, wearing priceless tea-gowns to the breakfast table, giving her casual affection to a villain, with whom she eventually engaged in the orthodox wrestling match (losing her hairpins and shoulder straps) to emerge noble, pure, and purged, awake at last to the virtues of the noble and patient western hero. The villain had been strictly New York, impeccably sartorial; but in the final tableau where the breathless audience took leave of the leading protagonists in each other's arms, the fine young hero wore a suit that was a size and a half too large, and conspicuously the wrong sort of collar. His hair, however, was cut by the villain's barber. Not even when staggering about the snow wastes of Alaska, or lost these many weeks on the African veldt, will a Broadway actor sacrifice his hair-cut.

The Ramsings went home delighted with this realistic picture of high life in New York, but firmly convinced that their young relative was "bad"; and had written her furiously to that effect. They had also avoided the local theatre thereafter when Miss Yvette Belmont flaunted on the billboards.

Yes, they were out of the question. If she wrote to them that she had been ill, was still a wreck, or appeared before them, they would, and with all the grim joy of their ancestors, leap to the conclusion that she had left a baby in some central sink of iniquity; for was not that what always happened to young women who took the direct route to perdition via the stage? It was the classic trilogy.

They would inform her that there was no excuse whatsoever in her case, as with her diploma she could have led a life of austere and remunerative virtue in Friendly Corners, as a teacher of youth. No doubt they would give her a little money — the traditional bone to the starving canine; they could be counted on to do any one of the traditional things, particularly if it were a virtue crystallized in a phrase — but they would not take her in.

One or two of her old school friends no doubt would temper provincialism with mercy, but charity would be too bitter a pill for Delia Ramsing to swallow. A substantial loan from her own people would give her the six months of rest in the country, the peace of mind, that she must have before undertaking the new battle for survival. The freshness and roundness of her youth had been consumed in the fires of that long relapsing fever, and she had no money for the scientific beauty doctor who might have restored life to her skin and hair. Triumphant youth no science could restore; that too had gone into the furnace; her career on the screen was over.

But this was the least of her troubles. She never wanted to see a screen player again, nor the inside of a Studio.

Not one of her old associates had called upon her at the hospital during her interminable convalescence. The nurse had told her that during the first fortnight of her illness several had telephoned to inquire how she fared, and one had expressed the relief of the company that she was able to engage a private room. It was well known that she had saved her money.

Delia did not blame her mates. She had been intimate with none of them, and, no doubt, they had long since scattered. Only . . .

She shuddered so violently that Broderick, yawning beside her, wondered if she were cold. He was simmering, and would have gone down-town to luncheon had he not made up his mind to follow the girl when she left and obtain an interview.

But Delia was warm, although at that moment she hardly would have responded if the atmosphere had fallen to zero. Her mind, long held in leash by her will, stronger than her enfeebled body, had plunged straight down the past and stood face to face with Warren Bruce.

It was during her last sojourn at the Southern California Studio with the Great Allied Producing Company, that this fine actor, tempted by a fantastic salary, had consented to "take a whirl at the Movies." As he was an actor of straight parts, tall, well-bred, slim, wearing his clothes like a man of fashion in real life and not like the advertisement in a popular magazine, he naturally had his plays written for him by sound business playwrights who knew the conventions of the society that welcomed him in his leisure hours.

But while that was all very well for atmosphere and "class," he would accept no play that did not give him the opportunity to act the part of a real man as well. Being one of the most high-handed of stage favorites, it was long since any producer had attempted to force a play down his throat or to rewrite it in nonconformity with his own ideas. A high comedian of the first rank, he would tolerate no farcical interjections to lower the standard he had set for his plays, and he acted with an intelligent force, a manly directness, a subtle interpretation (which never failed to "get over") and, in love scenes, with an intense repressed passion, that had given him at the age of thirty-six an enviable position on the American stage.

He had brought one of his favorite dramas with him; it had been rewritten by the local hack to meet the exigencies of the screen, and Miss Yvette Belmont was given the opposite lead.

Delia's vitality was too low for even an echoing thrill of the emotions of those three months to shake her frail body but her clear mind recalled the poignancy and sweetness and doubt, the hopes and terrors, all phases of that first slow opening of her heart. It was his gallant attitude and kindly attentions that had meant so much to her at first, accustomed as she was to the eruptive love-making of motion-picture actors when their mood happened to coincide with her proximity; then his fine breeding, deep below the skin, his quiet assumption that they two belonged to a class apart in that heterogeneous "Movie City"; the long walks through the romantic scenery of the south, when they ignored the stage and talked of their favorite books and of the terrific drama staged in Europe.

He had told her at once that he was married, but although he had barely mentioned his wife's name, her unfailing womanly intuition told her that the marriage was an unhappy one. Miss Mordaunt, the heavy villainess, who had once acted with him when his play demanded a political woman spy, had been at pains to inform the company that Mrs. Bruce was at least ten years older than her husband and that he had married (been married expressed it more accurately) when he was twenty. She was also "nutty" about society, and "hung on to him like grim death."

Delia never expected him to declare his love for her, although he expressed it in a thousand inadvertent ways. It was enough to her, living in a dream as she did, that this miracle had befallen her. She was possessed by that exaltation where the spirit reigns and the senses sleep. She felt that she could go on until death, living with him in the sacrosanct realm of imagination, peopled by memories which neither age nor the infinite malice of life could dim.

And then came the night out on the desert, when they had strayed farther than was their habit. There was no moon, but the green stars and the silver stars winked in the sultry blue of the high California sky. A band was playing in the distance and the music came across the hot desert like the faint sweet strains of another sphere. The mountains, swimming in a blue mist by day, looked like dark blue granite against the darker sky. Among the shifting sand-hills a prowling coyote gave its abrupt staccato bark at long intervals but the undertone was the deep ponderous roar of the Pacific.

Silence had fallen and Delia was sitting with her hands clasped about her knees gazing up at the stars, wondering vaguely if on one of them she and this man would meet sometime during the long reaches of eternity and find completeness. Bruce had been lying beside her. He rose suddenly and walked some distance out on the desert, then returned and stood in front of her. Even in the starlight she could see that his dark lean almost severe face was pale, but his eyes were shining.

"Stand up," he said. "I have something to say to you."

She was trembling and caught at the trunk of a palm tree as she rose unsteadily. For the moment, she was as terrified as if the earth were heaving and the sunken river bursting upward in a flood. Indeed, having already experienced one or two earthquakes, her first impression was that the malignant genius of California was engaged in his favorite exercise.

"I love you," said Bruce. "I suppose you know that."

But she could not answer. She stood with her eyes expanded, her mouth open as if to relieve the pressure on her lungs. Then as Bruce continued to stare at her with that unbearable light in his eyes, she fell back a step. A surge of joy dropped under a faint

And then came the night out on the desert, when they had strayed farther than was their habit . . .

chill. She had, during her lonely years, clung frantically to her ideals, and she suddenly saw Bruce as a married man about to demolish the fairy structure in which she had elected to live her life.

"Oh, no! No!" she said faintly.

"Oh, yes! I am going to make love to you and I am going to marry you. One way or another I shall make my wife give me a divorce. In the twentieth century we do not submit to ruined lives. I have never even broached the subject to her before, because I have not cared. I have had my liberty, and matrimony has had no allurement for me. When I first knew you I was not sure of myself, although there was something — those things are not to be analyzed. . . . I thought I should always be content to have you in my life as a delightful, an intelligent, a sympathetic friend. But I soon knew that wouldn't work . . . and then I was tormented by doubt . . . you were so perfectly frank . . . so impersonal. . . . It is only lately. . . . Now I know that you love me and I shall have you. I want you where I need never be separated from you an hour, a day, a night. . . . I intended not to speak until the proceedings for divorce were under way . . . but this night is too much for me. If it is not for you I'll never forgive you."

Delia rocked a little in her seat there in the dingy little theatre as she recalled those few moments of passionate love-making. But she could not re-live them. The very intensity of her response had blurred her mental register. She had only the bare memory to live on that they had been, that the poignancy of her emotion had been so insupportable that she had prayed for death. Her sharpest memory of that love interval was its cruel brevity. He had released her abruptly and they had walked rapidly and silently back to the "City."

The next day he had left. There was a play to be rehearsed in Chicago and he had tarried too long already. She was obliged to remain in California to assist in the making of another photodrama.

He had written daily for five weeks or more. The letters had been all that the fondest and most apprehensive heart of woman could desire, although he had told her frankly that his wife had not answered his letters and had refused to see his lawyer. But he had perfect confidence in his ultimate success. He wrote in the same strain for a fortnight after his return to New York and then his letters had ceased abruptly.

She knew that he was well and active, for the theatrical press faithfully chronicled his movements, and after two unanswered letters and one telegram she had been too proud to write again. He had thought better of it. Why not? It had been Southern California, novelty, youth. Also, there literally had been no one else for his fastidious self to associate with. If there had been a girl in the company who possessed positive beauty combined with breeding and intelligence, he would not have bestowed upon "Yvette Belmont" more than courteous notice. His wife was worldly. He, too, was worldly. New York was quintessential worldliness. It had shown him his folly.

She had taken her happiness in her arms and held it as her immemorial right while it lasted, but she had never been given to self-delusion, and when the man deserted her she felt all the humility of her sex before anger reinstates pride and time begins its tragic healing.

In the months of blind agony that followed she had worked hard, eaten little and slept less: she was an easy prey for prowling microbes, and when she had been placed on a stretcher shortly after her return to New York and carried to a hospital, she had rejoiced in the thought that she must surely die.

But she had lived, and only her unconquerable pride pushed the River out of her consciousness as often as it insinuated its voluptuous tides across her brooding thoughts.

II

A voice whispered excitedly: "Look! Look!"

She opened her eyes and glanced first at the man beside her. It was patent that he had recognized her, and she made a movement to rise. But he placed his hand on her arm and pointed to the stage. She was very quick at registering impressions and even before her eyes followed his she saw that his face was glowing with keen appreciation of a dramatic situation.

And there on the screen before her she saw herself.

It was one of those preliminary scenes during the "planting." She stood in her luxurious bedroom dressed for the hunt, her excessively fashionable riding togs revealing the graceful young figure with an art that lent dignity while emphasizing femininity. Her rounded, petulant but sweet young face was bright with anticipation, her movements restless and capricious. The trim little maid fetched the crop while the picture was held on the screen long enough to impress the audience with the atmosphere of wealth that surrounded the indubitable heiress.

For a few moments, Delia did not recognize the play. She had been featured in so many photodramas of inordinate luxury, and they were all so monotonously alike. As the picture faded a caption announced that the house party at the Long Island palace of "Mrs. Hevereux" would now ride to hounds, and immediately there was a fine picture of a fashionable company racing across country at the heels of a pack of hounds hot on the trail of a frantic fox.

This scene, of course, was from life, taken by careless permission of a party of real hunters, and as Delia had never attended the complete presentations of any of the photodramas she adorned, never in fact been present at any scenes-in-the-making but her own, and those not in sequence, it was a moment or two before she could recall this particular play to mind.

But the next scene in which she appeared enlightened her. She saw herself standing in a stately old hall of the Colonial-Victorian-Edwardian-George Fourthian school and recognized her favorite gown, a delicate thing of chiffon and lace that cost abominably, exceeding her allowance. As she watched herself saunter up the long room, assured, awkwardly graceful in the modern way, with her waist-line encroaching on her invisible bust, haughtily, daintily triumphant, as became a young woman of illimitable wealth and proclaimed loveliness, Delia laughed outright with sardonic mirth, now quite oblivious of Broderick. She had often smiled contemptuously at the young portraits of lean old spinsters or shapeless matrons, in Friendly Corners, but what were flat cardboards to this living, moving, radiant presentment of what a ravaged girl had been one short year ago?

So poignant was her sense of irony at seeing her very self creating the complete illusion of youth and wealth and fashion, while she sat out in front, bereft of youth and looks and with all her worldly capital in her lean purse, as shabby as her old blue serge suit, the one garment that had not gone to the pawnbroker, that for the moment her mind did not progress toward the development of the play of which this act was the virtual commencement. When a footman, gorgeous in livery, brought in a note, which Miss Alicia van Roos read with a slight smile of amusement, then flicked aside as she gave a verbal order, Delia sprang to her feet, this time in a panic; she knew that a moment later Warren Bruce would appear on the screen.

But once more Broderick restrained her.

"Be a sport," he murmured, sensing only a part of her tragedy. "Stay until it is over, and perhaps I may be able to do something. This is great stuff. It ought to make a story that will help you to come back."

Again Delia forgot him. She was gazing with fascinated tormented eyes at the handsome young millionaire who advanced with suppressed eagerness to be received by the indifferent beauty with an amiable little nod. They sat down and for a time conversed frivolously, owing to the regal will of this charming young creature who would be proposed to how and when and where she pleased.

But the man as well as the actor knew his business. He, too, was a spoiled darling, and, a trifler heretofore, now loved sincerely for the first time. He knew how to approach, retreat, laughingly brush aside defenses, be humorous and indulgent just so long, and then, abruptly, to be serious, impassioned, even stern.

The girl, although allured, did not love him. There were other importunate suitors; moreover, the play must endure through five reels. He must be made to realize that he was merely entering his stakes, that there was a race to be run, which he might win or might not.

This was not the play Warren Bruce had brought to "Movie City," but one written around his personality in Southern California when he was rehearsing the first. As the additional sum offered was tempting to a man who would be forced to make a large settlement on the wife he proposed to discard, and as he was far from sure that he had won Delia Ramsing, he had consented to remain for the extra month that had meant the undoing of the girl out in front; whom he, unlike herself, never would see on the screen. He was not in the habit of casting so much as an incurious glance at motion-picture billboards.

The play flashed on, through its innumerable scenes of the rich; well-portrayed as a whole, although, as ever, the up-stairs corridors and doors were reminiscent of the small town hotel. The magnificent young hero was led a dance by the imperious young heiress, and as the resident hack who wrote it had long worshiped Miss Belmont from afar, he had given her almost as good a part as that of the great Broadway star. The star, by this time in a state of complete surrender, had permitted this infringement of his rights to pass unrebuked, and altogether this had been the best rôle Delia had ever played.

Bruce had doctored in the atmosphere of wealth and fashion so that it bore an uncommon resemblance to reality, and in spite of the heterogeneous setting the play was less of a caricature than usual. "Mrs. Hevereux" was taught to place less reliance upon her lorgnon, her nose, and her supercorsets, in acting the part of *grande dame*, and to move with more dignity and less pompousness; the entire company, in fact, took advantage of the "pointers" given them; and Delia had triumphantly stood the test when schooled in the possibilities of acting the part of "Fifth Avenue Heiress" without the aid of cigarettes, a rich contempt for servants and a pervading self-consciousness of her exalted position.

How she had thrilled at his praise. She came of good old New England stock and felt herself at any time the equal of a society whose standard was wealth; but to be approved by him, to feel that she had come into her birthright, that for the time being she actually was what she simulated, had been the most delightful sensation of her by no means harrowing career on the screen. She had played rich girls and worn beautiful gowns so long that she had enjoyed periods of delusion that she was of the favored of earth; but until Warren Bruce pointed out the absurdities of her orthodox set of tricks and taught her how a girl in that position was likely to act under given conditions she had never felt quite the aristocrat.

Yes, she had done it well, no doubt of that. She was that girl on the screen, wealthy, high-born, cultivated, with the world at her feet. It was possible that but for the terrible sequence of events that followed this picture its success would have stellarized her. It had been understood that when she married Bruce she would leave the stage, but if she had been strong enough to survive her tragedy there would at least have been many busy and prosperous years before her. Now she was nothing but a little down-and-out watching the fortunate being who had been herself before the fall from Paradise — Fool's Paradise!

Once or twice her eyes filled with tears, but when Bruce was on the stage she stared with hot dry eyes and sharp little intakes of breath. After a time she began to blink, and realized that the films were old and trying to the sight. Inevitable in the [*Continued on page 30*]

TO win the War is America's first great problem — our one supreme job in hand. McClure's Magazine has been among the leaders in continually emphasizing the need of putting our whole heart and soul and strength back of this one aim. McClure's has believed, and still believes, that our whole energy must be given to our job in hand. But this does not mean that thought should not be given to the job ahead.

Peace will bring problems to America as new and strange and momentous as those of the war itself — and McClure's intends to be an After-the-War Magazine just as it is a Win-the-War Magazine.

The January McClure's will contain an article on what some of these new problems may be, and why, on the way America solves them, may depend our whole future history. The article will be entitled "The American Revolution of 1919."

Patriautocracy

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Illustration by Peter Newell

MY friend was speaking.

"While our soldiers over in France are busily engaged in spoiling the Germans' whole summer," he said, "we old folks at home don't want to forget to remember that there is a whole lot of things to be considered besides Vimy Ridge and the *Chemin des Dames*."

"You mean by that — ?" I queried.

"That, after all, the actual battle-front is but the fringe of the fight; and that, if there is any one thing that doesn't need watching and that we don't need to worry about, it's our soldiers, God bless 'em! If only we'll stand behind them one tenth as well as they'll stand before us, then we haven't a care on earth. You never hear of soldiers going on strike. You never hear of soldiers profiteering. You never hear of soldiers getting themselves so snarled up in red tape that watching them move is like observing the start of vegetation on a flat rock. They're there to fight. And goodness knows, they do it. Whether it's thirty dollars a month, or thirty dollars a year; whether it's a hundred above zero or thirty below; whether it's dust or whether it's water; whether it's blood or mud or sickness or death, or all of 'em put together, they take it with a grin, and never a peep out of any of 'em. They're the greatest lads on earth, and my hat's not only off to 'em, but I've thrown the old chapeau entirely away. I'm bareheaded permanently!

"But the best soldiers on earth can't fight without the solid support of the nation behind them. They've got to be fed and clothed and equipped. They've got to be maintained and sustained by the people they're fighting for. For the days when an army could go to war with a squirrel rifle and a hatful of lead bullets, figuring on getting its meals from the neighbors along the line, have passed into the limbo of forgotten things. Nowadays an army is just as much a component part of a nation's mechanism as are the railroads, the post-office, the labor problem, the capital problem, the I. W. W., the Senate or the House of Representatives. The army is like the wheels of an automobile. It's the first thing you've got to have to gain ground. But in order to make the wheels revolve, you've got to have whole axles, and back of those a good engine.

"So that, while the wheels are so beautifully revolving, it's up to us to take an occasional peek at the spark plugs and be sure there's plenty of oil in the crank case, and sufficient gas in the tank.

"Like most peaceable countries going to war, we went in three stages.

"In the first stage, we didn't go at all. It looked like a lot of trouble, and seemed a long way off, and none of our business in the first place. It was like a flood in Formosa; perfectly rotten for the Formosans, but what could we do about it?

"The second stage was one of excitement and enthusiasm. Everybody waved a flag; and cheered; and cussed the Kaiser and his chinless son, the Crown Prince; and wanted to grab a rake handle or an ax helve and go right over to Berlin and bust their helmets a whole lot personally; stopping on the way to throw a monkey-wrench into Hindenburg's machinery and tamper some with Ludendorff and the other Junkers.

"The third stage we are now entering. It's one of quiet determination. We're beginning to realize that war, after all, is a good deal like an operation — bloody, painful, horrid, but necessary if the life of the patient is to be saved. . . .

"Into the third stage we are now coming splendidly. But that we may enter it yet more splendidly, it would be well for us to stop and realize how false have been some of the emotions that were ours while we lived in, and through, the second.

"And the worst fault that we showed during that period was our angry intolerance of criticism.

"In our hot excitement, we lost entirely the true understanding of the word. Criticism became fault-finding. It became disloyalty. It became carping and complaining and defeatism.

"And this in spite of the fact that criticism—that is, constructive criticism, — is the very corner-stone of the foundation of our national Democracy. Reginald Wright Kauffman, talking to a group of German officers before the War, asked them how they had made the German Autocracy so completely powerful. Their answer was, 'We have stopped all criticism.'

"And there in a word you have it. It is so perfectly obvious a step — toward so perfectly obvious an end!

"For if you stop a man from criticizing, you stop him from thinking. And if you stop him from thinking, you stop his initiative. And if you stop both his thinking and his initiative, you make of him a supine and spineless creature, fit to become a lumpish vassal, and only a lumpish vassal, subversive in mind and body to the domination of any higher will. Which is great for an Autocracy, but which shatters the ideal of Democracy at its very roots.

"We of America preach individualism. We consider that our national strength lies in having every man think for himself; in having every man develop himself mentally, morally, spiritually to the utmost limits of his mind, body and soul. It is our creed that the state exists for the benefit of the individual.

"Germany, on the other hand, like all autocracies, preaches stateism. Germany considers that its strength lies in that no one of its citizens may be anything beyond a cog in the national machine. The state rules the minds, the bodies and the souls of its subjects, like those of so many slaves. It trains its citizens as one might train a pack of hounds, or a troupe of performing fleas, or a team of oxen. It uses its citizens as the Romans used their slaves. For Germany believes that the individual exists only for the benefit of the state.

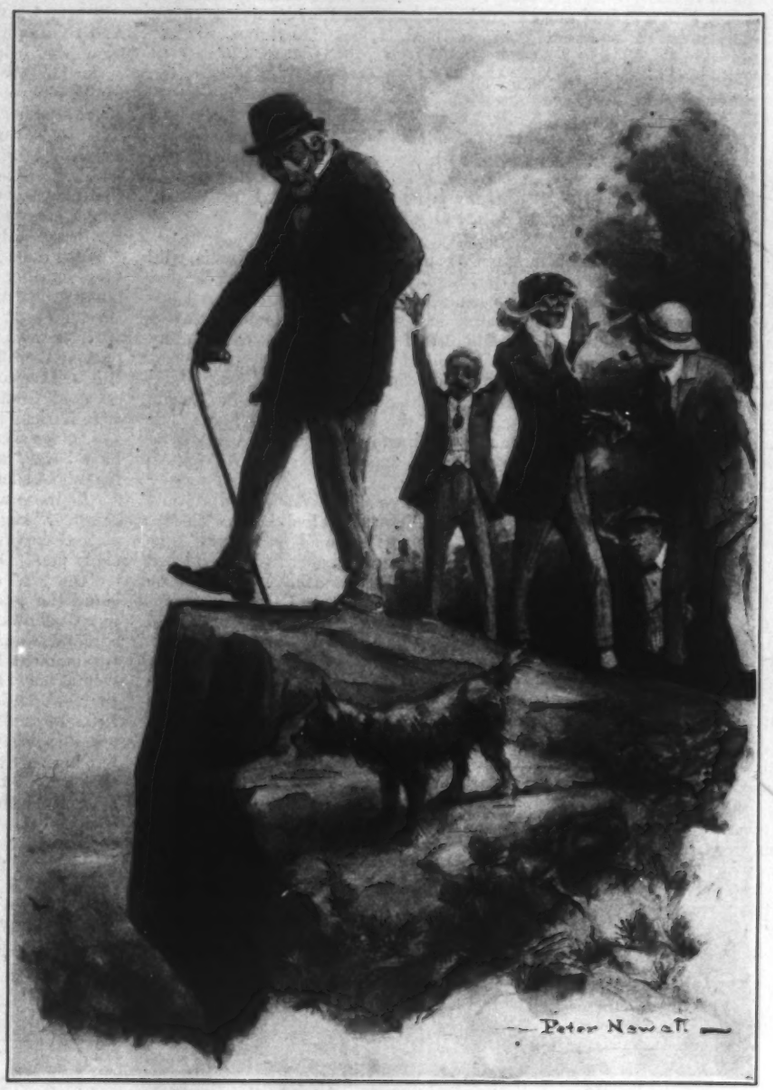
"Wherefore Germany kills the criticism that develops individualism.

"But that we, who believe in individualism, should have been so misled as to attempt to stifle the very criticism that makes us thinking individuals, is anomalous to the point of absurdity. And yet it is quite excusable. We did it from the best of motives. We were so eager to get there that we ran past the signals. In our patriotic eagerness, in the excitement of our loyalty to the cause, we were going too fast to notice details, even important ones. We were like the helpful gentleman who, tearing off to fight the fire that is consuming another man's house, fails to perceive the tiny curl of smoke emerging from the roof corner of his own. Also, there was in the air at the time so much poison gas of disloyal and destructive criticism, that the sun-pure rays of loyal and constructive criticism were sometimes obscured, and sometimes invisible.

"But now the air is clearing. There are now both time and opportunity to see and to realize. There are time and opportunity for us to appreciate that as there is loyalty, so is there also idolatry; as there is devotion, so also is there obsession.

"We may love grandpa to death. We may firmly believe that he is the greatest man on earth; that he never knowingly did a wrong in his life; that he is a symposium of wisdom and concentrated quintessence of probity, acumen and noble impulse. We may be not only willing but anxious to aver that what he doesn't know isn't worth knowing, and that he begins where all the rest leave off. But if we see him go out without his spectacles and start to walk off a precipice, it is at least up to us to put up a mild and ladylike chirp, instead of standing around in the besottedness of a false and fatuous loyalty and murmuring to ourselves: 'Well, the old gentleman must surely know what he's doing, and if he falls over the cliff, it's probably due to a plan that he has formulated, he having inside information that we haven't; and maybe, anyhow, he'll bounce back again, or something, without breaking anything but a couple of arms and a few legs.'

"Said reasoning is palpably the part of Autocracy — like the Crown Prince's escapade [*Continued on page 49*]



"Well, the old gentleman must surely know what he's doing!"

The See-Saw

Our Thrilling New Novel

By Sophie Kerr

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

—Who's Who—

HARLETH CROSSEY—A modern but not model young husband
MARCIA CROSSEY—His wife, who is good but still fascinating
LEILA TEMPLETON—A thorn in the flesh
CURTIS JENNINGS—The kind of friend we all long for
And many other characters

Chapter III

WHEN Leila Templeton woke on the morning after the party she yawned and stretched herself among the pillows like a lazy kitten in the sunshine. She put out one slenderly round arm to move the clock on the bedside stand so that she could see it and then, struck with the beauty and grace of the gesture and the lovely cream-white of her skin, held her arm at full-length and gazed on it critically. Forgetting the clock, she looked at her hands, both hands, with curious intentness. But no, — there was not the slightest sign of age. They might have been the hands of a child.

Well, that was something. She pushed another pillow under her head and stared about the room resentfully, not missing a detail; the artfully arranged mirrors, the dressing-table, the little desk with its shaded light, everything, even to the bit of fine Italian cut-work and filet on the little night-tray and the convent-made monograms on the bed linen. Everything was disgracefully expensive, she reflected. What outrageously good luck Marcia had had, anyway. And what outrageously bad luck she, Leila, had had. She had never thought in the old days, when she had rather patronizingly asked Marcia to her home and had eagerly helped on her marriage to Harleth Crossey, that Harleth was going to make good so wonderfully and be able to afford an establishment like this.

Leila was twenty-seven. She had intended to marry — oh, brilliantly, a multi-multi, or a titled and wealthy foreigner, or a diplomat — some one very much in the world's eyes and very well supplied with the world's goods. She wouldn't have looked at Harleth Crossey, then. But, somehow, the big match never appeared and then her father had lost every cent, except a beggarly little ten thousand or so a year, and since then her world had been topsy-turvy, indeed. They had taken an apartment on the West Side — had let their cars go and it was quite out of the question for Leila to keep her personal maid. And after the years of living in the big five-story house just off the Park, in the East Seventies, the apartment seemed cramped and crowded. Misfortune did not draw the Templetons nearer to each other in the spirit, even though it did in the flesh. Mr. and Mrs. Templeton were frankly selfish and resented the change in their fortunes as much as Leila did. Their other daughter, Daphne, had married very well and lived in a big, prosperous upstate city, and Mrs. Templeton spent most of her time there, leaving the apartment to Leila and her father. Mr. Templeton spent most of his time at his club and at his broker's. Leila would not go to her sister, save for the shortest possible stays. It made her furious to see Daphne enjoying ease and tranquillity — her future assured. She was feverishly anxious not to drop out of things in New York and she went about more eagerly than she had ever done before. In fact, she rather overdid it, and her anxiety to get invitations and be seen everywhere told heavily against her. She had never been a great favorite with the women of her set. The men she could always draw after her, but eligible bachelors were few and far between.

She reflected very bitterly on all of this, as she lay there in Marcia Crossey's luxurious bed. Suddenly she sat up. Across the room she caught her reflection in a cunningly placed cheval. She addressed her reflection.

"After all," she told that other Leila, "it was his own silly doing. He shouldn't have taken so much to drink, and — and — I don't see that he was so much to blame, even at that. I looked awfully well last night."

In spite of that reassurance, the situation was a bit awkward. She thought a moment and rang for a maid, told her to draw her bath, and asked that she might have her breakfast up-stairs. "Please tell Mrs. Crossey," she added, with a weary little gesture that was pure dramatics, "that I've a headache and will just stay quietly in my room and rest until I feel better. She's not to bother about me at all."

THIS message was presently brought to Marcia, who received it without comment, as she sat at a belated breakfast with her other guest. Harleth had not appeared and Marcia had not asked for him, or sent to him. She could not find it in her heart to care acutely whether he was sick or not. He had been so unnecessarily cruel and humiliating. So she had turned and gone down-stairs and directed the servants in clearing up the decorations of the night before. The rooms were in order again, even to fresh flowers, when Belle appeared, yawning grievously, and the two friends went in to breakfast.

"Why didn't you have your breakfast in bed?" asked Marcia, solicitously. "You don't look half awake."

"And you don't look as if you'd half slept," was Belle's thought, seeing Marcia's paleness and reddened eyes. But aloud she said, cheerfully: "Don't you know that breakfast in bed is one of the things that is absolutely forbidden to fatties? But I am sleepy — I admit it. Perhaps my coffee will wake me up."

She went on talking determinedly. . . . what Jason Hooker had said about Tiny's muscle. . . . Ursula Raymond's dress, which was certainly the vintage of nineteen-ten. . . . anything she could think of that would fill up the silence. In the midst of her chatter, the maid came with Leila's message.

"Well, that's kind and thoughtful, anyway," commented Belle, caustically, as the maid went out. "Perhaps she'll stay in her room all day."

"I looked awfully well last night," reflected Leila

"Oh, Belle," said Marcia, wearily, leaning her head on her hand, "if I only knew what I ought to do. There's no use pretending. You saw everything last night. I've always known that Leila was hard and selfish and a man-eater, as Curt Jennings called her. And the family's loss of money has made her harder than ever. But even so, she was brought up to a code of good manners, a sort of essential decency of behavior to other people, I suppose it might be called, and I've never seen her overstep it before. She can't gain anything by it, really. She doesn't make me jealous in the usual way people are jealous. She's put me through such a horrible experience and she's made me so angry that all I wonder now is whether or not I oughtn't to send some one to pack her things and order a car to take her to the station."

"You'd be quite justified in doing it," said Belle, "but I rather think she'll go of her own accord. She must realize that she's made it impossible for her to stay here over Sunday."

Not a word from either of them concerning Harleth's part in the affair, though both were thinking of him. But neither could speak of him, — Marcia because she revolted from discussing her husband even with so close a friend as Belle, and Belle because she wanted to say things about his behavior that Marcia never could have borne, in spite of their truth. It was a moment for robust silence about Harleth.

"Suppose we go and take a good brisk walk in the country?" suggested Belle, rising from the table. "The air and the exercise would do us both a lot of good, specially me. Do you feel up to it?"

"Oh, yes," cried Marcia, "indeed I do. We'll go out along the woods road and see if we can't find some pussy willows. I'd love it, Belle."

She was anxious to get away from the house and for the moment leave the complications of the situation behind her. In short skirts, heavy shoes and sweaters they swung down the drive at the very moment when Leila, now fully awake, was meditating over her solitary coffee that it was going to be deadly to stay there over Sunday and that she'd better trump up some pretext to get back to town as soon as she could. She had settled herself where she could still see herself in the cheval. It was an odd habit of Leila's to sit, when alone, where she could face a mirror. It was one of her ways of perfecting her many poses.

"Marcia'll be resentful and Belle will take her cue from Marcia. Harleth'll probably be repentant, which will be worst of all, for he'll blame me for everything," she meditated. "So I think I'd better get back to town and let them straighten it all out as best they can."

Her resolution once made, she wasted very little time in carrying it out. When she learned that Belle and Marcia had left the house, her way was clear. She sat down at the desk in her room, and as Imogen haughtily packed her bags, and took great pleasure in packing them very badly, Leila wrote an affectionate little note to Marcia.

"DEAREST MARCIA,

I'm sorry to seem so rude, but father has just telephoned that he's not very well and he wants me to come home at once, so I'm rushing off without even waiting to see you or thank you for a lovely party. Please come and have tea with me the next time you are in town — I never have a chance to talk with you anyway when Belle is at the house. Love,

L. T."

She read over the finished note with a naughty twinkle in her eye, but concluded that it would do. Then she hurried into her clothes, tied her smart little veil over her smart little hat, and made her way quickly down-stairs to the waiting motor, reflecting with entire complacency that she had very cleverly saved herself a most uncomfortable two days.

It was thus it came about that Harleth Crossey woke to a house cleared of everyone but servants. He woke, also, to a feeling that his head was bound with bands of red hot steel, that tightened and loosened painfully with each breath. His tongue was furry and stiff. His eyeballs were dry and it hurt him to raise his eyelids. And there was nausea. All of these unpleasant feelings were aggravated by the fact that he had slept on the floor.

He pulled himself up, and sat down limply on the side of the bed. After a little he picked up the pitcher of water on his night stand, and drank and drank and drank; then subsided on the bed.

"I'm a swine," he said suddenly; and his sensations did not contradict him.

After a while, he got up and slowly shaved and bathed. It was not until the pain had somewhat subsided and he had begun to feel fairly normal that he permitted himself to think over the events of the night before. Some of them were not very clear to him. He was aware, however, that he had made a fool of himself over Leila Templeton, and that he had been exceedingly rude to all of his guests by absenting himself from them. What had they thought! What were they saying to-day! And Marcia. He winced. His eyebrows tilted up boyishly. "I'll catch it this time, heap plenty," he said to himself. Wouldn't it; therefore, be a great deal better to duck and go — no, not to the office, for this was Saturday — but to the Country Club and play a round of golf — maybe have dinner over there with some of the men and come home late. "Let the girls fight it out among themselves," he concluded, with a somewhat forced airiness.

But first he would reconnoiter. He knocked and gently tried the door into Marcia's room, but found it locked. That was odd, he thought, but he remembered nothing about it. Then he went over to the hall door and opened that. There was no one in sight, though he could hear Junior and Nurse in the nursery. So he ventured down-stairs and it was Sako who discovered to him that he was alone, so to speak.

"Missa Crossa and Missa Berca gone to walk," he said. "Missa Templeton gone too, after. She order car and go to train. Leave note for Missa Crossa."

"That's funny," said Crossey. "Where's the note?"

Sako produced it and as it was unsealed Crossey did not hesitate to pull it out and read it. The easy impudence of it made him smile, in spite of himself. "She's too clever by half, the little devil," he thought, admiringly, "and what a peach she looked last night. No wonder I went off my head a bit. No woman has a right to be so confoundedly attractive. Why didn't Marcia check me up a bit right at the beginning, I wonder. She must have seen I was making an ass of myself.

"Bring me just coffee in the library," he said to Sako.

He had thought to drink it hurriedly and leave the house before Marcia and Belle would return. But it was very comfortable there on the big Chesterfield, before the smoldering fire, with his coffee on the half table at his side. The sunshine outside tempted him, but his head still ached a little. The links would be soggy, he knew. So, while he was still debating whether to go at once or wait a little, Belle and Marcia came in from their tramp, glowing and fresh.

Belle went on to her room, but Marcia came into the library, for she had glimpsed Harleth there as they entered. The wind had whipped the color back into her face and, in her corduroy skirt, soft hat and deep blue sweater, she looked particularly girlish and appealing.

"Oh, here you are," she said, as she came in, "but — where's Leila?"

"She's gone — left a note for you. It's over on the table," said Harleth. He did not offer to get it for her, but she picked it up as she came over to him. She dropped down on the end of the sofa while she read it.

"Well, she's gone," she said, raising her eyes, at last. "She's had a message from her father — he's not very well, she says, so she thought she'd better go to him. It was certainly opportune."

The last word was quite a challenge, but Harleth did not choose to see it. He looked at her pleadingly, and, as she did not look at him he suddenly dropped forward and put his head on her lap, like a repentant little boy.

"Marcia," he begged, "I'm so sorry — about last night. Why did you let me do it to you?" It was very disarming. . . . besides, Leila was gone. Marcia laid her hand on his thick, crisp hair, and pulled at it gently.

"Are you truly sorry?" she asked, "or are you just sorry because you don't want me to scold you?"

"Both," he said drolly. But she did not laugh.

"I don't see how you could," she said at last. "No, I don't see how you *could*, Harleth. In your own house. And making things so hard for me. And then — afterward —"

He sat up suddenly. "Afterward — what do you mean?" he asked.

"After you came back," she said, her own voice faltering. "You drank some more and you got very — drunk. You could hardly walk up-stairs and you — you fell over a chair and I — I had to steady you and help you into your room. Harleth. . . ."

Recollection came back to him in a vivid rush. "Then it was *you* I heard crying last night," he said. "And you — you locked your door."

"Yes," she said, trying to be calm. "Yes, I locked my door."

Suddenly he began to feel aggrieved and badly treated. After all, he hadn't done anything criminal. And here was Marcia looking at him tragically and acting as if he'd beaten her. He flung back his head.

"Well, I've said I'm sorry," he said irritably, "and there's nothing else to say, so far as I can see. You don't want me to go around and apologize to everybody who was here, do you? I made an awful fool of myself, but there's no use rubbing it in. Why didn't you tactfully check me up when you saw how I was going? The trouble is with me. I'm a very imperfectly domesticated animal."

Marcia, in her turn, felt a healthy anger stirring. "The trouble *is* with you, Harleth," she returned with spirit, "that you'll blame everybody but yourself for your own faults. What possible chance did I have to check you up, *tactfully*, I believe was your word, when you once got drinking or making yourself conspicuous with Leila? You knew perfectly well what you were doing. But you'll do what you like and let everyone else suffer for it, and then you'll say you're sorry and pretend to think that that squares it. Imperfectly domesticated, indeed! You might just as well say you're a case of arrested development. Don't, for heaven's sake, take refuge behind phrases. Oh, Harleth," the anger dying out of her voice. "*What's* the matter? Why don't things [*Continued on page 35*]

"Marcia," he begged, "I'm so sorry — about last night. Why did you let me do it to you?"

Profits and

The Theatre To-day

Edited by Anna

The little act of measuring her boy on the day he starts for France plays its important part when the impostor comes back in his place

NOTHING pays to-day like patriotism. Every patriotic act, however small, brings its own reward. It pays to buy Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, not in interest alone, but in the thought that you're Uncle Sam's partner in licking the Hun. It pays in a warm, comfortable feeling in your heart when the flag passes, or when you meet a man who has lost an arm, an eye, a leg, for America. And when our fighting men come marching home, the saddest man on the curb will be the fellow who realizes he could have bought Bonds and Stamps, but didn't.

"When I announced my plan to produce four plays with patriotic appeal, some prophets predicted a heavy financial loss. But I felt that by this time America would be ablaze with patriotism. Box-office statements have justified my faith in American theatregoers.

" 'Friendly Enemies' never would have come into being but for the War, and it is very likely that its present and continued success depends upon the War. But I would be glad to sacrifice every penny I have made or shall make from this play to have the War end victoriously to-day. That 'Friendly Enemies' carries a big and vital message is attested to by the fact that President Wilson personally endorsed it at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on the occasion of its première in that city, in the following words: 'All that I can say has already been said most admirably in this beautiful play. All the sentiments I could express have been admirably presented—sentiments that, I hope, will soon grip the world.'

"The theatre has been a staunchly patriotic institution that has done its full share in furthering the cause of Democracy. I am very happy that I have been able to do my part in spreading the gospel of loyalty."

THE appeal of "Under Orders," with its cast of only two people, lies in its novelty, timeliness and strong situations. Arthur Ford, captain in the American army, is found in a German prison camp by his cousin, Captain Hartzman of the Imperial Guards, who utilizes his remarkable resemblance to his cousin, dons the latter's uniform and goes to England as a spy. Hartzman's mother, married twenty-five years to a German officer, is practically a prisoner in her country home. Here comes Captain Ford, who has escaped from the prison camp. The sight of him rouses all the Americanism in his aunt, who saves his life. The two mothers are admirably played by Miss Effie Shannon, and Mr. Shelley Hull gives an electrifying performance of the two cousins.

The young American officer, escaping from a German prison, seeks shelter in the home of his aunt, and is recognized by her through the strong family resemblance

The German spy is so like her son that Mrs. Ford discovers the imposition only when he plays the piano. Her own son could not play

"Mother, you have come back to me!" cries Captain Ford when, after a touching scene, he restores the memory of his mother who has gone insane during his long imprisonment

Patriotism

—*a Loyal Institution*

Steese Richardson

WAR is at once brutalizing and softening. The soldier takes as his slogan 'Kill — Kill — Kill'! Those who stand behind the soldier adopt the motto; 'Give — Give — Give'!

"Americans, to whom France and Belgium were but irregular blocks of color on the world's map, to whom England was a nation which the founders of this country once whipped, have discovered that world wrongs make those who would right these wrongs, brothers-in-arms. And the orphans of the British, French and Belgian soldiers have become America's children to care for, protect and love.

"The success of 'Daddies' lies in its universal appeal to the love of the world for children. Just now it loves them with a peculiar tenderness. Every American who has sent food, clothing, money to Belgium and France, weeps and laughs with the four bachelors in 'Daddies.' Every childless woman thrills as she listens to Miss Eagel's appeal for the fatherless, the orphaned of France. Every man who has heard baby-lips form the word, 'father,' every mother who has held a child at her breast, every young man or woman looking forward to marriage and parenthood, loves 'Daddies.' It makes the whole theatre-going public kin.

David Belasco.

"Daddies" is a typical Belasco success, founded on the wave of generosity and sympathy which swept over America when it heard of German actrocities in Belgium and France

These two children of German parents part bravely as the boy goes off to fight for his America

Louis Mann and Sam Bernard, as the two "Friendly Enemies," cannot even agree on the same evening paper

MR. A. H. WOODS stands to win a fortune on four plays, brimming with patriotic propaganda, which he has produced this season. They are "Friendly Enemies," "Under Orders," "Where Poppies Bloom" and "The Great Chance."

"Friendly Enemies," built on the daring theme of German-Americanism, fairly bubbling with propaganda, is the most valuable piece of property in America to-day. Already, it has been seen by nearly a million persons. Its weekly audiences average 20,000 theatregoers, and it pays in salaries to actors and stage hands about $10,000.00 weekly. Every week its two authors divide royalties amounting to $2,200.00, and experts in box-office statistics declare that Mr. Woods will clear $700,000.00 on this play alone.

Truly, patriotism pays — especially if you mix comedy with patriotic propaganda. "Friendly Enemies" shows the reaction of the War on two Germans living in America. *Karl Pfeiffer* is loyal to the Kaiser and the fatherland, but *Henry Block* has become 100% American. Circumstances, however, and the cleverness, as well as the affectionate nagging of his faithful friend *Block*, convert *Pfeiffer* to Democracy and Americanism

To-day George Washington would say: "In time of war prepare for peace!"

Getting Us Over

by **Charles Hanson Towne**

THEY are getting us over.

And this despite the fact that the particular party I came across with to England numbered thirteen; that we boarded ship on a Friday; were convoyed at one time by thirteen vessels; and that we were exactly thirteen days on the ocean!

Never again can we be superstitious. This War is knocking many silly notions out of our heads; and after the trials of the submarine zone, the ordinary perils of the sea are as nothing.

I shall never forget that hot summer morning when we left the harbor in New York, going over to see what Great Britain has accomplished in this colossal grim business of War. Save for the fact that we went upon a numbered, rather than a named steamer, and that we had to show all our papers at the pier, I would never have known that America was fighting a powerful enemy. There were no friends to tell us good-bye, it is true; but we had said our last words, as so often before, at home, and it did not seem strange to board the ship alone.

But soon I found myself in a maze of soldiers. I had not known that we would have the luck to take a transport. There were only about three hundred first-class passengers on our boat; and of these over fifty were nurses and about forty were Y. M. C. A. men. Everyone was bent on a serious errand; yet there were happy greetings and laughter everywhere. We never missed the waving handkerchiefs at the dock; for soon we were to see thousands of hands upheld, signaling us good-bye. Our nearest convoy also carried troops, and as we sailed out into the river, a big balloon above us and several airplanes scouting over our heads, the boys on the neighboring ship stood calling and waving to us. We were almost abreast, and in their brown khaki, packed on the decks as matches are packed in a box, they looked to me like an enormous brown honeycomb; and the booming planes above us were the bees, now flying away on the summer air.

In all, we had thirty thousand soldiers on these ships; and if Germany still thinks we are ineffieient, let me say to her that only a few hours before sailing, the embarkation officer told me that we found ourselves thirty-eight men shy: that is, there was room for just that many more boys, and the nearest camp was telegraphed to send them so that we could go out with our full complement. There is no waste these days. Space is precious. We fill it. And do you think these lads complain because they are packed in so tightly? Not a bit of it. Hot? Well, yes. But whimper? It simply isn't done.

I talked to dozens, to scores of them, on the way over: lads from Idaho and Maine, Wyoming and Texas; boys with clear eyes and clean skins; boys with sweethearts and wives and children left behind; boys with German names, others with Russian and Italian names. Always they said but one thing — they were glad to be off on the Great Adventure; they were happy to do their little share to make the world a more decent place to live in. They took their discomforts in a spirit of youthful good-will. The food wasn't abundant, but it was good enough, and to cross the wide ocean when most of them had never been more than fifty miles from home until they went to their respective camps — that was the all-sufficient fact which made the whole thing worth while. It was too wonderful to be true. Most of them were inland lads, and the sound of the waves was a new music to their ears.

THOSE first magical moonlight nights on deck — they would never forget them. Even our prairie boys were bewildered; for marvelous as the moon is to one who has seen her from the vast stretches of our wastelands, she is still more beautiful reflected again and again in the endless mirror of the sea.

It was curious to see life-preservers all the time. The soldiers had to keep them on every moment, and we other passengers carried them about, laughingly calling them "the white man's burden," until we were well out of the American danger zone — that is, three days from shore. A feeling of relief comes over you when you find you can get your breakfast without showing a life-preserver as a meal-ticket. And it isn't nice to see little children of three and four playing in the lounge, wrapped up in an ugly canvas scaffolding. You begin to think deeply of Germany's many crimes; and you wonder what life really means. You recall the *Arabic*, the *Sussex*, the *Tuscania*, but most of all the *Lusitania*, and when you first get into your hermetically sealed stateroom, you ponder on the Germany that has made the difficult process necessary. But you never say a word, you never see a face on which fear is visible; but you wait for that early-morning hour when your steward goes out on deck and unseals your tiny porthole. It is the happiest sound of the day.

I CONFESS without shame that before I sailed I had often said to myself that nothing — nothing in the world — would induce me to sleep in one of those stuffy rooms while U-boats prowled the seas below. My nerves would never stand the strain. Yet, so soon do we become accustomed to danger, that I took my clothes off that first night just as I do at home; and I have seldom slept more soundly. And everyone else feels the same way. We are curiously unafraid. A few people slept on deck, but only, I think, to get more air — not through any sense of terror.

Of course you can't smoke after dark out on deck. Each exit is guarded by a soldier with a gun and bayonet. Thick curtains, drawn like those in a confessional, make a square box of the doorway, and in front of this, in the dimly lit passage, stands the tall figure of the guard as twilight comes. With a lighted cigarette, pass him at your peril! For the spark, they tell you, could be seen two miles away through a periscope. How bright, therefore, the stars must be to a U-boat captain! Yet I think his soul is not given to their contemplation or he would never be about his terrible business. One does not imagine murderers and thieves studying the serene heavens, despite Gilbert's witty lines about the "enterprising burglar."

As we got farther from shore, and settled down to the daily routine and idleness of a long voyage, I could not help contrasting this trip with others I had made in now sadly distant days of peace. Then, everyone dressed for dinner, and champagne flowed, the saloon was filled with laughter, and the Captain's table was the much-sought place of honor. There were serious discussions of the latest light novel, which probably was a picture of Newport society written with a deft pen; there were dances and concerts arranged, and there was probably an ambassador on board, an opera singer, a professional pianist, a celebrated actress, all going to Europe for a gay summer holiday, and all happy because of the jingling American dollars in their purses. They would come back in the autumn and make more. This summer they were going to Italy, next year perhaps they would "do" Norway and Sweden. And there was a romantic girl from Montana who wanted to walk through the Black Forest.

What blacker forest the whole world is traveling through now! That very phrase, which once had seemed so beautifully fanciful, is now like a fearful stain, a symbol of all that is hideous and mean.

To-day, on our voyage across the water, there is no happy holiday to think of in England or Belgium or France. The Captain's table — there isn't any. He is too busy to be seen. He is on his bridge, day and night, for stern duties are his. What is social intercourse now? And you see the Purser only at boat-drill, perhaps. And an evening gown, an evening coat — they are unthinkable. No red wine flows; for all around you at table are young American officers, with faces like cameos. They are straight and tall and lithe, and they hobnob with our English cousins — brothers now in the great world struggle — and the contrast is not to their detriment. You are proud to be an American, too. The English officers are returning from the States where they have been helping us in our training camps for almost a year; and most of them love our invigorating climate, our clever women, our hospitality. They tell you they hope to go back some day. Every other phrase is, "When this War's over I'll do so-and-so."

If you made friends easily on shipboard in the pre-war period, you make them even more readily now. People who would not have interested you then, strangely interest you now. Everyone has had an adventure, at least an experience in the United States which gives him plenty to talk about. There are more backgrounds, more contrasts in all our lives. The exchange of stories is limitless; and tea-time becomes a different function, followed always by a thrilling lecture. One speaker — an English officer — says: "We confess that we in England could not understand, in those first fearful days of 1914, how America could remain neutral. Democracy was at stake. The gauntlet had been thrown down, the challenge given. We, in England and France, had to decide at once — it was not a matter of days, it was a matter of hours. In the twinkling of an eye we had to decide between right and wrong. We had to follow an immediate impulse. It was a terrible responsibility. Then America, after waiting, after deliberating two and a half years, decided to come in with us. Thereby she vindicated forever our necessarily swift judgment. Thereby she will make history prove that she — and we — were right." A new thought for us Americans. And it gladdens our hearts to hear it.

WE keep up our spirits, and we arrange entertainments as of old. But always they are for the soldiers, or for the nurses. And the debonair wit of other days is replaced by the man or woman who really has something to say, and whom the War has taught how to say it. "Out of the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaketh." If you were inarticulate four years ago, you suddenly find yourself a trained and fearless orator. I heard one woman speak who had never opened her mouth in public before. She was magnificent. But she had looked on death in France and Mesopotamia; she had seen courageous deeds in Flanders and Italy; she had been torpedoed in the Mediterranean and left drifting in the sea, without a life-preserver, for three-quarters of an hour. The last thing she remembered was the sight of a hundred white faces on the surface of the water. No wonder she is articulate now! The old, humdrum days — for her they will never return! For life has new meanings, and the noble dead speak through her. She filled our eyes with tears as the ship lunged through the darkness. If we went down — well, others, thousands of them, had gone, too; and we would be as brave as they. We would not falter if the crisis came.

And so the days and nights run by, with serious talks on our boat and that strangely beautiful companionship of our convoys, so that we do not realize that we are crossing the ocean at all. There is no loneliness. You recall in the old days how great an event it was to sight a steamer? Yet now they are all around us, and the sea is like a wide river, or at [*Continued on page 46*]

LATE in August, Mr. Towne, the managing editor of McClure's, with several other American editors, sailed for England as the guest of the British Government, to see at first hand how England fights and lives and especially how she maintains that grim steel wall which protects herself and us from the German fleet.

Some Day I'm Going to Kiss You!

by Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

ANDY BENSON was in love with Corinna. At least, at times, Corinna was sure that he was. Sometimes she wasn't quite so sure and then, she was likely to grow troubled, melancholy, even resentful. All this, even though she wasn't at all certain she was in love with Andy. No more than she was certain she was not in love with Victor Turley. For she liked Victor, too. Victor was a poet during the hours he was not a brokerage clerk (he had even written one play), and was eminently satisfying in that he looked as a poet should look: he was slender and dark-eyed and quick-moving and handsome; his clothes were always of superlative quality and cut, but rarely superlatively cared for — elegant carelessness became Victor. Then there was something so delightful in Victor's tirelessly playful spirit, though occasionally one suspected annoying possibilities in a person who didn't know how to be serious.

Andy, on the other hand, certainly knew how to be serious. Perhaps one of the reasons for what came about — the Harriss entanglement — was that Corinna always knew, beforehand, just how each of these earnest admirers was going to act. Andy often was too serious, and without reason. He would get actually glum over the subject of Victor, which was absurd, as Corinna wasn't engaged to Andy. She wasn't engaged to anybody — yet. However, even while she was irritated over his unreasonableness, she felt a strange little thrill that Andy *did* show this particular unreason. She didn't analyze the conflicting elements in her mood. If she had done so, or any one else for that matter, the answer wouldn't have gone much beyond four short words — she was a woman.

So Corinna went on being at once pleased and displeased with Andy's fits of displeasure, and, of course, went on furnishing him with plenty of reason for them. Indeed, she didn't see why she shouldn't play with Victor; she enjoyed Victor's quips and his jests and his amusing if precociously satiric view of the world-in-general. To be sure she enjoyed Andy just as much, though in an entirely different way; whereas one frolicked with Victor on a sort of shining, bubbling froth; with Andy one could penetrate into calm, vague, soothing depths.

It is very pleasant to have somebody with whom one can discuss "deep" things, somebody who "understands." Understanding! Oh, that is a fine word, and full of entrancement! — especially when one is twenty-one.

By one of those brilliant days of October which yet seem so hauntingly sad, Andy and Corinna had arrived at the portentous stage of discussing this very word.

"I'm so glad you stopped in this afternoon," she had begun, pensively. "To-day I don't feel like talking much, or making myself 'interesting.' Not that I feel dull or sad exactly — but most things would be an effort, a bore. You know —?"

"I understand," answered Andy.

"Yes, you *do* understand. That's why I like you, Andy; you always understand."

"I'm certainly glad I do, if it makes you like me," he said.

A little silence fell between them. Corinna gazed out the window, down at the park; everything looked very tranquil and beautiful; a golden mist of sunshine lying over the tree-tops, the leaves turning to gold and red, the whole picture near at hand yet emanating a quality of remoteness. Presently, still gazing out the window, Corinna went on musingly:

"It seems to me a feeling like that is one of the most satisfying things in the world; feeling you don't have to be gay if you don't want to be gay — some one that you can always be absolutely natural with. A sort of friendly peace sinks down deep into you, and you forget the little irritabilities sticking out on the surface of your nature."

A little pause, then:

"That's why, sometimes, I specially like to talk with you, Andy."

"Well, you certainly can talk with me any time you want to, Corinna. You know my number — all I need is just one little ring."

"It's such a relief, sometimes," Corinna went on dreamily, "to be absolutely frank."

"You think our — our friendship is based on absolute frankness?" inquired Andy.

"Why, yes. Don't you?" Corinna turned large, serious eyes upon him.

"Seen Turley lately?" asked Andy after another pause, so slight as to be scarcely perceptible but yet a pause.

"We weren't speaking of Victor!" A shade of impatience ruffled Corinna's air of sweet brooding.

"Oh, that's right — we were speaking of 'understanding.' Well, I think I generally understand you, Corinna — sometimes I wish I didn't." Andy gave a grim little laugh.

"What? You'd have us the kind of friends that have to practise dissimulation? You'd like to play a part with me, to keep your real self hidden from me?"

"No, I have no secrets to keep from you. And it would be quite hopeless to try to even if I did."

Andy's tone was distressingly dry; but Corinna responded to his words, not his tone.

"It makes me feel like talking to some one," Corinna went on

"That's just it — we're the kind of friends that don't have to keep secrets from each other."

She brought her eyes, still tinged with the brooding melancholy they seemed to have caught from the October vista without, to rest upon him.

"The finest thing about you," and she thought she was speaking her real conviction, "is that you're always to be depended upon. You're the kind one can be gay or silent with, or amiable or cross. And, somehow, with that kind of companionship, one's apt, suddenly, to find oneself regarding the world as a heavenly place and all the people in it as good children. It's nice — now and then — to feel that way about people; especially to feel that you yourself are a good child!"

Corinna's serious mood allowed her one little twinkle. For Corinna was not without humor, even though she dearly loved her moods of introspection. They seemed at once so deeply disturbing and so deeply satisfying. Thus, in a pensive state that was more pleasurable than sad, she continued to gaze out at the dimming gilt of the afternoon.

And Andy sat gazing at her, a little half-smile in the back of his eyes — well back, so that Corinna mightn't see it. But too much gazing is not good for a young man in love; all at once he stirred abruptly:

"Some day I'm going to kiss you!" he said irrelevantly.

Corinna turned startled dark eyes.

"Oh, no! You must never do that, Andy!"

"Why not?"

"It would spoil things — it always spoils things."

"Always?" A brief silence. "Has it always spoiled things for you, Corinna?"

She made no answer.

"You speak as though you'd had experience."

But Corinna's eyes and spirit seemed again a-wing in the park.

Andy laughed.

"Well, anyway, look out! — some day!" he warned.

But he didn't kiss her that day.

There came a time, not long after, when Corinna took occasion to remember Andy's saying, "You certainly can talk to me any time you want to."

This day all the marvelous misty gold had hidden itself away under a blanket of sodden gray. An autumn rain, gentle and mournful, came slipping out of the void which can hold so many different kinds of weather-moods; and, to Corinna, the sound of the ceaseless drops against the pane seemed the sound of every futile human plaint. There was really no reason for her to feel sad, yet she felt sad, with a tranquil, brooding kind of melancholy; a melancholy such as makes one enjoy dawdling beside a window, and savoring the beautiful sorrow dripping just beyond the glass, and longing for the right somebody to share one's mood.

Corinna longed for the right somebody; and Andy had said, "You know my number — all I need is one little ring."

She thought of Andy and became even more serious. It was a pleasant, delicious glow of seriousness. She overflowed, just then, with appreciation of Andy. He was not perfect — she could see many faults in him. But his understanding, his sympathy, were perfect. What a privilege to have such a friend! Some things in him she did not like; he had a terrible sincerity at times, a stubborn forth-rightness that made her feel in her heart a puny deceiver; that compelled her to look up to him, yet she didn't so much mind looking up to him when she knew he was looking up to her notwithstanding. And, besides, there was much in him that she admired unreservedly: that trick of rubbing his hair the wrong way, his square-jawed face; but it was his eyes she liked most — the eyes which had first made her think she would like him — deep-set and serious eyes, but, when they smiled, wonderfully boyish and appealing. And how they could betray him! They had betrayed him more than he knew that time he said, "Some day I'm going to kiss you!"

But she knew how to manage him; he wouldn't kiss her — yet. It gave her an ecstatic thrill that she should have such power over this man and he not suspect it; all the more because she was almost in love with him; and yet the more because he was more in love with her than she with him. Men are more helpless in love than are women. That reflection gave her a strange, soft, wise, responsible feeling that was very agreeable.

Corinna's reflections had reached the question of the most becoming dress to put on for Andy, when she arose and went to the telephone.

ANDY'S first brusque "hello," at the sound of her response, gave way to a quick repetition of the same word which was yet quite different. It is an intense gratification to a woman to note that delighted transition when it is her own voice which has occasioned it.

"I'm low-spirited to-day, Andy," she said plaintively.

"Why, what's the matter?" His intonation showed concern.

"Oh, nothing's the *matter*. Just sort of 'down' — it's the day, I suppose."

"It *is* a mean day," said Andy.

"Yet I like it, too; sometimes one enjoys a pleasant little orgy of depression, don't you think?"

"Well, then, I won't order the weather changed," said Andy, with the cheerful inanity that is never inane to two young people in the condition engendering such inanities.

"But it makes me feel like talking to some one," Corinna went on. "I thought, maybe, you could run in this evening and help me revel in misery."

"Oh."

Andy's tone dropped; and that made something inside Corinna drop, too, even before he continued:

"A college crony of mine's in town — just over night. We've arranged a poker game. Some of the old gang, you know."

"Oh," said Corinna, now, in her turn.

"You understand how it is, don't you? — if he were going to be here longer —"

"Oh, I understand," interrupted Corinna in a tone that indicated she absolutely refused to understand.

"You're not offended, are you?" anxiously.

"Of course not. What makes you think I'm offended?"

"You sound so queer, somehow."

"Queer?" She gave a little laugh. "How do I sound queer?"

"Oh, I don't know."

There was a pause; then:

"Would it please you if I broke off the poker engagement?" he asked tentatively.

"Oh, I wouldn't let you make that sacrifice."

"It wouldn't be a sacrifice, would it, if I wanted to do it?"

"Better let it be."

"Better let what be?"

"Oh, everything," said Corinna tersely. "I've changed my mind — I think I'd rather be alone, after all."

"Oh, well. Just as you say. I don't want to intrude, of course."

But Corinna, when she had hung up the receiver and gone back to the window, didn't look as if she greatly enjoyed being alone. All of that mild, serene pleasure had gone out of her former fine mood of melancholy; little vicious pricks, that didn't formulate themselves into definite thoughts or feelings, kept jabbing into her consciousness. The weather, too, seemed to have taken on a certain malignance, the leaden skies lowered, the trees in the park gestured threateningly in the wind, the drops assaulted the pane with ferocious little hits.

With a sort of zest she began formulating her grievance against Andy. It was almost as if her inner self had an inner Andy there to assail.

"Yes, you told me to call you up!" it charged resentfully. "Any time I wanted you! And then what? The very first time I take you at your word, you sidestep. Yes, sidestep! Make excuses — yes, excuses! I don't believe there *is* any poker game — any college chum! Probably another girl, and you didn't want to tell me. Yet you call yourself my friend. Friend! Do friends wilfully make one humiliate oneself? Yes, that's what you did to me — you humiliated me; and I'd never have put myself in the position to be humiliated if I hadn't thought we *were* real friends — that you *meant* me to take you at your word. But, now — oh! oh!"

Presently, emerging from her stormy preoccupation, Corinna went again to the telephone and, though Victor was the last person she wished to see just then, she sweetly invited him to dinner.

Victor came, and was bright and amusing, as Victor always was. But Corinna, in her most becoming dress, which was Andy's favorite, couldn't forget she was unhappy.

"What's the matter with you to-night?" Victor asked once when she had given the wrong answer a second time.

Corinna recalled her attention.

"The matter?" she repeated, puckering her brows.

"Yes . . . How's your friend Andy?"

"Quite well the last time I heard of him. But we weren't talking of Andy."

"Thought maybe you'd had a tiff."

"Oh, Andy's not the kind to quarrel. That's why I value him as a friend — he always understands." Corinna enjoyed the secretly bitter edge to her smile.

"So?" said Victor. "That's dangerous. I can imagine a point where 'understanding' ends — which means everything else ends with it."

"Oh, well," said Corinna indifferently, "I suppose that's a chance everyone must resign oneself to."

"I wouldn't call it resignation," said Victor. "Rather, adaptation. For, then, one generally begins looking about for some one else."

Corinna cast him a covert, suspicious glance from beneath her long lashes; then yawned.

"Let's find something more interesting to talk about," suggested she.

So Victor proposed going to the Cascades to dance. Then Corinna, who didn't relish a prolongation of Victor's quizzing, proposed calling up the Johnsons, young married friends, and asking them to join the jaunt. To her relief, the Johnsons promised to join them at the roof-garden.

She was in her room performing the inevitable rites which, regardless of how exquisite she already looks, a woman must perform before her mirror each time she goes out, when her telephone rang.

It was Andy.

"I've nothing particular to say. Just wanted to call you up." The half-apprehension in his voice was elixir to Corinna.

"It's kind of you," she returned politely — a shade too politely.

"We've decided we've had enough of cards," he went on. "We're just going out somewhere to get a bite to eat."

"*We're* just going out, too," said Corinna.

"Oh."

The unmistakable drop in his tone, and the note of curiosity, were additional balm. But she kept silent, and Andy added tentatively:

"I hope you'll have a pleasant time — that you're going with — pleasant people."

"Oh, I think the Johnsons are pleasant people."

"Oh, the Johnsons? — yes, they are." There was a little pause, then: "I almost wish I wasn't tied up."

"Yes, I'm sorry you are," she answered, still excessively polite.

"Maybe — Where are you going?"

"The Cascades."

"I believe I'll beg off and meet you all there! — what do you say?"

Corinna hesitated. "That would be very nice — if it's not inconveniencing you."

Andy ignored the hint of listlessness in her acquiescence.

"Fine, then! I'll see you about eleven. I've been crazy to see you ever since you telephoned!"

After she hung up the receiver, Corinna felt a tiny pang of compunction. That last little lilt in Andy's voice! — and all unsuspecting about Victor. He'd never have come had he known Victor was to be with her. Perhaps she should have told him; perhaps it had been perverse and capricious not to have told him. But, she assured herself, it was proper and prudent to be capricious on occasion.

She didn't tell herself that it was also agreeable, but, as she resumed the business of further beautifying her beautiful self, she was smiling quietly. She felt happier than she had felt for several hours.

However, at the roof-garden, after she and Victor had waited through two dances without the Johnsons appearing, she began to be apprehensive. Suppose something had happened to detain them? — if they shouldn't come at all? That would put Andy in a more awkward position than she had intended. She made excuses so as not to be out on the floor dancing when Andy should arrive. She didn't want to hurt Andy — too much.

YET, when he finally came and cast at the table *à deux* a surprised, inquiring look, she greeted him with a manner of enchanting sweetness and simplicity.

"Oh, hello Andy! Do sit down! Victor's been accusing me of moping. He'll be enchanted to have a more agreeable person to talk to."

Victor wasn't looking too enchanted. He perfunctorily removed Corinna's scarf and bag from the one empty chair. Andy seated himself.

There was a brief silence.

Andy rather constrainedly began to fumble in his pocket.

"One of the fellows had some old college snapshots. I brought them along —" He produced the snapshots. Corinna exclaimed over them with exaggerated effervescence; then passed them on to Victor who made stereotyped comments.

There fell another silence. The music started up.

"Want to dance?" asked Victor.

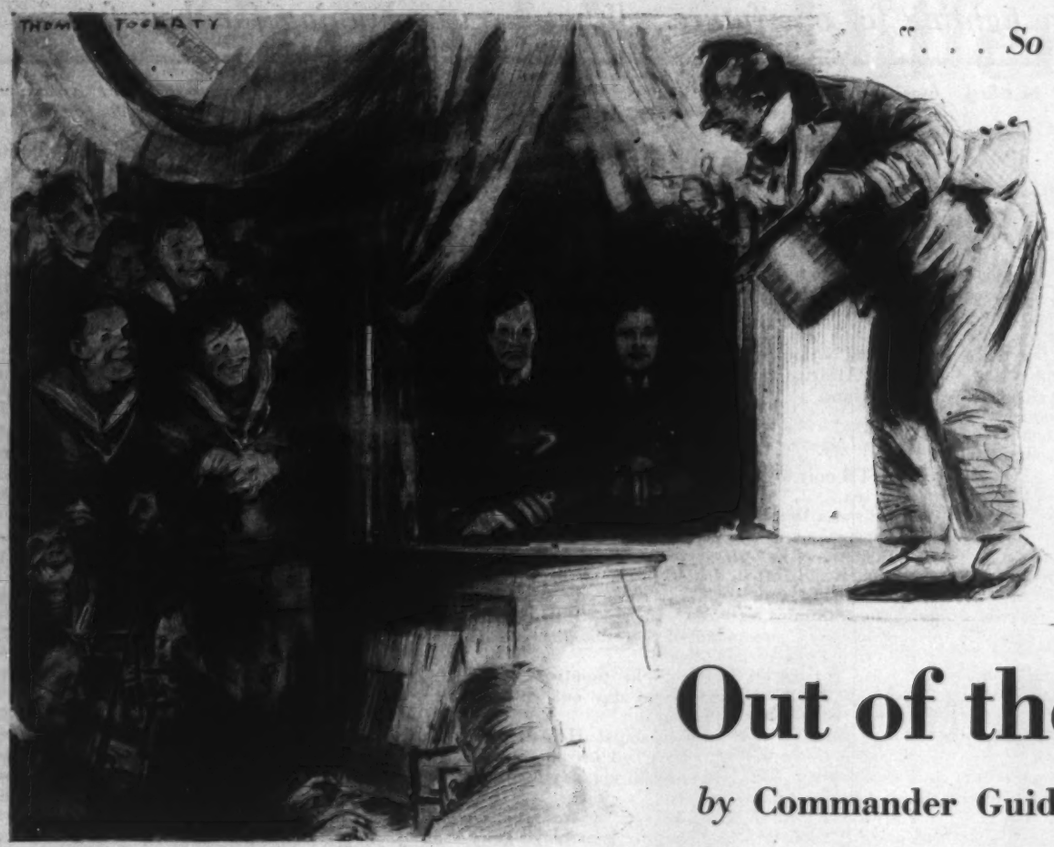
Corinna smilingly shook her head:

"If only I could dance with two men at once —"

"Well, *I* feel like dancing," said Victor almost rudely. "I see an extra girl over there with the Martins — if you don't mind —"

"Oh, we don't mind," assured Corinna blithely. "Who's the beautiful blond [*Continued on page 40*]

"Oh, hello Andy! Do sit down! Victor's been accusing me of moping. He'll be enchanted to have a more agreeable person to talk to"



". . . So good-bye, Piccadilly!"

"The H-3"

The first of the four stories of unconquerable bravery in the submarine service

Out of the Depths

by **Commander Guido Milanese, R. I. N.**

Translated by **Mildred Cram**

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

SHE was the first of a long row of submarines, as if she preferred to be aloof from the others that crowded side by side in the basin. Robust, huge, ugly—she was as disdainful as an athletic schoolboy.

She lay in the shadow of a high and very ancient sea-wall. She rode proudly, lifted imperceptibly by the slow breath of the sea. Why not? She had crossed the Atlantic; she had gone from England to the Bosphorus and from the Bosphorus to the Lower Adriatic. They called her the "H-3."

She belonged to the present and to the future, to the nameless and horrible impulse of war and destruction. Her name was not classical nor allegorical. It was as dry as a chemical formula—"H-3." Physics and chemistry, the forbidden fruits offered by science to mankind, had produced her. And mankind, enticed by false mirages of civilization and progress, had sent her out to destroy. The Union Jack was painted high on the center of her hull. England commanded her. And England's enemies had already felt the terrible bite of her six torpedoes. . . .

She was proud, glorious and odious, like a jungle beast. She traced invisible furrows through the Adriatic—alone, insatiable and tireless. She knew all the trails that led across the sea-bottom from Cattaro; she had stalked her prey through tall grasses and fantastic caverns in the flickering half light of mysterious, subterranean valleys; she had explored the coast; she had pushed herself into narrow, mine-locked harbors and shallow rivers. Now and then, panting and exhausted, she had risen to the surface of the sea to fill her lungs with pure air and to scan the horizon for merchant ships. Hunted and hunter . . . the "H-3."

. . . . . .

One night, while the smooth-backed submarines dozed in the basin, there was a vaudeville show in the improvised theater of the little coast town. Clowns tumbled, hybrid males sang patriotic songs, a squeaky orchestra played abominably. The crowd was good-natured—men who had come from the sea and were going back to it. "We are not dead, and perhaps we shall die—*ergo nunc vivamus*."

They applauded and sang. To-day was obscure; to-morrow was no more than a shadow. And here was oblivion, in this smoky auditorium, elbow to elbow with warm life, with joy, with vice perhaps, but most of all with reality.

English and French officers filled the tawdry little boxes. The bleakness of their eternal peering into the shadows of death had got somehow into their eyes; the loneliness of the sea had touched their speech; even while they laughed they were aloof from humanity, like men already set aside by destiny for sacrifice and silence.

In one of the boxes I noticed two Englishmen. They were as immovable and as expressionless as masks, their unblinking eyes fixed on the stage—two solemn, shy, taciturn youngsters.

"Who are they?" I asked, nudging the French Commandant who was sitting next to me. "Those two men in the second box—"

He turned to stare. "Oh, don't you know? Lieutenant Jenkinson and Lieutenant Lane, commander and second of the 'H-3.'"

The "H-3?" I looked away from the cavorting soubrettes and watched them. So out of place, so aloof—like that submarine of theirs! The raucous music swept over them. They were alone—alone with a single thought. Out there . . . the abyss . . . life in that tigerish, prowling, hungry steel tube . . . the eternal ambush. . . .

The orchestra squeaked and thumped; a fat girl in a blonde wig sang of Lisette and *amour*—acute, rasping and salacious. And those two English faces in the shadow of the box never changed. Extraneous, glacial, almost hostile, they were turned rigidly toward the stage.

"They're always like that," the Commandant said. "Every night. Strange, eh? However, when you know them better, you'll find them *'tres gentils garçons'*. You'll see!"

. . . . . .

TWO days later a black squall broke over the harbor and the town was lashed by a drenching, driving rain.

The submarines huddled behind the sea-wall, side by side, their naked backs glistening. Only one place was empty. The "H-3" had gone out toward Levant before the storm broke.

All day they kept her place in the basin free of small boats and launches. All day the sentinels of the outer harbor watched the horizon for her return. She always kept her word. Always.

"Watch out for the 'H-3!' She'll be in shortly."

Dusk came. Then a brief, opaque and impenetrable twilight.

"Watch out for the 'H-3,' down there!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Then, suddenly, it was quite dark. The air was full of shrieking winds, the mad confusion of mist and rain. Behind the sea-wall the restless submarines tossed and strained at their moorings. But the "H-3" had not come in.

. . . . . .

Nor was she there when the livid dawn broke over the harbor. A few officers went down to the mole to wait for her. They stood, bracing themselves against the implacable wind, staring out at the foam-streaked sea.

"She is probably fighting her way back on the surface," one of them shouted. "Electric batteries exhausted . . . often happens. . . . In shortly. . . ."

His voice was snatched away and blown to ribbons by the gale. We all felt vaguely comforted by his air of assurance.

"She's plucky," the French Commandant said, holding his cap on with both hands. "I don't fear for her."

"Leave her alone and she'll come home," an English ensign sang in a thin falsetto. "You can't kill her, you know . . . the bully old sea cow!"

We all laughed and the Commandant shouted a suggestion that we go back to the *Prinz Regent Luitpold* and order lunch for Jenkinson and Lane. They might be hungry, he thought, by the time they got the "H-3" in. A devilish day. . . .

At lunch we talked of many things. Only now and then we glanced at the places set for Jenkinson and Lane—glanced and looked away immediately, as if the sight of those empty chairs terrified and embarrassed us. Little by little there grew in our hearts a painful certainty. Our voices wavered, the hum of conversation droned away into silence, and with a sudden impulse, nameless and unspoken, we rose from the table and went back to the harbor.

. . . . . .

Late that afternoon a French submarine returned from "over there." She slipped in behind the wall and her Commandant, glancing up at the row of serious faces above him, shouted:

"Hello! Is the 'H-3' here?"

"She hasn't come in," I answered. "Why?"

For a moment he stared at us. He was a little man with a round, pale face and bright eyes. He made a grimace and lifted both short arms in an awkward gesture of bewilderment.

Our boys in France are fighting for our future. What are we planning for their future?

"Was she at Punta day before yesterday?" he asked angrily.

"Probably," I answered. "Why?"

"Are you sure?"

"Reasonably sure! Why?"

He shook his head. "Wait," he said. "I'll come up there."

He clambered up the side of the wall and came toward us slowly, as if he had unpleasant news for us. And all during his brief, staccato, toneless recital he stood bareheaded in the driving rain, holding his cap over his heart clumsily, like a man standing by an open grave.

"I'll tell you—" he began, fixing us with his eyes. "Day before yesterday I submerged only a few miles from the 'H-3's' base—off Punta, you understand. The sea was quiet, although there were a few clouds on the horizon. I expected nothing unusual. Suddenly—I tell you I expected nothing—we heard a dull bellowing, very somber, very terrible, and the whole submarine was shaken violently. Torpedo? Mine? Telluric phenomena? I assure you, gentlemen, I did not know. I rose immediately. But when I had a clear vision of the sea in the panoramic lens it was as smooth as a mirror—polished, unbroken and glaring to the farthermost horizon. I could see every fold and wrinkle of the enemy coast-line. Nothing else. . . ."

The Commander lowered his voice and a strange look flashed into his eyes, something tragic and indomitable.

"While I watched," he went on, "I saw an enemy torpedo boat rush out from behind a steep cliff. She came into the panoramic lens going full speed toward the open sea. I saw her pass over the 'H-3's' base—directly over it, gentlemen. Then she made a few revolutions and turning, disappeared again into her mysterious hiding-place. Immediately afterward I saw a black speck moving against the dark sky. An airplane! Ha!"

The Commandant threw back his head and stared up at the scudding, ragged clouds tearing inland like unleashed furies bent on destruction.

"An enemy plane . . . so I began to understand. . . . It swept down from the mountains, turning round and round in huge spirals, and then dropped to the sea, skimming with taut wings just above the surface of the water. There, where the 'H-3' had been!"

The Commandant paused and met our eyes again with a solemn glance. "When the plane rose again it seemed to bear certain tidings of death to the others. . . . It flew back, lazy and satisfied, like a hawk. . . ."

There was a silence while the Commandant, sighing deeply, put his cap on again and straightened his shoulders.

"Was it a mine?" the English ensign asked abruptly in an uncertain voice.

"Certainly. A mine-field anchored off the coast. That Austrian hawk had seen the 'H-3' before. Ah, well——"

He smiled crookedly, spread out his hands and shrugged. And trying to forget. Then we all turned and walked back into the town, talking in loud voices of other things.

For two days the usual places were set in the dining-saloon of the *Prinz Regent Luitpold* for Jenkinson and Lane, commander and second of the "H-3." Then one morning the stewards removed the two empty chairs and skilfully adjusted things by widening the circle of plates around the table.

No one paid the slightest attention to this polite, pathetic subterfuge. Obviously, it was best to pretend that some day Jenkinson and Lane would turn up again, shy, taciturn, *tres gentils garçons*. Obviously, it was best not to think of their white faces, bitten already by the thousand murderous things of the sea. Obviously, it was best to forget that the "H-3" lay on the fluted sand bottom, a shattered mass of iron and steel, while the Austrian hawk, gorged and lazy, circled above her, watching.

"The Monge"

"WITH only a young moon shining and in a choppy sea. . . ."

There was a tremendous clatter. Every table in the big dining saloon of the *Prinz Regent Luitpold* served as the nucleus of its own conversational nebula. English, French and Italian floated in the air like clouds, intermingled, because hopelessly confused. My companion had to raise his voice. He was a French lieutenant and the Commandant of the submarine XX on duty in the Lower Adriatic.

". . . It was off Cattero," he shouted. "The submarine *Monge*, on her second day out emerged to charge her storage batteries. . . ."

How strange is the fate of some ships! Here we were on board a German liner which had become Italian and was serving as an international military hotel for officers on their way "over there."

The *Prinz Regent Luitpold* was a transatlantic steamer in those days of North German Lloyd glory before the War. She was still decorated according to German taste. Our meeting place, the saloon, was done in the Assyrian-Babylonic style and evidently intended to delight the Boche during his transatlantic dinners. It always seemed to me that there were faint echoes of fat laughter in that gilded and stuccoed saloon, as if the pompous German travelers and their redundant *frauen* had charged the very atmosphere with a rampant Teutonism.

I was not paying attention to the French lieutenant and that shouted tale of his. A horrible oleograph of Nuremburg hung on the wall just in front of us. I frowned and bawled into the lieutenant's ear:

"What filthy stuff!"

"*Vous dites, mon Commandant?*"

"Nothing. Beg pardon . . . that rubbish there. . . . What a parody of a picture!"

"*Ça?*"

The lieutenant stared at the oleograph with lifted brows. Then he smiled and shrugged, spreading out his hands: "*C'est justement pour faire disparaître ça du monde,*" he said, "*que nous combattons ensemble cette guerre atroce!*"

Suddenly, behind us, I heard the booming baritone of another French submarine commander, taking up the story of the *Monge* where the lieutenant had left off.

"The *Monge* was on her way to charge her storage batteries and her Commandant, Roland Morillot . . ."

Roland Morillot! The name cut through that babel of voices like an arrow. Everyone turned, and a boy, who had been playing "It's a long way to Tipperary" on the tuneless piano stopped with a crash and sat listening.

"Morillot was here only a few days ago," some one said quietly. "He dined at this very table with us. There—in that chair. You remember?"

"*Oui*," the Commandant said softly. "I remember. Who doesn't remember Morillot? Morillot . . . when the *Monge* was attacked, he was at the periscope, trying to read some degree markings which had become indistinct under a crust of sea salt. He had a pocket electric lamp. A curtain of cloud lay along the horizon. Just under them Morillot saw a line of ships. In perspective they looked as if they were in alinement, but they were really traveling at an angle like a flock of wild ducks.

"Well," some one asked, "what of Morillot? You were saying . . ."

The Commandant stirred his coffee gently. "There were six of them coming at full speed toward the *Monge*. She lay motionless in the moonlight. The hatches were open and the crew was on deck. Morillot saw that her only chance of escape was to submerge. He almost accomplished it. He even fired two torpedoes. But the Austrians were under the protection of the devil himself! The *Balaton* came right over the *Monge* between the bow and the turret. The submarine shivered under the blow like a wounded animal. Then the water rushed in. The *Monge* dipped her prow, the stern rose in the air, the blade of the screw whirling horribly like the convulsive flapping of a dying fish's tail."

The Commandant looked up. "The agony of a submarine — a delicate, vital, terrible machine plunging to the bottom of the sea. . . . Still there were a few seconds. And the *Monge* wanted to live, wanted desperately to live!

"'Give her some air forward'! Morillot shouted.

"The crew was nearly swamped by the rush of water—yet they tried, in the face of death, to do what Morillot ordered. The two quartermasters behaved like—like Frenchmen . . ."

"I had those two quartermasters with me, on submarine XX," one of the Commandants interrupted. "Fine fellows, both of them!"

The Commandant went on, in a steady voice: "They gave her the air, and as soon as the tanks were empty her bow came up once more — only an inch or two, so that every wave broke over it. A ray of hope? Perhaps. I wonder what [*Continued on page 53*]

A motor launch went out and some one called, "Who are you? Where are you?"

He had forgotten his own name in the struggle, but he managed to say, "Jalea!"

Something Different

by Alexine Heyland

Illustrations by Grant T. Reynard

ALICE was sure that it was Molly Turner calling — absurdly enough the bell had rung on Molly's own high-pitched, excited note, demonstrating that even telephone centrals can be affected by the state of their patrons' nerves. She took down the receiver with an impatient little snatch. She hadn't realized until that moment how tired and bored she was with Molly and her crowd, and how perfectly she knew them all by heart.

"Well, Molly, what's the matter?" she said, without waiting for Molly's greeting.

Her clairvoyance did not startle Molly a scrap — she didn't even notice it. She just began to talk in a rush of frantic words. "Oh-Alice-the-most-dreadful-thing-has-happened-and-I-don't-know-what-in-the-world-I'm-going-to-do-and-I-depend-on-you-to-help-me-out. Dick-Richardson-has-gone-to-Boston!"

"That is indeed a horrible tragedy," said Alice, when Molly paused to breathe, "but only for Boston."

"Oh, don't try to be funny," was Molly's wail. "You don't seem to remember my dinner to-night, and that Dick Richardson was to be *your man*. And now my table's thrown out, and I'm too busy to get hold of any one else. And so — it's up to you. You'll have to telephone around and find some one — you can, easily — some one of our own crowd, of course."

Alice's eloquent shrug luckily could not go over the wire. "Oh, look here," she said, "don't worry about that. I'll stay at home — then your table will be all right ——"

"It will *not*," said Molly. "It's all arranged for fourteen and if I make it smaller my lace cloth will be too big, and everything will be wrong. What makes you so horrid? I should think you'd want to help me. I'm all worn out and the florist has sent the wrong flowers, and the cook is *so* cross, and the waitress doesn't like her new cap—and—and—everything. And you know how I dote on my parties and want them to be nice, and yet you don't want to do the least little thing to help me. Well, you've just got to. You've got to find a man for me and that's all there is to it."

Alice could hear the receiver banged into place with the last word. She sat still, regarding the telephone malevolently. Then she glanced around the studio. It was a comfortable big room, with space to move in, and color enough to charm the eye. The big rough work-bench, littered with leather and tools and paste and all the paraphernalia of bookbinding, saved it effectually from the amateur look of so many New York studios. Alice herself was not amateur looking. She did not bob her hair nor wear queer clothes, but her rolled-up sleeves and her enveloping apron of blue denim gave her the look of a real worker, a look which was not misleading — to a certain extent. Certainly she bound books with taste and enthusiasm and a satisfying technique. Not the seventh wonder, you understand, but not the worst craftswoman in the world, either.

"I could have got that 'Shropshire Lad' tooling done," she said, addressing the work-bench. "But now ——" she gave a deep, goaded sigh. She wished that Molly Turner and her little dinners and her lace table-cloth could all be neatly pushed off the pier into the North River. She wondered why she had been goose enough to say she'd go. But this didn't get a man. She seized the telephone.

"Broad 1859, please . . . Mr. Kendall's office? Is Mr. William Kendall in? . . . Oh, is that you, Billy? This is Alice Carden. Molly and Jim Turner are giving a dinner this evening and a man has dropped out, and Molly has implored me to get some one, so, if you don't mind an eleventh hour bid . . . You're going to the Bar Association dinner? Then just forget that I bothered you . . . You consider it a compliment? . . . Well, so it is . . . I'd have liked awfully to have you go . . . Yes, I asked you first, so your vanity's quite intact . . . No, I won't be at home to-morrow night, nor Sunday. Tea on Monday? . . . Call me up Monday afternoon and ask me again . . . I'll think of it."

"I'm beginning to be sorry for myself," he said, and had no time for more

"There goes one dear gazelle," she murmured, as she hung up the receiver. "Now let me see, who's next? Welldon Kane, I think."

A prim secretarial voice at the other end of the wire answered decorously: "Mr. Kane's just left to catch the train for Port Washington—he's dining there."

So there was another hope fled. "I could kill Molly Turner for this," said Alice to the telephone.

She tried another victim, but in vain. And now — she paused to reflect. It was, to be sure, a very awkward hour. Every man, every working man, that is, would be just leaving his office and not yet arrived at his club or his home. But there were one or two early club-birds . . . if she could but catch one. Mack Jenkins, for instance. Wearily she seized the telephone again.

"Vanderbilt 1700. Is this the Harvard Club? Well, please page Mr. Mackenzie Jenkins. Tell him Miss Carden wants to speak to him on something important. He'll probably be in the grill."

She waited until her arm ached as if it were coming off, but was finally rewarded by Mack Jenkins' cherubic accents in genuine pleasure.

"Now this is awfully good of you," he began—but she cut him off.

"Mack Jenkins," she interrupted, "you've always said you'd do anything for me since the time I rescued you from your red-haired cousin from Grand Rapids and entertained her for a whole week. Now's your chance. Will you go to Molly Turner's dinner with me to-night, or, if you can't go, *will you find me another man?* Get some one Molly and Jim know, if you can; but, if you can't, get anybody. I'm a desperate woman, so don't trifle with me—and I warn you that if you fail me now, the next time your red-haired cousin comes to New York, I'll personally see to it that you take her to the Aquarium and the Hippodrome and to Edgar Allen Poe's cottage. Now—you understand—*what* can you do for me?"

"My Lord!" came Mack's voice, awed. "You *are* wild, aren't you? I'd go with you myself in a minute, but I've got a dinner on, too. But I'll find you some one — this club and this city are full of homeless men who are looking for free food and don't care how they get it. Leave it to me, Alice. I'll call you up in half an hour or so with a stunned and helpless victim. Leave it to me."

"Very well, I'll leave it to you," said Alice, sternly, "but remember this—he's got to wear presentable clothes and eat noiselessly—and Molly's sending her car for me—and I'll pick him up——" she shouted the last few words, for it was evident that Mack was decamping from the telephone.

"Leave it to Mack," she murmured hopelessly and rubbed her left arm, numb from so much receiver holding. "Leave it to Mack. I'm taking a frightful chance—but maybe he'll find some one we know. More likely he'll get some prosperous Ohio manufacturer, who'll be furious because he wanted to go to the Winter Garden to-night—but, no,—prosperous Ohio manufacturers aren't very thick at the Harvard Club. And anyway—what does it matter who he gets? Even if he's the dullest bromide on earth, he won't be any duller nor more bromidic than the people who'll be there, each with his little line of chatter about things that nobody's interested in. And all of them posing as so clever and brilliant, and not one of them with an idea unless it's a stolen one. Why did I let Molly Turner tie me up with a bunch like that! Five years I've been

in New York and I hardly know a soul but that selfish, cold-hearted, empty-headed set of people Molly calls her friends. The trouble is with me, I'm too slow and too stupid to make my own friends. Oh, Alice Carden, you're one of the biggest fools in the world!"

She got up slowly and went over to the work-bench and began to make it orderly, dropping her tools into a well-worn case and putting away her leather, her paper, her gold and her colors with delicate care. She frowned at them all. Even when she was laying away the last bit of intricate tooling on which she had spent weeks of faithful work, she frowned harder than ever. "A fine thing for a grown-up woman with a soul to be spending her life on," she said, and touched the work disdainfully. "A splendid and ennobling occupation, so necessary to the welfare of the world—an essential industry, forsooth! What a ridiculous, superficial life I lead, anyway." She sat down by the work-bench and dropped her chin into her palm. She had planned it all so differently—she had come to New York in such a high and hopeful mood. But she had gone straight to Molly Turner, her friend from old school days, and Molly had seized on her and placed her in her own circle with Molly's own high-handedness. She had clung to her craft and saved that much, at least, but when she tried to make friends with her own sort of people Molly had shouted at them as dowds or stupids. She had thought Molly must be right—Molly was so clever, so much cleverer than herself. And now the time had come when she realized the truth and how she had let herself be cheated.

The telephone rang again, a reassuring, chuckly sort of ring, again indicative of central's sensitiveness to the caller's mood. "I couldn't find a soul, you know, but I've got you a man, anyway," declared Mack Jenkins. "Found him mooning around the library all dressed up and nowhere to go. Seems some friends went back on him at the last minute, so he's ready for anything. He's a Westerner—lives on a ranch in Arizona, I think, or maybe Montana. Did you say you'd stop for him?"

He sounded very unpromising, but beggars must not be choosers.

"Yes, I'll stop for him at a quarter to eight," she said, resignedly. (Never again! Never, never again!)

"I'll tell him," said Mack, but he had caught the nuances of despair in her voice. "Listen—he's all right. Ties his tie properly, right sort of jewelry and all that. Good-looking, too, sort of movie-hero type. Don't you worry—I'll bet every woman at the party'll try to steal him from you. Just you stop here at the Club and tell the doorman who you want——"

"Yes—but Mack,—who *do* I want? You haven't said his name."

The line buzzed and clicked viciously in her ear and confused the answer. "His name's"—buzz—buzz—"Moreland," said Mack, and then came another confused bu-zuzzzing and though she could hear Mack's voice going on and on, she could not distinguish a syllable.

"Thank you ever so much," she said, when the buzzing stopped. (After all, Mack Jenkins had done what he could and angels could do no more.) "You've been awfully good and I'm very grateful. Please tell Mr. Moreland I'll be there promptly at a quarter to eight."

That being settled she must now break it to Molly that her fourteenth guest was to be an utter stranger—a stranger in a strange land and from a strange land, as it were. And, the news being communicated, with all the tact that Alice could command, Molly promptly became dreadfully injured and indignant.

"*Why* did you ask Mack Jenkins to find some one?" she demanded. "He's a perfect moron and you might have known he wouldn't make any real effort, because he'd think I ought to have asked him in the first place. I do think, Alice, that you've shown about as little real social sense! This Moreland creature's probably perfectly impossible—and now here's my lovely party absolutely spoiled just because you wouldn't make the effort to——"

"You're an ungrateful little pig," broke in Alice, with vigor. "I've telephoned everywhere, and talked to every man I know until I'm ashamed—I've almost sandbagged them. And there wasn't any more time! I can tell you this is the last time I ever try to do you a favor, Molly."

"It's no favor to bring a horrid, uncouth Western ranchman to my house and ruin a perfectly good dinner with lovely, congenial people," stormed Molly, "and that's what you've done, Alice Carden—you and Mack Jenkins and your old Westerner—and—and—I wish I'd never been born!" It was evident that the last word had melted into a flood of angry weeping, and that the telephone had been fumblingly rung off.

ALICE flung up her hands and addressed the empty studio.

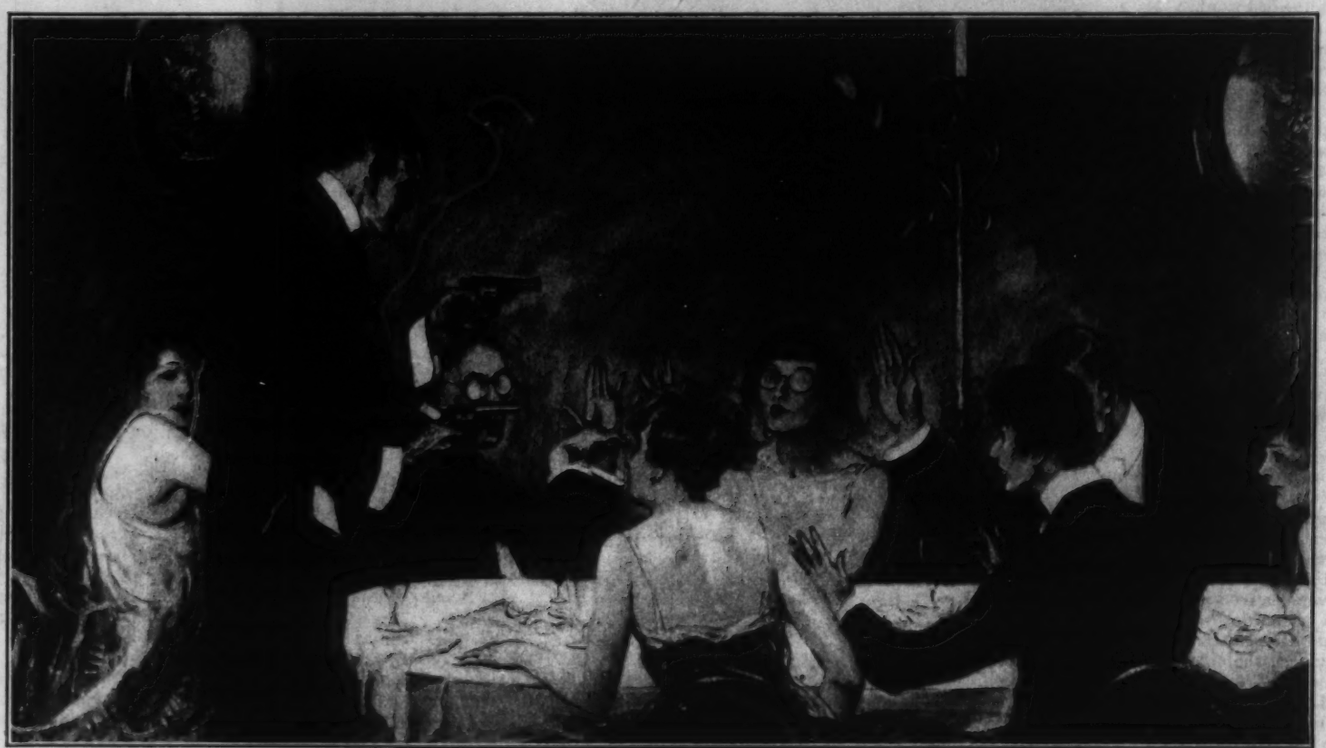
"And I used to think Molly Turner's tears and pouts when things didn't go to suit her were cunning. I used to think her peevishness and her unreasonableness were temperament. I used to—my word!" Her eyes had fallen on a clock which accusingly pointed its hands to ten minutes past seven. All this telephoning had taken so much time that she wouldn't have a half second to spare. She literally ran to her bedroom, unbuttoning her apron as she ran, and began the business of getting dressed for the party in unexampled haste.

Now, when you dress in a hurry and your temper is on edge anyway, the whole world of inanimate objects conspires against you. The hot water runs slowly, corset strings break, slipper buckles drop off, gloves hide themselves, powder spills where it is most annoying to have it, the buffer suddenly clamors for a new chamois, there is no fresh tulle for a scarf, and as for doing your hair decently—why, that is a ghoulish joke! There are long feverish moments when you work like a madwoman and accomplish nothing, when it is evident that you will never, never be dressed and ready. Then, just at the end, when the last hook is hooked and the last snap is snapped, and the moment has come for the penetrating, all-surveying look into the mirror just before you snatch up your evening cloak—behold, it seems that everything is all right, after all. Your hair never looked better, the old tulle is quite fresh enough, and the mirror seems determined to reassure and send you away quite happy. Indeed, so reassuring was Alice Carden's mirror that she stopped before it longer than she had intended. The faintly tinted filminess of her gown was deliciously becoming. She was no longer a workaday bookbinder, but a lovely gracious creature of infinite leisure and distinction. She considered her reflection critically, and, as a last touch, clasped around her neck an almost invisible chain from which swung a pendant of pink sapphire. She picked up her fan of rosy feathers and opened and shut it lazily, preening herself. It *is* nice to look your best in spite of the fact that no one will see you except people you care nothing for. She pulled around her shoulders her extravagant cape of taupe velvet and chiffon and bands of moleskin and descended to the Turner limousine, which was waiting despite Molly's recent rage.

Yet the mirror's compliments could not restore her peace of mind, and she spent the trip downtown to the Harvard Club, where she was to garner in the unknown Mr. Moreland, in an exceedingly dissatisfied meditation. She ticked off on her fingers the prospects of the evening: three hours of boredom, an offended hostess, too much meat, too much drink, the house overheated, the flowers too perfumed, and she could recite beforehand, accurately, every word that would be said by every man and woman who would be there. "I'm tired of the whole box of tricks," she concluded. "Molly's friendship is just a petty tyranny. I'm tired of it. And I'm tired of the work that isn't real work at all, but just a fancy craft, the making believe that a studio apartment is a real home—the gadding about with people who aren't real people, but just near-people" . . . she paused.

"Oh, well!" said Alice Carden, putting up a finger to hold back a miserable little tear of self-pity, "it's lucky we're at the Harvard Club. But anyway—I do want—*something different.*"

She did not have time to state her wants with more particularity, because she had to tell the chauffeur to go in and find Mr. Moreland, and the man had come back so quickly that Alice was sure that the unknown must have been waiting in the hall. He was tall, she saw that as he came across the pavement, and he carried himself with the typical Western carelessness, yet he was neither slouchy nor ungraceful. At the limousine door he stopped and took off his hat and looked at her questioningly, and she saw [*Continued on page 54*]



"Mrs. Wycherly, that necklace, please—though I suspect it of not having much value. You may keep your earrings—they're paste!"

Letters of a German Propagandist

Max von Heligoland Tries to Make Us Over

by Wallace Irwin

Illustrations by Rea Irvin

DIREKTOR DAS MONÄTSBLATT VON MACHLURE,

DEAR SIR:—

WILL your passionately Yankeedoodling opinion-organ this additional protest please print against a Menace which I now see your freedom-loving peoples of North Amerika in the face looking? I mean the danger to build-up and cut-off by means of one-man concentration of chair-power to a single office? Despite that your selfish and dishonest politicians pretend to see how bloody England and greedy France saved from our gallant undersea and overhead fleets can be, yet to Amerika I still the perils point out.

Why is all this childish ships-and-more-ships-yet clamoring? Why such nauseating doses of save-food-and-win-the-War nonsense? I shall tell you! A junker conspiracy to put tyrannikal heels upon the free necks of your Constitution.

Firstly, allow me all hope to destroy for your tin-horn-boosted ship-building program. Statistiks now in Possession of My Kaiser's Own Committee on Publik Information clearly show how Germany's sparrow-minded adversaries must starved-in-time be by the brilliantly-conceived-and-nearly-carried-out plan of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. All attempts to frustrate it by boat-manufacturing and other penny-snatching pokus-hokus are less than temporary. Because the Tirpitz program is slow arriving-up, you laugh monkey-ishly. So? All welt politiken is slow. Please look at how much time it took Germany out of barbarism to climb to her present undisputed dominance of all Christian thought!

As a patriotik citizen of your great but somewhat hysterikal Republik, I am urgent this quickly-to-be-crushed Menace to combat. I mean the menace of Capitalism in your shipbuilding-plan-of-so-called-arrangements. I am indebted to that patriotik and progressive thinker, Miss Emma Goldman, for bringing this disconcerting faet to my notice:

The Emergency Fleet Corporation with its Allied industries forms to-day the greatest Trust the world has ever known!

Kindly to digest this idea before I further with my argument proceed.

To-day the hammers of a million workmen are rivets-for-a-record pounding in hundreds of ship-yards which might more economically be converted into colleges for the teaching of Germanic literature, science, music and art. How magnificent, too, would be another Palace at the Hague to celebrate a more intimate understanding between the German and Amerikan governments! But no! In those hundreds of boat-yards your white-manhood must like black slaves for Rameses II toil. Your ship-factories, which have with the undignified haste peculiar to the Yankees been erected, both coasts from Maine to California bestrew. Your boastful newspapers — which would not for an instant in Berlin or Bremen be tolerated — silly predictions about your yards a-million-tons-a-month-producing are making. Is there no law against humbugling in your so depraved Province?

Making due allowances for your national loud-in-the-mouth vice, permit me again the Menace of Monopoly to out-point.

Monopoly, Herr Direktor von Machlure's Magazine, a dangerous thing until crushed will always be. According to the beautiful words of the Prize Peace Poem, the author of which in January, 1914, received at the hands of His Majesty Himself the reward of eleven marks, four and a half pfennige,

> "O Daisy, Daisy by the stream!
> What is it you so happy makes
> When sweetly you of gladness dream
> While beauty never you forsakes?
>
> "Sir, I am happy," thus she cried,
> "That no harsch Tyrant ruleth me
> Who in the Fatherland reside
> Where even the little Flowers are free!"

It makes much difficulty for me to translate Herr Doktor Schlammenbacher's beautiful German into your ignorant language. But that lesson sweet was quickly by our Gracious Emperor assimilated.

And so, Herr Direktor von Machlure's, monopoly a dangerous thing unless crushed always will be.

Look how Capital endangered Russia until the liberality of German thought the Monster at Brest-Litovsk met and slew. Where would Russia to-day have been had not Germany that help furnished to free all Russian workingmen? Before this noble and unselfish treaty was signed Russian peasants nine-hours-a-day were working. To-day great leisure they enjoy. Therefore, I shall indikate what the ship-building peril for your own country may accomplish.

WHAT were the motives of your Government, may I ask, in appointing Grand Admiral Karl M. von Schwab to supreme kommand over your merchant fleet construction? Do you not sense there a plain konspiracy against that freedom-loving kollection of devoted men, the Independent Workmen of the World? The Bolsheviki, with whom I am associating this week, cannot be tomfooled by such futile-effort-to-deceptiveness. Are not von Schwab's lifelong konnections with the Steel Trust known to all North Amerika? Please do not trouble me with the shallow-sounding argument that Herr von Schwab is working for patriotism alone. Patriotism, my dear sir, is not permitted by the Kaiser to exist outside the Central Empires.

What then are your riveters doing by employment under this so noted slave-driver? They are riveting the chains which shall hold them forever to an under-dogged position in this so-called Republik (?).

I have made this point clear to all. Therefore I shall proceed.

In the matter of Food Conservation (?) still worse obtains. So bad is it, indeed, that by the aid of many fair-minded neutrals, including many distinguished Turks and Bulgarians in this country, I am planning an unselfish war-aid movement for North Amerika, to be known as The Home Nourishment League. Objekt — to keep in Amerika inside all groceries, etc., now being shipped outside.

Did it ever occur to Your Excellency how the machinations of Professor Herbert C. von Hoover, Washington, D. C., are rapidly mining under your Consituttion by malnutrition of the human stomak? You can find this by any corner grocer where the sale of wheat flour is now brutally treated by some North Amerikan law, making the purchase of corn-meal obligatory also. There is no dignity to all this sort of pokus-hokus. In Germany this is done by a scientifik system of food-cards which have a military and almost a religious significance. In restaurants of New York, Chicago, Boston, polite requests for customary pig are met with the reply, "Porkless day!" and the rights of Washington, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt are thus made nothing.

Many terrible nervous and digestive diseases have by the University of Jena been discovered from such poor feeding at meal-time.

Therefore, Herr Direktor, it is plain as the face before your hand that the ignorant and childish interference of this von Hoover must be put a halt to. All intelligent authorities in the world of thought—by which I mean Germany—agree that nothing is so important as civilian morale. Well, then! How can North Amerika retain her morale when bereaved of white wheat or pork as the case may be?

There is no answer to this argument.

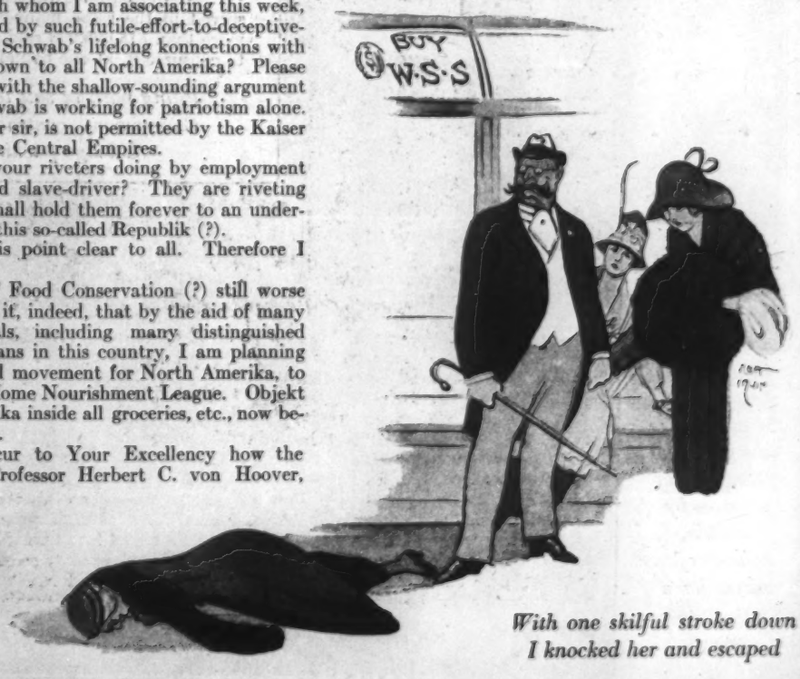
The high-paid presse-agents of this von Hoover are continually yelping the nauseating argument that Food-Will-Win-the-War. What tom-rotten! Wars can be won by man-power alone; and Germany has already forbidden North Amerika to send troops to France. I have before me at this moment an editorial from the brilliant and unprejuticed Cologne *Gazette* stating that Herr Doktor von Capelle's submarine blockade had been so successful that not more than 25,000 Amerikan soldiers would ever land and that these by the Sinn Fein troops would be quickly dispatched. Since you have lost the War, what good then will food-saving do you?

The Home Nourishment League is formed for the following purposes:

1 — To send 100,000,000 letters and telegrams to the President of North Amerika requesting that the exportation of food be discontinued until after the War.

2 — To send traveling representatives to every kitchen to teach the art of liberality and luxury to servant girls. The Full Garbage Pail our motto.

3 — More gaiety in great Amerikan cities to encourage. More distilleries to open with a [*Continued on page 46*]



With one skilful stroke down
I knocked her and escaped

Packing for

First of a New and

"Big Business in Arms"

Wrapping smoked bacon for the Army and Navy is conducted under the quartermaster's supervision

YOU must get inside the picket lines of American industry to realize that half the War is being fought thousands of miles back of the battlefields. It is only when you actually see the assembling and preparation of supplies that you realize the gigantic job it is. I have just spent several days in the Chicago packing-houses trying to visualize the meat end of our colossal food problem. It staggers the imagination and fills you with awe over the possibilities within our own United States and the ability of men to turn these possibilities into realities. To feed the Allied armies is a mighty romance in itself. The War glorifies even the Chicago Stock Yards and other American meat centers — without which the whole Allied cause must have gone down.

Chicago, of course, is the one spot that flashes into our thoughts whenever the meat industry is mentioned. Here, indeed, is the "big show." It is not only the main center but the organization headquarters of practically all the large slaughtering and packing plants. It is the pivotal point of executive management. And of itself it plays a part in the food program so big as to be almost beyond our conception. Into the Chicago Stock Yards last year came enough loaded live stock cars to make a train reaching from New York to San Francisco. Out of Chicago goes food to the Allied armies in quantities that daze us. But before picturing this tremendous war work in Chicago, let us glance at some of the broader aspects of the American meat business "in arms."

There is no other industry, not even steel or explosives, so intimately tied up to all the millions of men at the Front. Food is the immediate requirement, and meat ranks above every other item.

Witness how the American meat industry is mobilized for war:

During the first five months of 1918 the United States exported a billion and a half pounds of meat — fresh, cured and canned. When you translate this into understandable figures you are almost incredulous. This total weighed more than all the people in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston and Cleveland.

How the American meat industry is taking care of the rapidly-growing army abroad may be judged from the fact that our total exports of fresh and canned beef, bacon, hams and shoulders for the six months ending with June of this year were much greater than the entire exports for the whole year of 1917.

The monthly average of beef exports for the three years preceding the War was 1,066,000 pounds. Yet in June of 1918 alone our beef exports had jumped to 92,173,000 pounds!

During the three years before the War we exported a monthly average of 41,500,000 pounds of pork. In June of this year our pork exports were 169,300,000 pounds.

We can gage the part our meats play in the armies by the fact that 95 per cent. of this June beef and 83.5 of the pork export went to the four biggest Allies.

If all the canned beef exported from the United States in 1917 were to be served some fine morning for breakfast in the warring countries, about 65,000,000 soldiers could eat a pound apiece.

If all the bacon exported last year could be served in the same manner for a single meal, more than 578,000,000 soldiers would be needed to consume it, at one pound for each man.

Likewise, this mighty breakfast would call for 243,000,000 soldiers to eat all the hams and shoulders sent over by the United States in 1917.

But these figures do not anywhere approximate the whole story. In addition, there are fresh and canned pork, pickled beef and pork products, mutton, lard and its compounds, oleo oil, oleomargarin and other things—enough to supply at this gigantic breakfast more than 600,000,000 soldiers.

It is enough to leave to the imagination the equivalent in fighting power of all this meat product, and certainly it will mean for America the actual winning of the War and the establishment of world peace. If by next summer we should have 5,000,000 men abroad, our meat industry will feed them. Every executive with whom I talked was emphatic on this point. The soldiers and sailors will have first call and we at home will take what is left—just as we are doing now. At present, perhaps thirty per cent. of the packers' products are going to the armies and navies.

Now to go back to Chicago, as the chief meat city! It typifies, on a huge scale, all of the forty-odd centers. Some four or five miles southwest of the business heart of the city lie the famous "Yards," covering a square mile. A considerable portion of this area is taken up by the plants of the big packing-houses, and surrounding them is a maze of pens for cattle, hogs and sheep. Outside the Yards is a fringe of other packing plants and by-product factories, interspersed with somber and unlovely cottages and small flat buildings. Utopianism never yet took root in this dismal district, yet to-day this is one of the spots on the war map on which we may turn anxious but thankful eyes. I learned that in Chicago alone a group of leading packers — whose names are known to every housewife in America — slaughtered in 1917 about 2,000,000 cattle, 6,000,000 hogs, two and three-quarter million sheep and half a million calves. If all these animals had entered the Yards in single file and in close formation, the procession would have been 17,000 miles long.

If we extend these figures to cover the slaughtering of live stock by the larger packers at all their plants during 1917, the procession would have twice encircled the earth.

Piling pork in salt to be cured for Government contracts in a big Chicago packing plant

Hash for the boys "over there" must have potatoes in it. The first step in the process is the peeling of millions of potatoes by women, many of whom have men in the service

IN one alley-pen outside one of the killing-floors I saw a thousand cattle awaiting execution. A thousand hogs an hour are slaughtered at this same establishment, and in thirty-two minutes each carcass hangs in a cooling room. Amazing food production, this, alone making possible the great overseas armies, and victory!

It should be remembered that the meat industry is to a large extent already under Government control. All products from plants that export or do an interstate business must be "United States Inspected and Passed." Then navy and army inspectors O. K. all products. In a large measure, too, the war food authorities establish or limit prices and allot orders. Both sides are working in accord, and the concentration on the War is tremendous.

There are 50,000 workers within the Stock Yards colony. Everywhere are entanglements of machinery and mazes of conveying devices. In some procedures men work on moving carriers as the products travel toward the shipping platforms. There are hundreds of miles of chutes and spiral slides. Every procedure is worked out for breathless but systematic speed. Time is measured in seconds and pre-war standards of production are left far behind.

Here at Chicago it would take you days merely to walk through the departments devoted to killing and dressing cattle and hogs. In the cold storage rooms you would see literally miles of carcasses. All uncooked or uncured beef for export is frozen solid in temperatures ranging from zero to fifteen degrees below. These freezing rooms throughout the country hold an almost unbelievable quantity of meat. In one room can be hung at once 13,000 sides of beef. Within an hour and a quarter of the time a steer gets his fatal knockout his carcass is hung in the twilight of this bitter cold. Meanwhile three hundred men have handled it.

But the freezer capacity of the packers, great as it is, has been sorely taxed, and all other available cold storage plants are being used, in Chicago, Buffalo,

Pershing!

Important Series

by Edward Mott Woolley

The doughboys love corned beef hash. Here it goes into the tins for shipment overseas

Detroit, Cleveland, New York and other places. The Government now has plans for a great cold storage house of its own, adjoining the Stock Yards, with a capacity of 60,000,000 pounds. It will have all the latest machinery for handling and quick loading. There will be trackage for loading fifty to sixty cars simultaneously, while the capacity of the present loading platforms is usually from four to twelve cars.

Shipping fresh and frozen meat across country and then over the ocean is a business with difficult problems. It must go in refrigerator cars and ships, and the packers look after it as far as the seaboard. The Icing Department has great responsibilities, for if the work is not properly done the products will quickly spoil. Between Chicago and New York, for instance, are icing-stations, located at proper distances, and here the trains must stop for re-icing. The necessity for a systematic train schedule is apparent, for if the running time is irregular the trains will not reach the stations at the right intervals. At these stations the packers maintain their own representatives, who had great difficulty this summer in getting ice in sufficient quantities at the right times. But even when the supply of ice is ample there are always technical problems. To ice a car in the first place requires about 6,000 pounds. Before icing the empty cars are scrubbed with lye water and sterilized with steam.

AT every icing-station the ice bunkers of each car are examined and filled with ice and salt, which operation must be done at least every twenty-four hours.

The lack of icing facilities also has caused much trouble in shipping to some of the cantonments in America. Most of these camps now have refrigerator plants.

In normal times the meat journey from Chicago to New York took from sixty-eight to seventy-two hours. Under war conditions the time has fluctuated. There have been periods when the railroad congestion has extended the time considerably. At New York almost insurmountable difficulties have confronted the packers. It has been necessary at times to hold from one hundred and fifty to two hundred refrigerator cars on the sidetracks and keep them iced for a week or two until ships were available.

Special efforts are now being made to reduce the time of transportation to the old peace-time basis.

With canned and cured meats the transportation is less difficult, but the manufacturing problems are more serious. Especially in these canning houses one sees a reflection of the desperate speed called for by war needs. Wherever possible, machine work has been substituted for hand operations. Power band-saws do the work of the old hand-saws, at a pace that reminds one of a modern sawmill. Whirling disk knives cut the meat in strips and squares. Overhead and all around are moving meat parts and products that seem to move without human direction, but yet always find their destination.

In all the Chicago plants together 1,500,000 pounds of boneless meat go into cans every day, mostly for the armies. To grasp this, suppose we express it in other terms. If by touch of magic we could metamorphose this meat into coal it would warm the homes of 22,500 families for a year, at ten tons each.

Five thousand people are employed in one canning plant, and two thousand cattle a day go into various sorts of canned goods. Some of these carcasses come from western slaughter-houses.

On the top floor is the cutting-room, from which the meat parts descend by gravity to the different processing departments. Most of the men cutting up carcasses work on piece-rates, and become very expert. Their earning capacity in many instances is almost incredible. One man had earned ninety dollars the previous week. At another table was a group of men, several of whom were negroes, earning from forty to fifty dollars a week doing what is called "plate boning," or taking out part of the ribs. Nearby was a table where a coterie of chuck boners was individually earning fifty dollars a week and upward, and at another table rump boners, or some of them, were getting sixty to seventy dollars a week. These high piece-rates are due to the war necessity for fast production. No one who sees these men at work can begrudge them what they make, for they maintain a fast pace eight hours every day. Of course these are the exceptional men, not typical ones. Practically all wages in the packing-houses have doubled, at least, since 1914.

The meat canning business to-day is essentially a war industry. Here the increase in the number of workers has been from a hundred to two hundred per cent. in a year, while the production itself, through intensive mechanical methods, has gone up in much greater ratio. Perhaps no other industry has witnessed such a concentration of machines, appliances and workers in the same number of square feet.

One of the most interesting products is corned beef hash, the popularity of which in the American army has been so extraordinary that its production increased eight hundred per cent. in a year. This one company makes 180,000 pounds of corned beef hash a day.

I spent an hour in the hash department. Here were tables, aggregating hundreds of feet in length, at which scores of women, gowned and capped and standing shoulder to shoulder, were peeling boiled potatoes at double-quick. Across one side of the great room was a battery of power choppers, built on the principle of the old-fashioned hand potato chopper but multiplied many times in size.

From the knives the hash goes to the stuffing rooms, where automatic machines put it in cans, a single machine filling 20,000 two-pound cans a day. Every operation is automatic, and the pace is bewildering. The boys in France are calling loudly for more and more corned beef hash. You may judge how much they like it from the fact that one order was for 25,000,000 cans.

A visit to the so-called kitchens of the big packing plants gives one some conception of the immensity of this army food problem. Here are acres of enormous cook tanks in which are boiling hundreds of tons of meats, stirred mechanically and lifted by air hoists. The cooked meat goes by hanging railroads to chutes, where it passes by gravity to the different departments.

For the soldiers, there are vast soup kitchens, filled with caldrons in which are brewing tomato, chicken, mock turtle, mulligatawny and vegetable soups—all of them very popular in France.

So far as possible, the special tastes of the American, English, French and Italian troops are supplied by the canning and curing departments.

For the French army great quantities of special boiled beef are shipped, highly seasoned with pepper, salt, allspice and such things. This is called *boeuf assaisonné*, and requires a special canning room. The packers have made much of this at their South American plants.

The British army takes immense quantities of corned beef, the production of which has increased three hundred per cent. in a year. In fact, this product is liked by all the armies. One order called for 50,000,000 twelve-ounce cans. The Italians do not use corned beef, but take large quantities of boiled beef.

Much canned bacon goes to the American forces, and large quantities of cured bacon to the Allies.

The French and Italians want special cuts of cured pork, largely fat, while the English-American taste runs in the other direction. Relatively few so-called loaf products go abroad. The English army takes some veal and ham-loaf for the officers.

Oleo oil, from beef fat, is shipped abroad in barrels to be made into oleomargarin [*Continued on page 45*]

Quarters of beef waiting for overseas shipment in a temperature 15 degrees below zero on an August day

The quartermaster's inspector makes a tour of a huge Chicago packing plant, just to see for himself how smoked bacon for the Army is cut up

We had been saved at the eleventh hour, almost the fifty-ninth minute of it; for we were at the very gates of Germany!

Caught On a German Raider

Part III

by F. G. Trayes

Illustration by W. H. D. Koerner

IT MUST not be supposed that the life of the prisoners on the *Igotz Mendi* in any way approximated that of passengers on an ordinary passenger ship. To begin with, there were no ship's servants to wait on us, with the exception of the Spanish steward — a youth who "waited" at table and excelled in breaking ship's crockery. If the cabins were to be kept clean, we had to do it ourselves. Every morning saw the occupants sweeping out and cleaning up their cabins, as no ship's servant ever entered them. The water supply was very limited, and had to be fetched by ourselves — no matter what the weather — sometimes from the fore peak, and sometimes from a pump near the ship's galley. Washing water and drinking water were served out twice a day. The supply of washing water was very inadequate, and no hot water was ever available. After washing ourselves, we had to wash our clothes in the same water — for there was, of course, no laundry on board — and then the cabin floor after that. It was impossible to have a proper bath all the time we were on board, for there was no water supply in the bathroom, which was kept in an extremely dirty condition.

The saloon, about eighteen feet square, in which all the meals of the day were served in two sittings, was very rarely clean, and the habits of the Captain's pup did not improve matters. The table "appointments" were often disgusting. The table-cloth was filthy after the first meal or so, thanks to the rolling of the ship, but was only changed once a week. Cups were used without saucers, and spoons gradually disappeared, so that toward the end one had to suffice beween four or five persons.

We got thoroughly sick of the food provided. The *Hitachi* had been carrying 10,000 cases of canned crab to England. A great part of this was saved, and divided between the *Wolf* and her prize. We were fed on this till most of us loathed it, but as there was nothing else to eat when it was served, we perforce had to eat that, or dry bread, and several of us chose the latter. Bully beef, every variety of bean, dried vegetables, dried fish that audibly announced its advent to the table, bean and pea soup, we got just as sick of, till, long before the end, all the food served nauseated us. Tea, sometimes made in a coffee-pot, sometimes even with salt water, was the usual hot drink provided, but coffee was for some time available once a day. The Captain had given each lady a large box of biscuits from the *Hitachi*, and my wife and I used to eat a quarter of a biscuit each before turning in for the night. We could not afford more — the box might have to last us for many months.

Mention has been made of the ship's rolling. Her capacity for this was incredible — in the smoothest sea, whether stopped or under steam, she rolled heavily from side to side, and caused great discomfort, inconvenience, and often alarm to all on board. Even the Captain was astonished at the rolling of the ship, as he well might be, when one night he, in common with most of us, was flung out of his berth. No ship ever rolled like it — the bathtub in the bathroom even got loose and slid about in its socket.

As may be imagined there was not much play on board. The few books we had between us were passed round and read over and over again. Some were also sent over from the *Wolf* for us. Card games of various kinds helped. But time, nevertheless, dragged very heavily.

We were at liberty to go practically where we liked on board, but we were never able to get far away from the German sailors, who always appeared to be listening to our conversation. As on the *Wolf*, they were sometimes caught spying on us, and listening at the port-holes or ventilators of our cabins.

We next picked up the *Wolf* on the afternoon of December 19th, and heard that since we had last seen her she had sunk a French sailing vessel loaded with grain for Europe. The two ships proceeded on parallel courses for Trinidad, but about 8 P. M. both ships turned sharply round and doubled on their tracks, proceeding on a southeasterly course at full speed. We learned the reason for this the next day. German raiders had previously coaled and hidden at Trinidad; but Brazil was now in the War, so that hole was stopped, and the *Wolf* had intercepted a wireless from the Commander of a Brazilian cruiser to the garrison on Trinidad. Hence her rapid flight! But for that wireless message the *Wolf* would have walked right into the trap, and we should have been free within twelve hours from the time the *Wolf* picked up the message.

Once again wireless had been our undoing. The *Hitachi* had wirelessed the hour of her arrival at, and departure from, Singapore and Colombo. The *Wolf*, of course, had picked up the messages and was ready waiting for her. The *Matunga* had wirelessed, not even in code, her departure, with the nature of her cargo, from Sydney to New Guinea. The *Wolf* waited for her, informed her that she had on board just the cargo the *Wolf* needed, captured, and afterward sunk her. The

Wolf's success in capturing ships and evading hostile cruisers was certainly due to her intercepting apparently indiscriminate wirelessing between ships and shore (at one time in the Indian Ocean the *Wolf* was picking up news in four languages) and to her seaplane which enabled her to scout thoroughly and to spot an enemy ship long before she could have been seen by the enemy.

The two ships proceeded on their new course, at full speed for the next two days. On the 21st, they slowed down, hoping to coal in the open sea. The next day both ships stopped, but the condition of the sea would not admit of coaling; we were then said to be about 700 miles east of Montevideo.

The Commander of the *Wolf* called all his men together and harangued them to the effect that the latest wireless news was that Russia and Rumania were now out of the War, having given in to Germany, that the War would certainly be over in six months, and that the *Wolf* would then go home in safety to a victorious, grateful and appreciative fatherland. Some such spur as this was very necessary to the men who were getting very discontented with the length of the cruise and conditions prevailing, notably the threatened shortage of supplies.

Christmas eve was still too rough for the ships to tie up alongside, and our Christmas the next day was the reverse of merry. The Germans had held a Christmas service on the *Wolf* on Christmas eve, and sounds of the band and singing were wafted to us over the waters. We could hold no service on the *Igotz Mendi* as we had no piano, but our friends on the *Wolf* gathered together in the 'tween decks and joined in some Christmas music. On Christmas morning the Spanish Captain regaled the ladies with some choice brand of Spanish wine, and offered first-class cigars to the men prisoners. German officers on the ships exchanged visits and we all tried to feel the day was not quite ordinary. Our thoughts and wishes on this sad Christmas day may perhaps be better imagined than described. The German officers had a great feast and a jolly time on the *Wolf*. One cow and three pigs had been killed for the Christmas feast, but they did not go far amongst nearly 800 people; and all the prisoners, at least, were glad when the dismal farce of a merry Christmas under such conditions was over.

The weather on Boxing Day was only a little more favorable than that on Christmas day, but the Germans decided to wait no longer to coal the *Wolf*. At 5 P. M. she tied up alongside us. She bumped into us with considerable force when she came up, and not many of us on board the *Igotz Mendi* will ever forget that night. Both ships were rolling heavily, and repeatedly bumping into each other, each ship quivering from end to end. The next day was no better, but rather worse. About 6 P. M. there was a great crash which alarmed all. It was due to the *Wolf* crashing into and completely smashing part of the bridge of our ship. This was enough for the Germans. They decided to suspend operations, and at 7 P. M. the *Wolf* sheered off, having coaled 600 tons in twenty-five hours. The coaling process had severely damaged the *Wolf*, many of whose plates were badly dented. We had lost eighteen large fenders between the ships, and the *Wolf* was leaking to the extent of twelve tons an hour. The *Igotz Mendi* had come off better. None of her plates were dented, she was taking no water, and the only visible signs of damage to her were many twisted and bent stanchions on the port side that met the *Wolf*. All this sounds bad enough perhaps, but we thought it light.

We had been allowed to send letters for Christmas — censored, of course, by the Germans — to our *Hitachi* friends on the *Wolf*.

We had been encouraged by the Germans to think — they had in fact definitely told us — that the *Igotz Mendi*, with us on board, was to be sent to Spain when the Germans released her. This news greatly rejoiced us all.

On December 29th, all of which and the previous day, together with many succeeding days, were spent in transferring our cargo coal to our bunkers, the Germans on our ship and on the *Wolf* ostentatiously bade each other good-bye, and letters from prisoners on the *Wolf* were brought to us to post in Spain when we landed. The idea of the *Wolf* remaining out till the War was over in six months was abandoned, and we were told the *Wolf* would now go home to Germany. Why we were told this, the first time we had been informed of the *Wolf's* plans, we never knew, except that it might have been an excuse to keep dragging us over the seas, for the *Wolf* would never have allowed us to get ashore before she reached Germany.

At that time we really began to think we were going to be landed in Spain, and the news raised the spirits of all of us. Those who had been learning Spanish before now did so with redoubled energy. It seemed as if our freedom were really in sight, especially as the German Captain had told some of us on December 18th that in six weeks our captivity would be over.

On the last day of the year a rumor went round the ship that we should be taken far north — about 60° North — to a point from which the *Wolf* could get to Germany before we could reach Spain. That, in the opinion of most of us, put an end to the prospect of landing in Spain. The Germans would run no risks of our giving information about the *Wolf*. But this scheme would have left uneliminated one very important risk. After the ships would have separated, there was still a chance of the prize being intercepted by an Allied cruiser before the *Wolf* got home, and if that had happened, the *Wolf's* goose would have been cooked indeed. So Spain looked very improbable. I approached the Captain on the last day of the year and spoke to him on this point. He confirmed the rumor, and said we should be sent back and landed at a Spanish island, most probably Las Palmas. I made a vigorous, though I knew it would be a quite useless, protest against this scheme. I pointed out that the ship, which by then would be almost empty, was not a suitable one in which to carry women and children into the North Atlantic in mid-winter gales, and that people who had spent many years in the tropics would not be able to stand such weather, unprovided as they were with winter clothing, although the Commander of the *Wolf* had certainly sent over some rolls of flannelette — stolen from the *Hitachi* — for the ladies to make themselves warm garments. Also, that in case of distress we could call for no help, as our wireless would only receive and not send messages. The Captain brushed these complaints aside, saying the ship was in good trim and could stand any weather; that it would only be intensely cold on a very few days; that arrangements would be made that we should suffer as little from the cold as possible; that there was very little likelihood of our being in distress; as going north we should nowhere touch the submarine zone; that he was just as anxious to avoid submarines as we were, and that when we parted far up in the North Atlantic, the *Igotz Mendi* would be given a "submarine pass" guaranteeing her safety from attack by U-boats. I replied that I failed to see the use of a "submarine pass" as U-boats torpedoed at sight, and would not trouble to ask for a pass. I also reminded him that the *Igotz Mendi* was painted the Allied grey color and, therefore, would be regarded by the U-boats as an enemy ship. He ended the interview by saying that he was carrying out the orders of the *Wolf's* Commander. This news of the *Wolf's* intentions angered us all, and we all felt that there was very little chance of ever seeing land again, unless an Allied cruiser came to our aid. We regarded this plan of the Germans as a deliberate one to sink us and the ship when they had got all they wanted out of her.

The two ships had parted on the evening of the 30th, both going north, and we did not see the *Wolf* again till January 4th. She met her latest prize about 5 P. M., which was a four-masted bark in full sail, in ballast from the Cape to South America. Before dark, already preparations had begun to remove her officers and crews and provisions. We waited up till past eleven and saw lights flitting about the doomed ship, as the German sailors were removing some things, and placing the bombs to blow her up. But none waited up for the end, which we heard took place after midnight. The Germans afterward told us that she was a Norwegian ship, but was British owned before the War, and, therefore, had to be destroyed.

The Germans told us that on the bark they had seen some English newspapers, and in them was some news of the two men who had escaped from the *Wolf* near Sunday Island. One of them had died while swimming ashore — the other, after some weeks alone on the Island, had been picked up by a Japanese cruiser. The news this man was able to give was the first that the outside world had known about the *Wolf* for many months, and the Germans realized that their enemies would be looking out for them and trying to prevent their return to Germany. This man would also be able to give an exact description of the *Wolf*, the names of the ships she had captured before his escape, and the probable fate of other vessels since missing. This, we felt, would bring at least a little comfort to our relatives, who might conclude we were on the raider and not hopelessly lost, as they must have feared at first.

We had hoped our captors might have put us all on the sailing ship and sent us off on her to South America, as the *Wolf* would have been well away and out of danger before we could have got ashore. But they did not entertain any such idea. Some of us requested that the life-boats of the sailing ship might be sent over to our ship, as we only had two life-boats, a couple of small dinghies, and an improvised raft, not sufficient for sixty-five people; but the Germans said the life-boats on the sailing ship were leaky!

The question of baggage had to be again considered. It was evident we should be able to save very little, perhaps not even a hand-bag, if the ships were sunk by the Germans, and the prisoners put into the life-boats. However, we ourselves packed in a hand-bag our most precious treasures we had brought from Siam. But in case it was impossible to save even so little, we collected the most valuable of our letters and papers and had them sewed up in sail cloth to put in our pockets. The King of Siam had conferred a decoration on me before I left — this was carefully packed and sewed up. I was determined to save this, if nothing else, though it seemed hopeless to expect to save some much-treasured parting presents and addresses presented to me by my Siamese friends. Earlier in my service, the King of Siam had conferred another [*Continued on page 42*]

Books That Tell of The War

The One Big Topic from Twelve Different Angles

"LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN SOLDIER TO HIS FATHER," *by* **Lieut. CURTIS WHEELER**
Buoyant, unstudied letters, full of the spirit of high adventure. *The Bobbs-Merrill Co., 75 cents.*

"HOME FIRES IN FRANCE," *by* **DOROTHY CANFIELD**
A sobering genre picture of French home life during these war days, done into fiction. *Henry Holt & Co., $1.35 net.*

"THE FLAME THAT IS FRANCE," *by* **HENRY MALHERBE**
The book that won the famous Goncourt prize in 1917. *The Century Co., $1.00 net.*

"GENTLEMEN AT ARMS," *by* **CENTURION**
The experiences of some English officers made into real literature. *Doubleday Page & Co., $1.40 net.*

"THE LETTERS OF THOMASINA ATKINS," *by* **a "W. A. A. C."**
Adventures of a girl war-worker. You will say, "God bless her," when you finish this stirring little volume. *George H. Doran Co., $1.00 net.*

"THE WHITE ROAD OF MYSTERY," *by* **PHILIP DANA ORCUTT**
This young author was just sixteen when he went to France as an Ambulance Driver, but he writes with the force and vision of maturity. *John Lane Co., $1.25 net.*

"THE SECRET OF THE MARNE," *by* **MARCEL BERGER**
A rattling war-time yarn. *George P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50 net.*

"OUT TO WIN," *by* **Lieut. CONINGSBY DAWSON**
What our Boys are doing "Over There," by the author of "Carry On," one of the most inspiring books of the War. *John Lane Co., $1.25 net.*

"TOWARDS MORNING," *by* **L. A. R. WYLIE**
How a German boy bred in the dark mazes of Kultur fought his way toward a spiritual dawn. *John Lane Co., $1.50 net.*

"SEA DOGS AND MEN AT ARMS," *by* **JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON**
A Canadian book of song. A little volume of graphic war-time verses. *George P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50 net.*

"KILTIE McCOY," *by* **PATRICK TERRANCE McCOY**
The breezily written experiences of an American boy serving with a Scotch regiment. *The Bobbs-Merrill Co., $1.50 net.*

"DERE MABLE," *by* **EDWARD STREETER**
The humorous effusions of a doughboy to his "lady love." *Frederick Stokes & Co., 75 cents.*

Will your boy now fighting for his country have to fight for a job when he comes back?

The photographic map-maker must sweep evenly over the area he is taking, being careful to miss no portion of it

He must preserve the same conditions of slant and light as far as possible so that the map may present a uniform appearance

The Eyes of the Army

By Cleveland Moffett

THE eyes of the army!

Glass eyes in cameras, thousands of them, powerful lenses carried aloft aboard swift airplanes to report enemy movements, not by fragmentary notes and observations, but by numberless photographs covering every foot of the battlefields and revealing military secrets of incalculable importance.

These are the superhuman eyes of the army!

I was privileged recently to spend a week at the United States School of Aerial Photography at Rochester, N. Y., where American soldiers are trained in this fascinating work — fascinating and perilous, although many military photographers never leave the ground, since their duties keep them busy with developing and finishing processes. Of the thousands that go through this school, only the most skilful are chosen for the actual business of taking battlefield pictures. It is no small achievement to qualify as a photographic ace!

All these students, however, receive some instruction in flying. I watched them one day in their practise work out at Baker's Field, a golf course patriotically given over by the city of Rochester for these uses, and I marveled at the activities of a vast airdrome whence these young heroes take flight over the green windings of the rugged Genesee. Also I heard some scores of them, in the recreation hour, roaring forth "K-K-K-Katy" in a comfortable farmhouse hut to the thin accompaniment of an old square piano.

This School of Aerial Photography is temporarily located in a huge factory building of the Eastman Kodak Company, five acres of which (floor space) have been transformed not only into soldiers' barracks but into lecture rooms, class rooms, developing rooms, enlarging rooms, copying and lantern-slide rooms and a maze of other laboratories and departments; all separated by partitioned wooden streets and alleyways running in all directions—how they resound under the tramp of hurrying soldiers! — so that it is a perfectly easy thing for a visitor to lose himself in this city of photography.

I have attended many lectures in my time, but never any that interested me more than these on flying photography, in which air-service officers just back from the battlefields of France explained to these novices — eager young fellows from all over America — just what the duties of an air photographer are and just what perils he will face among the clouds.

They dwelt upon the fact and illustrated it by magic-lantern pictures. In vision from an airplane, even at a moderate elevation, everything is strangely distorted owing to the unfamiliar way in which objects on the earth are presented. All buildings, roads, rivers, forests and military constructions become almost unrecognizable when viewed straight downward from the height of a few thousand feet, just as a man is unrecognizable if you see only the top of his head. A village is merely an assemblage of queer geometrical patterns that are really roofs, gardens, walls, streets, etc. The water in a lake disappears. Forests and fields become a wide patchwork of variegated shapes and colors. In fact, an inexperienced aerial observer, flying at two miles (most military photographs are taken at that height), might look down upon the scenes of his childhood, upon the familiar regions, without suspecting that he had ever beheld them before so fantastically outlined are the towns and counties so mysteriously flattened out are the valleys and hills.

Long training, therefore, is necessary before an airplane observer can know what he is looking at down on the earth, or before he can interpret the pictures taken by his camera. To read an airplane military photograph is like reading hieroglyphics — unless one has the key to the puzzle, the precious meaning is lost.

And yet it is of supreme importance that these air pictures be interpreted correctly. Real batteries must be distinguished from fake batteries, real trenches from fake trenches, for the enemy is immensely clever at such deceptions designed to deceive aerial observers. Ammunition dumps must not be mistaken for tin-can dumps from the commissary department. Signs of underground cables must be watched for; the location of enemy headquarters, of listening posts (usually in shell holes), of newly constructed dug-outs, of railway sidings, etc., must be carefully searched for (in spite of camouflage) and are sometimes indicated by converging paths or roads.

A FLYING photographer must have some of the powers of deduction of a detective. Thus he must be able to tell, after studying an air picture, exactly the hour at which it was taken, by the slant and length of shadows. And he must know how to recognize the presence of barbed wire defenses. He must be able to say confidently that *here* and *here* and *here* are openings in the barbed wire defenses, which knowledge means a great saving of life and an increase of efficiency when it comes to attacks upon the enemy.

Much importance is laid upon speed and accuracy in the development of airplane pictures. This is made clear in a story told by a British captain of the Royal Flying Corps. It was during the heroic days of the Somme offensive. An observer flying over the enemy's lines recognized (by their helmets) a little band of Englishmen, about a hundred of them, cut off from their friends, fighting desperately against Germans who had surrounded them in overwhelming numbers, but had not yet forced them to surrender.

In a second the air photographer, soaring two miles above the battle, had snapped a picture of this tragic spot and its surroundings; then a swift return to the British lines brought the plate to a motorcycle messenger who rushed it to the battlefield developing room. And presently there, on a finished print before the commanding officer, was shown the exact point, easily located on a larger map, where a hundred Englishmen must presently die, unless help came quickly. As a matter of fact, this gallant band had been cut off from food and water for twenty-four hours and were quite at the end of their strength.

But the air photographer had saved them. With gathering darkness, reenforcements were hurried to the rescue—they knew exactly *where* to hurry—and an hour later all was well.

And the lecturer concluded. "Suppose the ground photographer who handled this priceless plate had bungled his job in some way and spoiled the picture? Suppose he had made some mistake in the chemical process? Or had broken the plate? Or smeared his thumb over it, as has happened, blotting out the location of those hard-pressed men? A hundred lives would have paid for his carelessness!"

Again the value of quickness in developing airplane pictures is shown in the case where an enemy poison-gas attack has been forestalled by the discovery of gas cylinders in an air photograph; it has even happened that such a discovery has prevented the attack altogether, since bombing machines have gone forth immediately and destroyed the cylinders before they could discharge their deadly clouds. There is an air photographic record of *twenty minutes* between the time of snapping an airplane picture and the moment when the developed, dried and finished print was handed to an officer who needed it!

I asked one of the officers about the bodily sensations of an aerial observer.

"There is a strong pressure in the ears," he said, "a disagreeable feeling like that of a swimmer who gets water in his head. You imagine that something is wrong with your hearing, and this queerness in the ears is more noticeable when you move your jaws.

"Knowing this, some of the boys at one of the flying fields put up a job on a beginner when he came down from his first trip in the air. They all gathered about him, moving their lips in a pantomime of talking, but really making no sound. The new man was quite taken in and thought he had lost his hearing until one of the boys accidentally dropped a photographic plate with a smash that gave the trick away."

As an airplane rises the earth seems to drop away and spread out beneath the observer in a concave panorama; that is, there is an illusion of concavity. The ordinary earth-sounds are heard at a great height when the airplane engine is shut off; the shout of a man at 1600 feet, according to a French scientist; the croak of a frog at 3000 feet; the roll of a drum at 4550 feet; the peal of the village bell at 5000 feet; the discharge of a gun at 5900 feet and the whistle of a locomotive at 10,000 feet.

When the airplane engine is going, however, earth-sounds are shut out by the roaring of the propeller and conversation between pilot and

[*Continued on page 48*]

The "My America" League

Is Redoubling Its Efforts
The War Is Not Yet Won
What Have You to Give?

ASIDE from money, aside from your actual work for our boys, what else have you to give?

Every one of us wants to do more—and still more—but as often happens, in our anxiety to do big things, perhaps we are overlooking the little homely chances to help which lie right in our own homes. Here are three little bits of very pertinent advice quoted from a bulletin issued by the National War Savings Committee:

"All that you can spare, all that you can give, the Government needs."

"Consider your home as a war plant. See what you can do with it. Remember—putting material where it can be used again is distinctly patriotic."

"Not to keep material in active service is Hoarding."

Now, to give a few concrete instances of what is really valuable and to be saved. Rubber is always in demand. Have you any old, leaky rubber hose that is no longer possible to use in your garden? Put that aside; your country can make use of it, or of any other bits of old rubber you can collect. The "My America" Editor will gladly tell you how to dispose of it, if there is no organization in your town which receives such things. Then, paper, as we all know, is valuable, and can be used over again in the mills. Save all newspapers, wrapping paper, scraps. Also save string and all kinds of cord. Metal can be used again—tinfoil, tooth paste and other tubes, bottle caps, old door locks, etc. Woolen and cotton rags—old carpets, old clothing, shoes—can all be turned to some use. Let us help you put the waste material in your home or office back into active service.

Old gold, silver, jewelry, bric-à-brac, brass and metal junk are asked for by the Treasure and Trinket Fund of the Aviation Committee. It sells what is in good condition, and the rest is bought by the Federal Assay Office, and melted up to be used over. With the money thus realized by the society all kinds of needed equipment and comforts are bought for our aviators in France. Don't you want to let some of your unused trinkets help in this fine work?

Old leather gloves are also asked for by an organization here in New York, which uses this particular material for a novel purpose—to line warm jackets for aviators. Look in your bureau drawers and see what you can find to keep this bit of war work going.

Go through all your possessions and discover what you can possibly do without. Then sit down and write to the "My America" Editor, care of McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York City, and ask for advice upon how best to dispose of your offering. We will welcome new suggestions, too. Let us know what you have, even if it is not on the above list. We will look the matter up for you, and let you know whether there is any way of using the article in question. But whatever you have to give, give quickly, for in this way you will double the good you are doing.

Girls and War Work

THE little button shown here is the official seal of the War Camp Community Service. Imagine it in the red, white and blue of the original, and you will more readily understand its significance: the glowing red circle of hospitality surrounding a military camp.

Back of our National Army stands the official civilian army known as the War Camp Community Service. This nation-wide organization is under the direct authorization of the War Department and Navy Department Commissions on Training Camp Activities, of which Raymond B. Fosdick is chairman.

In camp communities throughout the country, the War Community Service welcomes the enlisted man when he comes to town from camp or training station. It gives him cost-price meals, and decent lodgings at low rates. It offers him dances and entertainments that reflect the informal, wholesome atmosphere of a real home. In short, it transforms a strange community into a city of friends for the man in uniform. That is distinctly worth having a share in, isn't it? Especially when we remember what those same men in uniform are doing for us.

To be a real "city of friends" both young and old in the community must become saturated with the true spirit of that hospitality which seeks the all-round well-being of its guests. The young girls, alone, constitute a group that is powerful for constructive good, to a degree that has hitherto not been sufficiently recognized.

We feel sure that the thousands of our girl members in the "My America" League will welcome another chance to do their bit, and we are offering to them, and to their elders, the suggestion that they set about following the example of a new division of the War Camp Community Service, here in New York, which is known as the Girls' Community Service. They have worked out what they call a definite "program of girlhood," to stimulate girls to assist, by every means in their power, in sustaining military morale.

"We are impressing upon the girls," said a worker in the New York War Camp Community Service, "that they are individual *agents of the government*. With our 'program of girlhood' we plan to educate the girl to a sense of her own dignity and value as a citizen.

"With this broad concept of herself as a responsible individual, her former sometimes foolish notions about a uniform will vanish. She will be a loyal comrade to our boys while they are here; and when they go overseas, she will strive to 'keep the home-fires burning' brightly against their home-coming."

This is real war work and if you live near a cantonment you should get in touch at once with the Girls' Community Service and start the movement in your town. Even for girls who live at a distance from such camps there is work which they can do. If you cannot directly help the boys in uniform, get behind the people who are helping them and keep the ball rolling.

A note to the "My America" Editor will suffice to put you in touch with the War Camp Community Service who in turn will gladly help you plan community work in your town or village.

"MY AMERICA" LEAGUE was started by men and women who realized the danger to America of being unprepared for War. To-day, 80,000 strong, we are doing everything in our power to help win the War. But have we thought of the danger to America of being unprepared for Peace? Isn't now the time to think about this?

Wheat Kernels

Puffed to Bubbles, Eight Times Normal Size

That is Puffed Wheat—whole grains, steam exploded.

They come to you as bubbles—airy, flaky, flimsy morsels, but still in the wheat-grain shape.

The purpose of puffing is to blast every food cell, so the whole wheat becomes wholly digestible.

It is done by Prof. Anderson's process. The grains sealed in guns are revolved for an hour in 550 degrees of heat.

Each grain contains some 125 million food cells. Each cell holds a trifle of moisture which this heat turns to steam.

When the guns are shot each cell explodes. That means 125 million explosions inside every kernel. The fearful heat gives to the kernels a taste like toasted nuts.

The explosion makes the kernel a flimsy, flaky tidbit.

The blasted food cells make it easy to digest. And every atom feeds.

There is no other wheat food in existence so good to the taste, or good for you.

Puffed Wheat, being a whole-wheat product, no substitute need be bought with it.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except in Far West

Also With Melted Butter

Puffed Grains are served like other cereals, but also in unique ways.

In saving sugar, countless homes now serve them with melted butter.

They are ideal morsels—thin, crisp, toasted—to float in bowls of milk.

Crisped and lightly buttered, they are food confections for children after school.

Mix them in your fruit dish—scatter in your soups. Serve all three, in every way you can. For these flavory, fascinating dainties are foods of the highest order.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(2032)

Out in Front — *Continued from page 10*

case of this cheap little Bronx theatre, where no photoplays came until they were worn out; but in a measure it abated her agony. If the films had been fresh, with no blurs or shiverings, it would have brought the past too horribly close. She could not have sat through the ordeal, trying enough as it was.

Broderick, watching her intently, with only an occasional glance at the stage, knew her story before the play was half over. The alternate flashing and melting of her expressive eyes whenever Bruce entered the picture, the working of her mobile mouth, bereft forever of its upward curves, the clenching and spreading of her hands—as eloquent as on the screen—told this young master of the clue that the famous actor was responsible for the present plight of this poor little outcast from the film.

HE ransacked his brain. He recalled having interviewed Bruce soon after his return to New York from Southern California. The "story" had not been a success. Bruce had been moody, snappish, somber. He had uttered certain stereotyped compliments concerning California, knowing what was expected of him; but for Broderick's benefit he had cursed the hot boring "hole" in which he had "been stuck," and he had furthermore expressed vicious contempt for the moving-picture business, and all its incidental works. He didn't know why he had fallen for the damn thing, anyhow; had all the money he wanted. Other things were a long sight more important in this world than money, one being peace of mind. In response to Mr. Broderick's quizzical glance he had added hastily that it was impossible for a sincere artist to retain his peace of mind while prostituting his art for a few extra, filthy dollars.

> Beating swords into plowshares — transforming munition plants into factories — it is the same age-old problem. It is all civilization's next greatest problem.

Broderick had run across a thousand dramas, many of which he could not publish. But they never failed to register; he had the instinct of an amiable bloodhound, and the definite intention of entering the fertile field of playwright as soon as he had saved money enough to spend an uninterrupted year at the family home in Cranford, New Jersey.

He recalled that he had departed from his interview with Bruce convinced that something was worrying that authentic artist a good deal more than a fifty thousand dollar cheque for three months' work in Southern California. Of course he had leaped to the conclusion that the trouble was a woman. Had Bruce been turned down at last? It had usually been the reverse. But there was more of the guilty conscience in this new mood of Warren Bruce than the lovelorn. Had he done the wrong thing by some girl?

It was hard to believe. Broderick knew the man rather intimately. He was no seducer. If he were weak at all where women were concerned he had shown remarkable discretion in secluding his affairs. He was not only a phenomenal worker but what is known as a man's man. When in New York, he spent his leisure at the Lambs' Club. He was also a golfer, a champion at tennis, he drove his own car, rode horseback in the Park every morning, and could out-walk most of his acquaintances. If he were afflicted with the seemingly inevitable vanity of the actor he was an adept at concealing the fact. And Broderick could not remember that he had ever introduced a woman's name into conversation.

Nevertheless, he had long since apprehended the towering ambition of the man, and he knew the ruthlessness that is the twin of all sustained ambition. Bruce was one of the few idols left on the legitimate stage; the play-going world having transferred its affections to the screen star, who appealed to a maximum public at a minimum price. Where Douglas Fairbanks had a million admirers Bruce had a few thousands; but his more limited and exclusive public was passionately devoted to him. His first nights were the most brilliant in New York, as elsewhere, and he was assured of a six weeks' run with even a bad play, and of the best part of a year when one of his anxious dramatists was able to raise the standard of the play to the level of the hero's rôle.

Of his domestic life in general the public knew little. It was assumed by theatregoers in general that he was single, indifferent to personal adulation, quite remarkably decent. Virtue was become, since the War, the fashion, even in fashionable circles. On the screen, heiresses had "cut out" cigarettes, gambling, doubtful adventure, heretofore assumed to be the ingrained habits of the idle rich. They wore the Red Cross uniform wherever it could be run in. Since the atrocious conduct of Germany had made the rest of the world realize how decent civilization had made it, ideals had been rising insensibly but steadily. And the more the American people gave to the suffering of Europe, the more uncomplainingly they were taxed, or the more they subscribed to the Liberty Loan and the Red Cross, the more purged they felt, the more determined upon the positive rather than the negative virtue of being better than Huns. Bruce's admirers began to appreciate the fact that one reason they had always loved him was because he had figured in no scandals, hardly had been the subject of speculative gossip. He was a credit to the American stage, an exponent of his country's highest ideals.

But woe betide him if he stumbled and fell from that lofty pedestal!

Broderick knew Mrs. Bruce. She lived the year round in the actor's fine country place at Pelham Manor, and he had often run down for week-end parties. On one occasion he had spent his vacation under that hospitable roof. She was a thin-lipped, meager, tenacious woman, but an admirable hostess, and long since accepted by the Westchester County aristocracy. She even visited at Newport.

With the freshness of youth far behind her, and what charm she may have possessed when courted by her husband embittered out of existence by his unconquerable aversion, she made her life out of the position his fame and income provided. She dressed her lean figure beautifully, was superficially amiable, a mistress of society chatter, and since the World War broke out, had been conspicuously identified with charities.

Broderick worked out the tragedy to its logical conclusion. Warren Bruce had fallen in love at last. Glancing at the lovely intelligent young creature on the screen, now awakening to the sense of her rich and gracious womanhood, Broderick had the dramatist's vision of southern nights and long hours of sympathetic companionship. Bruce, being the man he was, had asked his wife honestly for a divorce. He must have been infatuated to have dreamed of compliance. Even with half his fortune and income her position would crumble. No doubt when he had, in despair, threatened to go out to Reno and sue for a divorce himself, she had threatened him with a counter-suit naming a "movie actress" as co-respondent.

WHAT could he do but submit? Not only would the girl be ruined; he would be ruined himself. The new-born virtue of the Great American Public would see to that. He could go on acting, of course, but what compensation there for a man whose aim was to be the first actor on the American stage? Chief exponent of taste, dignity and intelligence, as well as the mummer's art?

He was not the man to find solace in love for a lost world, and he was a man of quick decision. No doubt he had cut the bond that united him to this girl with a battle-ax.

Broderick had only seen him intimately half a dozen times since that interview, but he had found a decided and persisting change in the man he had not taken the trouble heretofore to define. His acting was more applauded than ever, for its deep suppressed passion was intensified. Men had found him more human, although more restless. He had suffered, no doubt, but with compensations. It was the girl that had paid, and it looked as if she had paid with her last dollar as well as with her adorable youth.

He glanced from the screen to Delia. She was sitting with her hands rigidly expanded and her eyes closed, her face puckered like a comic mask. The play had run its length to the final scene. The heroine, softened, conquered, assured of the depth of her passion and affection, was in the man's arms. They looked the epitome of immortal youth come into its own. A moment later he would be giving her the usual reverent kiss in the usual close-up.

Broderick took Delia by the arm and forcibly lifted her from her chair. "Come," he said. "I am starving. Lead me to any fairly decent place you know of."

SHE followed him out as automatically as a walking doll, and at the door he helped her into her shabby jacket. They faced the piercing wind for several blocks without speaking and then she turned toward a little restaurant, where, she murmured, a decent meal might be had for twenty-five cents. But Broderick shuddered and asked if there were not a *rôtisserie* in the neighborhood. There, at least they could get a chicken and a good cup of coffee.

Her eyes opened at the word with a gleam of light, and she said, almost humorously: "A *rôtisserie*? I have often stood and watched those rows of revolving chickens on their spigots before those upright barred-off coals, and the white-capped chef, but had come to believe it was merely a sort of free street movie. Are they really to eat?"

"You'll soon find that out! I wish we were kids and could run; but we can hurry."

The *rôtisserie* was but a few steps farther. Broderick placed the girl at a secluded table in the dark narrow room behind the vestibule kitchen, picked out a young chicken in the process of roasting, waved his hand and disappeared. He returned in a few moments with a bottle of cocktails, and threw himself into the opposite chair with a boyish delight at the prospect of a good lunch in good company, that once more brought a ray of light into her apathetic face. The cocktail he forced upon her deepened the ray into a steady glow, the color rose to her ashen cheeks, and she sat erect suddenly with a sense of well-being. She had taken a cocktail perhaps five or six times in her life, and she knew its effect would be transitory; but after the agonies of the past hour she was willing to snatch at the respite. The chicken that followed was even more comforting for she had existed on milk and crackers for two days.

Broderick had all the calculating patience of the first-class reporter who had interviewed many men that had greeted him with a surly reticence and ended with an orgie of egotism. When Delia was feeling thoroughly assuaged, and almost happy through sheer reaction, he said abruptly:

"I know your story, Miss Belmont — no!" as her eyes flashed. "Not a word from him nor any one else. I merely figured it out in that beastly little theatre. Something has got to be done and quick. Bruce is beyond the draft age, but he enlisted and is an officer. He may be ordered to France at any moment."

"To France!" As Broderick had anticipated, Delia immediately saw Bruce leading a charge over the top to fall mortally wounded in No Man's Land. She turned so white that Broderick hastily refilled her coffee cup.

"Yes, the stage has distinguished itself since we went in — men and women. Any number of actors have enlisted. Who more of a man than Bruce? But you would like to see him before he goes, wouldn't you? There has been some misunderstanding which has broken you all up, poor kid, and left its mark on him. Why not get to the bottom of it? We are not living in normal times. Don't let any such old-fashioned convention as pride stand in the way ——"

"There was no misunderstanding. He loved me. He said he would get a divorce. He went east and wrote to me for five weeks and five days. Then he never wrote again. I do not believe in intercepted letters. No motion-picture actress could. If a man doesn't receive the letters he expects from the woman who loves him, he finds out the reason why. He thought better of it. I don't blame him."

"I know his wife. She would never give him a divorce — not in a thousand years. Her importance as his wife and the social position she has built up around it, are all she has; and a vamp isn't in it with a woman like that when it comes to hanging on."

"He could have told me that, written me one last letter. It would have braced me up, transposed the happiness I had known with him into the happiness of living with his memory. A woman can live on that — if the man is worth it! His unworthiness was what killed me." Delia, after her long year of silent misery reveled in baring her soul, knowing that a newspaper man of Broderick's class was as safe as a priest in the confessional.

"No doubt he made more than one effort to tell you. But letter-writing doesn't come natural to men in any case, and that would be a devilish hard and humiliating letter to write. He took the shortest way out. Brave men are all cowards in spots. No doubt he hoped you would understand."

Delia was staring at him with expanded eyes, her mobile mouth trembling. "That — do you think he did? That it is true — all you have said? He barely mentioned his wife to me ——"

"He wouldn't ——"

"And you think — you really think he loved me?"

"He came back from California all broken up over some woman and you know best if there was any one else."

"There was no one else. He was all mine for a little while."

"Good. Now ——"

"Oh, why couldn't he have been brave and saved me this?" She made a tragic little motion of her skinny hands over her devastated face. "As long as a woman knows a man loves her she can endure anything — separation, poverty, death. It is the abandonment, the despair, the awful sense of isolation in space ——"

"I know," said Broderick hurriedly. He was too American not to shrink from adventuring deeply into other people's emotions. "That is the reason I made up my mind you must see him and clear things up before he sails ——"

"See him?" Delia laughed harshly. "Let him see me? How long would any lingering sentiment he may be cherishing survive that? Why, I'd run a mile if I saw him coming."

"Oh — I — Oh, Lord, I hadn't thought of that! Of course you are — well, everybody's looks are put temporarily out of commission by a severe illness. What a pity he goes so soon. If you could rest up a bit ——"

"Rest? I am the proud possessor of two dollars and thirty-seven cents."

"GOOD God! But that doesn't matter. I can get you a job. You would make a corking newspaper woman — no — let me think a moment." In less than a moment he sprang to his feet and disappeared into the telephone booth. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before he emerged, grumbling at the inadequacy of the long distance telephone. "Now," he said briskly, "you go home and pack up and meet me at the Jersey Central, up-town, at four-fifteen. Don't ask any questions. I haven't time to explain. Put you'll have a rest for six months and give value received. So long. Don't argue."

He picked up his overcoat and was out of the door before Delia could remonstrate. But she shrugged her shoulders. Why not? She had seen enough of men to feel no fear of Broderick. Still under the influence of her cheering meal and a mind relieved in a manner of its burden, she walked to the room she occupied in the flat of a clerk, whose thrifty wife rented a small spare room, and packed her few remaining garments into a suitcase with even a slight thrill of adventure. Something, at least, was going to happen, and for the moment she could enjoy a rare irresponsibility under a man's protecting wing.

III

Broderick sat beside the wood fire in Warren Bruce's bachelor apartment. The actor, as trim and businesslike in his khaki, as if he had never played a part written for him by any lesser playwright than the Hun, his mobile face as set and stern as if already

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engaged in the grim business of war, stood staring at the logs.

"I never thought of that! Never! Girls are so self-sufficient — so hard, nowadays — "

"Did you ever think Delia Ramsing hard and self-sufficient when you were with her?"

"Rather not! I think the reason I fell so hard was because she was more of the type of my sisters when they were young — I came from a small town myself — in spite of her ambition to be a great actress, which she never could have been, poor child. She was made for the real things of life and she made me realize that they were what I wanted. I had always believed that only a thumping beauty, with dash and wit and the maddening sort of coquetry, could sweep me off my feet; but when I caved it was to a sweet, intelligent, average American girl, who had not a regular line in her face, nor even a gorgeous complexion. Rum thing, love."

"I'll never waste my valuable time on the why and wherefore of love when I get down to fiction. It is or it isn't. Now, as time is short and we are old friends, I am going to ask you a few impertinent questions. You may kick me out if you like, but I'll wager that when you are over there dodging rats and shrapnel, you won't look back upon any of the conventions with much reverence. What are you going to do about it? Do you care for her still?"

"Yes, I do. I'd put her out of my mind, but you've brought her back as vividly as if I had said good-bye to her yesterday on that windy, dusty California station platform. I fancy that over there she'll be the one memory, and if I'm wounded and know it's all up — well, I'm not going to maunder. Do you think she would see me before I go?"

"No, and I've told you why. She is too changed — temporarily, of course. All the poor little thing needs is rest and peace of mind for a bit."

"I shouldn't care what she looked like."

"Oh, yes, you would; and she'd care more. She is only twenty-three, and six months hence she'll be her old self again — really beautiful, perhaps. Suffering first, and hope later, sometimes work wonders in a woman's looks. Her stock in trade was round cheeks, expressive eyes and mouth, and a slimpy clothes-rack figure. I'll wager that when you come back — "

"But if I don't come back?"

"Well, she says women can live on memories, and it's a dead certainty that she wants you to remember her as she was."

"Oh, that! No fear!" He began to pace the room, and his voice, an admirably controlled stage organ, broke more than once as he, too, the most reserved of men, felt for once the relief of the confessional. "Can you imagine any man being such a fool, Jimmy? Do you know why I threw that girl over? Oh, yes, you said you guessed: because I feared the scandal would ruin my career, cost me the adoration of the public — the incense for which I lived! Career! Stage incense! With men fighting and dying for the civilization in which we loafed so smugly, pursuing our mean little careers! Why couldn't we have understood what this War meant three years ago? Why, if we couldn't get into it as a nation, couldn't thousands, hundreds of thousands of us have grasped it, visualized it, gone over in droves to fight with the Allies? God! I wish I had been born a Britisher or a Frenchman, and been called to the colors the day those fiends plunged the world into war. But at least I might have understood. I might have enlisted in the Canadian army, or the Foreign Legion, or driven an ambulance. What did I do? Prided myself upon taking a more intelligent interest in the War than many men, acting now and then in a benefit performance, writing an occasional cheque! Meanwhile, pursuing my own make-believe existence with undiminished zest, consumed with ambition, never losing sight of the day when I should be recognized as the leading actor on the English-speaking stage. And for this I sacrificed a woman's happiness — very nearly her life — and the chance of shooting as many of those devils as one man humanly could — saving a proportionate number of lives. It is incredible that I never woke up until we entered the War. I even wonder if I should have volunteered before if I had not subconsciously been so miserable. Even now I don't know whether I am in the thing for the sake of civilization and my flag, or to get away from myself — "

"Did you ever feel a real man before in your life?"

"I should say not."

"Then don't let that worry you. Nothing could have held you back. You merely had another reason for being glad to go. A good many chaps have."

"I hope you are right. Certainly even she couldn't hold me back now if exemption were offered on a gold platter. But that is not the whole point. I wonder if I can make myself understood — I'm not much in the habit of talking about myself — "

"My business is understanding," said Broderick drily.

"Well, it is this. Comprehending what this War means has made every blamed thing in the old normal life seem incredibly valueless, insignificant. If I had met Delia for the first time six months ago do you think I should have hesitated one moment to get a divorce and marry her? Do you think I would have counted the cost? That I would have cast a fleeting thought to the damn public? Not even if I had been turned down by the army and forced to go on with the old job. It took me that long to realize what life really means; and if I had dreamed that so proud a girl still cared for me, I'd have gone straight to her. There are just two things on this planet that mean life for a man — love and war: human happiness, no matter how brief and episodical, and potting the enemy. There are only three emotions worth living for—patriotism, loving, killing two-legged beasts. And I never had imagination enough to see it until the increasing pressure of conditions forced it through my wooden skull If we had kept on keeping out I should never have guessed that a man was born only to defend his country and find his woman."

"Bully stuff, Warren. I'll have a corking play for you when the War is over — I've been turned down, you know — murmuring heart — but the burning question is, what do you propose to do now?"

"What can I do if she won't see me? I've no time to go to Reno. That means something like eight months in residence — "

"Why Reno? I know a town in the south where you can go for a day, register, declare your intention of becoming a resident, put the matter in the hands of a lawyer who happens to be a friend of mine, and at the end of a year you are a free man. Ordinarily people have to show up once every three months, but men in the service are outside the domicile law. One day and the thing is done. Delia, after she is herself again, can go to France as a Red Cross nurse — she'd make a corking nurse — and you can marry her over there. Gorgeous finale: Delia in Red Cross uniform, most becoming get-up ever invented! You in khaki — never looked so well in your life, and your tailor deserves a medal. Solemn little wedding in some ruined little village just retaken for the sixteenth time from the Huns; shells shrieking overhead, avions dropping bombs, cannon thundering. Gorgeous!"

"Oh, shut up. You think nothing but shop, and I feel alive for the first time — and about as happy as a starving man on a rock guessing that if he can hold on for a year some one will come to his rescue. Write me the address of that town and lawyer. I've a week's leave and I'll go to-night."

"Sure you wouldn't take more than one minute and three-quarters to make up your mind."

"Now, I'm going to write you a cheque, and I want you to see that this relative of yours gets parts of it from time to time into Delia's purse — any way she can put it over. I know what clothes and scientific beauty doctors mean to an actress's morale; not a few actors' for that matter. And — and — could you — "

"Fire away."

"Help carry out the rest of that fantastic program?"

"Fantastic? Pursuading her to go to France and be a Red Cross nurse? Why, the women are all falling over themselves — women of her sort. She'll go wild over the idea of doing some good over there. Meanwhile, you'll be writing to her by every steamer, and her complete cure will take about two months. Now sit down and write her the letter she is aching for. That'll do her more good than your cheque. I'll fill in my note book, not for present but for future use. Great stuff! Great stuff!"

IV

A silver sun in a dark green river among the delicate bare branches of inverted trees. The sky was cloudy and gray. The lovely town of Cranford, looking like a great number of houses scattered through a wood, was as quiet as the slowly moving river. Snow on the roofs, snow on the level ground, snow on the winter trees; as white and glittering as the lofty snow fields [*Continued on page 46*]

Are You a Food Reservist?

Join the Ranks Now And Keep the Food Pile Growing

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

PLENTY of food back of the lines, and more back of that — great, high heaps of it! The knowledge that this is possible, even very soon a reality, is the best Christmas treat for sailor, soldier, Ally, friend. And we can give it to them, too, if we will. Last December, in a certain spot in the middle of France stood a great, dense forest covering ten thousand acres. This December there is no forest there. The fairy wand of American resources, speed, ingenuity has converted this particular ten thousand acres into an enormous ice-box, which now holds in reserve 10,400,000 pounds of meat — an amount equal to 15,000 cattle weighing 700 pounds each — and produces 500 tons of ice per day, in excess of that used at the plant, for transportation of meat to the Front, and also for the conservation of other perishable foodstuffs, especially margarin.

Before another year has passed we must see other refrigerating plants spring up in other corners of France, maintained by great reserve stocks of every needed foodstuff here in America. Swiftly and surely from our present embryo surplus to a great power-yielding mass must our food stores grow. The war is not yet won, Germany has not yet been brought to her knees, and, happy as we may sometimes think we feel about the end, we cannot afford to forget that it is food, after all, that will swing the final balance. The hungry soldier cannot fight — no matter how well clothed and armed he may be. But give him bread and meat and fat and something sweet — to warm his spirits and his blood — and plenty of it, too, and let him know that there is more in sight, and still more on the way, and more to come after that — and we shall not have to worry about the fighting or the finish. Who can say but that some knowledge of our growing food reserves gave to our Allied armies that reckless confidence, that supreme, serene sense of security which enabled them to first stem and turn the Prussian tide in July last. The way to Berlin must be paved with food, and the thicker it is paved, the shorter will it be.

America must feed 120,000,000 Allies, her own army, which in itself means shipping 17,000,000 tons of food to Europe, — and herself. And she must do more. She must now put by every day, both here and in Europe, enough food to meet any possible emergency or food difficulty that may arise before the War is definitely over. Increased production during this past year has made it possible from time to time for the Food Administration to lift certain food restrictions. In spite of the freer feeling that this may give us, however, it is still urgently necessary to continue our economies, for we must not only feed a possible one hundred per cent. of our Allies, as against fifty per cent. last year, but, while the War lasts, we can scarcely hope to equal again this year's food supply; too many food producers have gone away to France, to our shipyards, and to our munitions plants.

Or, as the Food Administration has so emphatically stated, that while the increased production of the United States renders it possible to relax some of the restrictions which have borne with peculiar hardship upon all our peoples, yet it is absolutely necessary that rigid economy and elimination of waste in the consumption and handling of all foodstuffs, as well as increased production, should be maintained throughout the European Allied countries and in North America. It is only by such economy and elimination of waste that the transportation of men and supplies from North America to the European Front can be accomplished, and that stocks of foodstuffs can be built up in North America as an insurance against the ever-present danger of harvest failure and the possible necessity for large and emergency drafts to Europe. . . . With men leaving our farms in increasing numbers to engage in direct war work, we undoubtedly see this year the height of our agricultural production. To protect ourselves and the Allies against the inevitable shortages of the future, we must take advantage of this year's production to lay by reserves.

These are facts which we must face. The only way to provide for them is to save and spare harder than ever before. Out of this year's blessed excess, we must build protection for the future. The Fates, and our farmers — all our people — have been good; we have been given our saving food allotment — our cash surplus, as it were; it is up to us now to let this food fortune yield nothing less than compound interest, at the highest rate, in the form of a great, rainy day, food reserve. If out of our 1917 food supply, which was almost nine per cent. below normal, we were able, in spite of the deficit, to meet, beyond expectation, all Allied and home needs, what should we not be able to do with our so much greater harvest of 1918? Surely, even though the food needs of our army and our Allies grow greater, for every measure of food needed at the moment, both here and abroad, we can put by an extra measure, in some degree, for the food bank.

The surest way to get our reserve is to follow in spirit and in letter the appeals or the rulings of the Food Administration. The food possibilities of our country and our Allied countries, as well as the amount of food produced, its economic cost, keeping qualities, and nutritive value, and the amount of food needed by each one of our 120,000,000 Allies and our own 110,000,000 people has been computed. If we maintain a maximum production as far as practical, eat only what is needed, continue to eliminate all waste, and consistently substitute certain foods to take the place of other foods better fitted for army use and for transportation, our food surplus will grow, and the effect on the War be inevitable.

"To waste in these times is to fight on the side of the Kaiser." Join the Food Reservists now, and fight against the Kaiser. There is no surer way to win the War, and hold our place of independence in the world. It is four whole years and over since the world has had a Merry Christmas. Let us bank, and bank on, an abundant food reserve to bring us one in 1919.

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THE FINAL TEST

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE EDISON RECORDING LABORATORIES

BEAUTIFUL Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang the "Mad Scene" from Lucia for the December list of Edison Re-Creations.

Did Mr. Edison's recording experts succeed in obtaining an absolutely perfect Re-Creation of her voice? That was the all-important question and there was but one way to answer it. Miss Case stood beside the New Edison and began to sing the number again. Suddenly she paused and the New Edison continued the song alone. Was it possible to distinguish Anna Case's voice from the New Edison's Re-Creation of it? Other artists who also had made recordings for the December list listened to the comparison. The Re-Creation was pronounced an exact duplication of Miss Case's wonderful voice.

Similar tests with similar results have been made by thirty different artists in public before more than two million people and have been reviewed at length by America's principal newspapers. Ask for a copy of the booklet "What the Critics Say" containing reprints of what the newspapers have said about these amazing comparisons.

The New Edison, termed by the New York Globe "The phonograph with a soul," is the only sound reproducing instrument that sustains the test of direct comparison with the artists who make recordings for it. The New Edison is the only sound reproducing instrument that can bring into your home the work of great singers and instrumentalists exactly as presented by them on the stage.

May we send you a complimentary copy of our musical magazine "Along Broadway?"

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

The See-Saw — *Continued from page 13*

go right? Maybe it *is* my fault. Can't we try; can't we both try not to have any more horrible, miserable fiascos like last evening?"

"It was a fiasco, wasn't it?" he agreed, softening in his turn. But his mood lasted no more than a moment. His chin set obstinately. He got up and went to the door. "I think I'll go out and do a round or two of golf this afternoon," he said. "The atmosphere's a little tense here."

Marcia sat still where he had left her, staring at the fire. In some subtle, unconscious way, he had put her in the wrong. She might have done something last night instead of letting him go on . . . and yet, if she had interfered and there had been a scene. . . . that would have been worse even than this. It was *so* hard to know. Just now . . . if she hadn't been angry and flung out at him. . . .

She was not in the least the self-righteous, wounded wife. She was a perplexed woman, who, honestly loving a man, tried to find the way to keep him from hurting himself and her, and from spoiling forever their love for each other. He was blind. He did not see, as she did, the dangers he was nearing, and so long as she loved him — and that would be always — she must try to do much more than her part in their life together. If he wouldn't take care of their happiness, then she must take double care. If he wouldn't safeguard himself, then she must safeguard him. There must be some way, even if she hadn't been able to find it yet. She did not dwell on the thought of Leila Templeton — she tried to convince herself that Leila Templeton was no more to Harleth than a means to express his recklessness, and a handy partner for his escapades, but of very little interest to him beyond that. Underneath all these assurances she was always conscious of a black shadow of doubt. She flung up both hands at last and addressed the flames: "But if he's *that*, then — he simply isn't mine at all. I wouldn't — I wouldn't live under the same roof with him for a moment if . . . oh, *that* — couldn't be!"

Chapter IV

THE Crosseys had made a very enviable place for themselves in the smart suburban community of Wellridge that they had joined two years before. They were good-looking, young, moneyed, well-mannered, conventional; so they were liked and their new house was voted an acquisition to the neighborhood. The Country Club, the Riding Club and the quiet little Tennis Club, which was the last word as to social acceptance, had all put the Crosseys on their membership lists. But being comparatively late settlers, they were still much observed, and when Harleth chose to fly in the face of all the neighborhood traditions of good manners and, in his own house, too, naturally, the resulting tidbit of gossip was a precious one.

The general consensus of opinion was that Harleth's behavior was "impossible," in which polite word depths of condemnation were expressed. But all joined in saying that Marcia Crossey was "wonderful," "a thoroughbred," and so on and so on. Jason Hooker and the Appleton boys and Curt Jennings and one or two others said quietly that Crossey needed punishment for his caddishness and they were all very cool to him thereafter. Curt Jennings had said least of all, — but he felt the most. It was to him hardly to be borne that Marcia should be subjected to such experiences. He magnified the cruelty of it to himself and longed to thrash Crossey, quietly and completely; but of this he was silent because he would not, for Marcia's sake, create the slightest suspicion of how deeply he felt about it.

As for Marcia and Harleth themselves, they determinedly smoothed things over while Belle was there. A round of golf and a stag dinner brought Harleth pretty far back on the way to normal, and an invitation for a couple of hastily assembled tables of bridge got through the evening after the party very well for Belle and Marcia. This was at the elder William Harts, and Curtis Jennings was there and brought them home. The next day, being Sunday, there was church in the morning. In the afternoon, motoring—and for tea, the Raymonds and Tiny Morrison dropped in. It was rather disappointing to find Harleth not a bit the sinner that repenteth, but his usual debonair self, while Marcia looked neither pale nor suffering. She welcomed her guests gaily and made them stay to supper. Nothing was said about the party except what was casually kind. But in this very casualness, and in the sweet solicitude of old Mrs. Hart the night before, Marcia had been bitterly conscious of an undercurrent of real anxiety and distress for her.

It was after Belle had gone and they had settled down to the light routine of suburban life at its easiest, that Marcia began to fear that Harleth's foolish behavior of that one evening was a sign of something infinitely graver, a real change and deterioration in him, — a loosening of the hold of her affection upon him. Always before, when he had had one of his little-boy fits of recklessness, there had been full and free forgiveness and a restoring of confidence and understanding between them. But now, it was not so. Except for the few words he had said that day in the library, he was silent about what he had done, and oddly defiant and careless in small ways, to boot, as if to show that he was determined to do as he pleased, no matter what he smashed doing it.

Marcia was puzzled and rebuffed at every turn. She did not dare risk another plain talk — it would have been setting a match to dynamite. She went through her days with an assumed ease, and on the surface they lived as usual. Inwardly, she was trembling with distress and fear. It seemed to her, watching, that Harleth was caught by something much stronger than himself, and that he was far beyond the reach of her desperate groping to help him. How had it all come about, anyway, that he had gone so far? He had never before flirted with another woman openly in his own house, pointedly ignoring and slighting his wife; and he had never lost himself in drink as he had done this time.

The look of experience deepened in Marcia Crossey's eyes, and something of her courage left them. It was the merest, slightest change, so slight that only two people noticed it. One was Imogen, whose devotion and championship had increased immoderately since the night of the eighteenth, and the other was no less a person than Harleth's mother, a wise and kind soul, who was privileged to speak.

She had been driven over in her own car for a surprise visit, which lasted over luncheon, and until Baby went to his afternoon nap. Up to that time she had been thoroughly engrossed with him, but when he was settled down in his crib, she turned her attention to Marcia.

"Now, what's the matter?" she asked. "Has Harleth been misbehaving? Things haven't seemed right ever since the party. I wish I'd dragged Father Crossey out, as I threatened to do, and been here to see for myself."

For a moment Marcia was tempted to throw herself into those loving arms and give her confidence completely. But that wouldn't be fair. She had no right to unload her troubles or to tell tales of Harleth to his mother. She evaded skilfully.

"I wish you *had* come, both of you," she said. "It would have made everything just perfect."

"But isn't there something the matter — that you can tell me?" persisted the older woman, with an affectionate pat on Marcia's shoulder.

"I'm just tired, I think," said Marcia, "that's all that's ever the matter with me. I've been gadding round a lot too much — I'm glad Lent's begun." Then a brilliant thought came to her. "Why," she exclaimed, "I didn't show you the beautiful string of pearls Harleth gave me. Oh, you'll be envious — they're longer and larger than yours!"

"I want to see them, though I'm sure I'm going to be envious," declared Mrs. Crossey. "I do love pearls." She let her questioning slip away from her and, though she looked shrewdly at Marcia, she asked nothing more. There are more ways of getting information than one, reflected the sage old woman. She knew Harleth's temperament, and felt sure that he had been indulging in one of his characteristic periods of reckless self-will. When she got home again and had settled herself in the bright sitting-room where her husband comforted his rheumatism in a cushioned chair, she told him her misgivings.

"Something's amiss with Harleth and Marcia," she said, shaking her stately gray

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head, "but I can't tell what. Marcia wouldn't give me a hint. She's got spirit, that girl."

"It's probably just a petty misunderstanding," said her husband. "You know Harleth."

Harleth's mother bent her lips into a quizzical smile. "I may be a queer sort of mother to say it," she said, "but I tell you this: If Marcia was my daughter and Harleth my son-in-law, I'd tell her flat not to stand so much from him. There's no two ways about it, father, Harleth's difficult. You never could control him, and I couldn't. And Marcia can't."

"Life will teach him what's what," said old Mr. Crossey, philosophically. "You can't live other people's lives for 'em."

"I wish I could," she answered. "I tried to get Marcia to tell me, but she wouldn't. Just shut herself up tight, and tried to put me off by showing me the pearls Harleth had given her the night of the party. And by the way she handled them, I could tell how little they signified to her. Something's wrong when a woman doesn't even touch her husband's gifts lovingly. Isn't it dreadful, Ben — isn't it *dreadful*? I'd gladly give the remnant of my old life to make sure that Harleth and Marcia should be happy together the way you and I've been happy. And I can't do a thing."

"You take it too seriously, Ella," said the old man. "It's maybe nothing but a little tiff."

"Not with that look in Marcia's eyes, and the way she held those pearls," protested the mother. "Harleth's done something pretty bad this time, and I just know it."

Her suspicions would have been in nowise allayed had she been able to see her son at that moment, even though what he was doing appeared harmless enough in itself. He was sitting by the side of Miss Leila Templeton and they were having tea at a smart restaurant and he was laughing at what she was saying. She had affected to search the tray of French pastry for a piece of humble pie for him.

The beginning of Lent bored Leila very much. It cut off her invitations and she was not at all interested in the round of charitable work which the season offered. Her most usable friends were away, Palm Beach and Aiken having called them. She had thought of Harleth Crossey and decided that enough time had intervened since their escapade for him to have forgotten that she was in any way to blame for it. At any rate, he would do until better material presented itself, and she still held a smarting grudge against Marcia. To the telephone, therefore. . . .

"Is this you, Harleth? This is Leila Templeton. . . . Tell me, is Marcia still angry with me? . . . It was all your fault, you know. . . . Oh, nonsense, it wasn't my fault at all. . . . Tell me, were you scolded *very* much? . . . I'd love to hear about it. . . . Yes, really. . . . Tea? . . . Oh, I have an engagement. . . . But I'll break it. . . . Oh, no, don't let's go there. . . . We'll see everyone we know. . . . A quieter place. . . . Yes, that will be all right. . . . Yes, at five. . . . Yes. . . . Good-bye."

She reflected while dressing that she had always liked Harleth Crossey and that he was much more fun than he used to be. And he was making so much money now. And he was such an old friend. . . . He might be very useful. . . .

Leila was not unaware of that ever increasing number of women who have found their purses not long enough to make the showing of wealthier intimates, and who had brought to an art the extraction of checks and gifts of jewelry, furs and motors from their men friends. Usually these gifts were paid for by advancing the man's social ambitions, or pretending to. Sometimes these women would procure introductions to men high in finance or business circles.

Then there were other women, who, with very little income, still were seen everywhere, well-dressed, with enviable jewels — and there were unpleasant whispers about them. It was fairly clear that they had paid for their luxury in other ways than by introductions socially or for business purposes.

Since she had been poor, Leila Templeton had thought a great deal of these two sorts of women and just what could be got by either method. She did not intend to go on forever living in this "horrible grubby way." But she was clear-headed. She saw that the women whose lives she was considering fooled no one. Everyone knew how they managed their dressmakers' bills and their sables. Therefore, such a course was not for her. She wanted everything and had not the slightest intention of paying the least bit of her good name or her convenience for it. There is only one graft left on such conditions for a woman of Leila Templeton's type — marriage. Therefore, Leila was more determined on marriage than before.

SHE had calculated with infinite care the chances of it in her own circle, but there was absolutely no one except one puffy widower. Unless reduced to extremes, Leila felt that she could not attempt the rôle of consolatrice. Of course, there had been Curt Jennings. Leila had always known him, but never considered him matrimonially until her fortunes had turned. Then it was too late — he had made that very clear, quite recently. It was exasperating.

That left only one other line for Leila to take. She put it to herself quite plainly, and without the slightest hesitation. Some other woman's husband. With divorce so easy and everyone doing it more or less, no special odium attached to it. It only meant longer delay. But there. She shrugged her shoulders. She had borne so much trouble that a little more — and to get *well*-established, so that even Daphne's ménage might be eclipsed — was not worth worrying about.

With thoughts like these in her sleek, well-set-on head, she had started out quite coolly to meet Harleth Crossey at tea. And they had begun by laughing at her search for humble pie on the pastry tray for him.

"But I imagine you got enough of it at home, didn't you?" she asked. "Of course you know you deserved it." Her eyes challenged him, mocked him, drew him.

"I eat nothing I do not like, at home nor anywhere," he said, responding to her challenge. "And if I deserve punishment for admiring you, I'm afraid I'm in for a lot of it."

"I hope you are. You know I like to be admired. But, tell me, has Wellridge society recovered from the shock you gave them?"

"My dear girl," announced Harleth loftily. "Do you suppose I pay the slightest attention to what people say — or think — or do — in a little suburban town like that?"

Leila made her eyes round and ingenuous. "No," she said, and the sincerity of her voice was sweetest flattery. "No, — you're probably the one person in the world who could say a thing like that and it would be true. But honestly, Harleth — it wasn't sensible of us. I suppose Marcia will never forgive me — but you know how it is sometimes — there are occasions when every woman just gets reckless and doesn't care at all what she does and nothing matters except — the person she's with."

But that was too thick even for Harleth's masculine vanity.

"Oh, come, Leila," he said, laughing, "don't waste your powers on me. You're a very dangerous ornament to have in the house and I suppose Marcia realizes it. I'm sure I do. You must realize it yourself. But as for Marcia's never forgiving you — nonsense! Of course, Marcia's old-fashioned. And she's domestic. I told her the other day that the trouble was with me that I'm only imperfectly domesticated."

Leila laughed, too, very prettily. "That's a wonderful description of you, Harleth. I'd never thought of it in just those words — but that's perfect. You're *very* imperfectly domesticated. That's why you're so much fun."

"Am I fun?" he asked.

"Heaps!"

"I'll tell you a secret," he said, leaning toward her confidentially, "so are you."

"That's because I appreciate your imperfect domestication."

Harleth sighed with exaggerated misery. "It's women like you who are the cause of imperfect domestication — not only mine, but of many other unhappy men."

"Are you unhappy?" asked Leila, quickly.

"I'm perfectly happy," he returned. "Every man in this room is envying me, and all the women are wondering where you get your hats and gowns."

"I wish I could tell them," said Leila. "Maybe if I sent her a lot of new customers, Madame Du Fault wouldn't dun me so pitilessly. I never imagined that it was so hard to be poor. It almost makes me think of earning my own living, but there isn't a thing I could do except teach dancing. And to have to live in that cramped, miserable apartment after our lovely big house! It isn't easy, Harleth. Besides, heaps of people I used to know have found it convenient to forget me. We've given up our cars and our opera subscriptions, and everything that makes life worth living. Honestly, I'm so depressed with it all that — you don't mind my telling you, do you? I don't usually catalogue my troubles, you know."

Her tone and her look were all sincerity. It *was* hard for a girl like Leila, who, reflected Harleth, had been brought up to everything, suddenly to have only penury compared with her former means. He felt very sorry for Leila. He had been feeling very sorry for himself, too, of late. He spoke without further reflection.

"Look here, I'm rather dull myself this evening. Can't we go somewhere and have a little dinner together? And perhaps a drive first? Unless you have something else to do."

Leila waited to think before she answered. She had early learned that a little difficulty of access enhanced her charm.

"I'd love to, but I can't to-night," she said, with candid regret. "You know father's feeling wretched and he counts on having me with him at dinner. But you'll ask me again, won't you? Soon?" She looked up at him and from under the heavy fringe of her lashes her eyes were two limpid pools of sweetness. They gave Harleth Crossey a slightly dizzy sensation. He put his hand over hers covertly, behind the tall teapot.

"Very soon," he said.

It was unfortunate that Leila, arriving at home with that purry feeling women have when they have excited a man's admiration against his better judgment, saw fit to scold the negro hallboy.

He was a West Indian, sulky and revengeful, and he had been head hallboy in that apartment house for so long that he felt as if he owned it. He distributed mail when it suited his convenience and he was not overparticular about delivering telephone messages or cards, except to the tenants he liked. He had not liked the Templeton family, principally because they so obviously found life at the St. Quentin a sad come-down in the world. Herbert, the head elevator boy, resented any criticism of the St. Quentin. On this occasion he delivered three cards and a telephone message to Leila, saying without apology that they had come "some time this week" and that he "had forgot 'em."

Leila scolded Herbert in good round terms and finally said that she would report him. He listened to her with defiant mumblings and banged the elevator door behind her.

"I seen these yere high-fliers befo'," he told the other boy on duty in the hall, "an' if she r'po'ts me to the sup'ntendent, I'll sho' git even with 'er. Mahk me!"

LEILA had dismissed the matter from her mind for more pleasurable thoughts. She had paid up a little more of her grudge against Marcia Crossey, and Harleth had been more amusing than she had expected. It was plain that he was very bored at home and ready for distraction. She was sure that he would call her up the next day and ask when he could take her to dinner. She had liked the touch of his hand on hers. It was intimate — yet not too intimate.

Harleth had felt that, too. He had gone away from the meeting, wondering why it was she was so alluring, so fascinating to play with. He had not liked her at all in the years before he had married, but now she stimulated and exhilarated him. He was sorry for her, too. What she had said about her present deprivations struck a responsive chord in his generous nature. It was a darned shame that a girl as good-looking and as clever as Leila hadn't married long before this, to have some one look out for her. Girls were brought up in a rotten way, anyway, trained to nothing but to dress well and dance and chatter, and, if anything happened — as had happened to Templeton *père* — why, it was all up with them.

Something of these musings he repeated to Marcia, at a belated dinner, for his prolonged tea had made him miss his usual train. He might just as well have put up a large sign, "I have been with Leila Templeton," so far as Marcia was concerned, for she guessed it at the first word of his generalities. As it chanced, Marcia was in the first achy, unpleasant stages of a cold in the head, and was correspondingly depressed and irritable. She listened to Harleth's pathetic picture of the girl of wealth suddenly obliged to meet the exigencies of poverty, with rising indignation, but in silence. She was much too near a *crise des nerfs* to risk telling him what she thought, or what she guessed. But when Harleth elaborated his theme, her thread of patience snapped.

"You don't need to feel so sorry for Leila," she said. "They really have quite a lot of money if they'd only try to make the best of it and not whine about it."

It was a fair catch, and Harleth looked silly. He tried to carry it off with a forced joke. "What makes you think I was talking about Leila, Mrs. Sherlock?" he asked.

"Because," said Marcia, feeling achier and more miserable every second, "that's the sort of thing she tells everyone, and has ever since her father failed."

AFTER dinner, when they were established in the library, Harleth with the evening papers and Marcia with a book and three handkerchiefs, he took up the matter again.

"I don't see why you dislike Leila so much," he said. "You used to like her well enough. I like her enormously."

"Perhaps," said Marcia, desperately, "that's why I don't."

"Oh, come," said Harleth. "You're not jealous, Marshy — love, are you?"

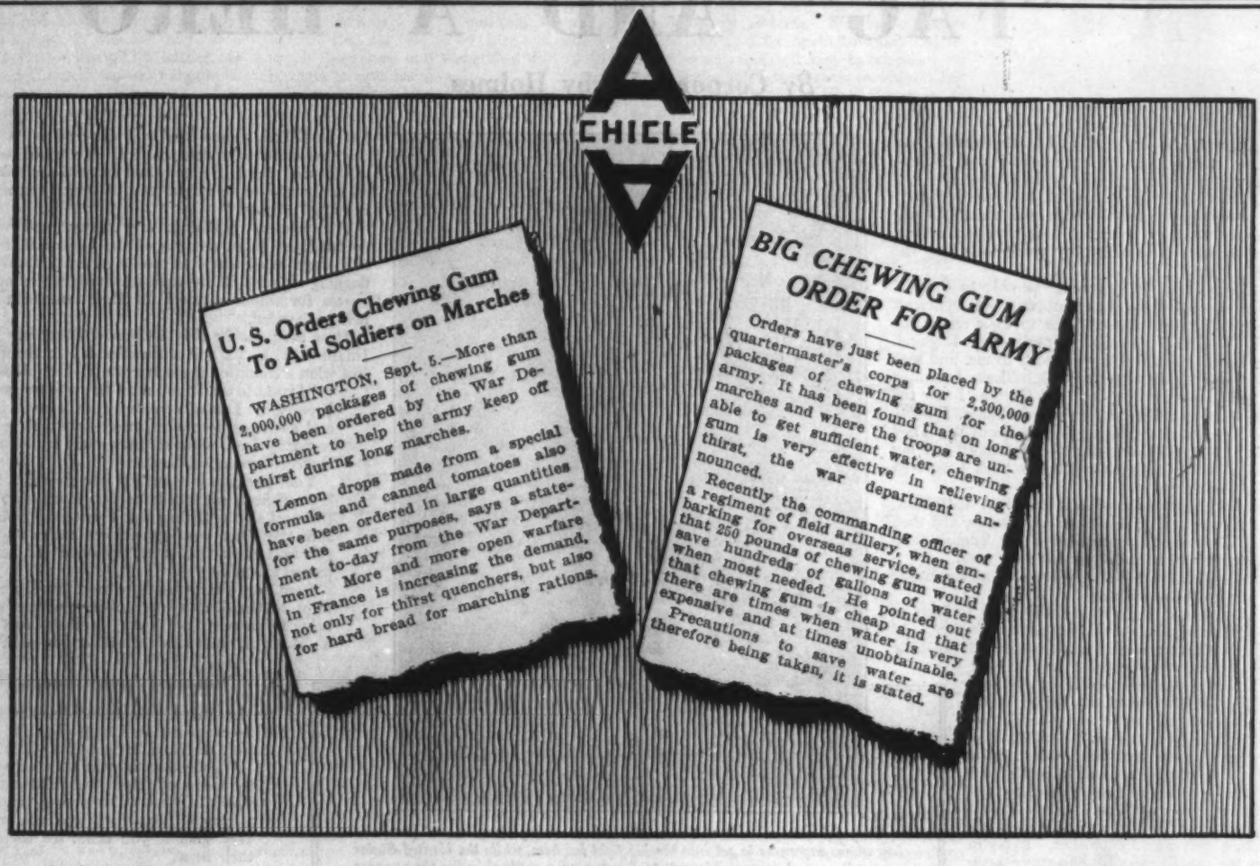
Marcia put down her book and faced the issue squarely. "I've tried to pretend to myself that I'm not, Harleth," she said, "but I am. I'm just as jealous as I can be. It almost kills me when I see you wasting yourself doing things that you know aren't right for you to do. Would you like it if *I'd* danced all evening with Curt Jennings, or one of the Appleton boys and run away in a motor and left *you* to say good night to all our guests? Would you have been jealous if I'd done that? Leila's just like liquor with you — you don't need her, but you can't make up your mind to let her alone, because she's dangerous and makes you do reckless things. Not jealous, — why, this evening, when you began to say what you did and I realized that you'd been talking to her again, I could just about have killed her. Just because I haven't waved my arms and screamed and made a scene is no sign that I don't care. Why — you're my *husband!* I love you with every breath I draw! I want you to think and feel for me as I think and feel for you. And I can't, I can't understand why you don't."

Harleth laughed, an exultant, triumphing little laugh. "Why, you old darling," he said. "How foolish you are! How can you say such ridiculous things and make yourself miserable in such a ridiculous way? You know I'm awfully sorry for the night of the party and ever since I've felt as if you were angry and — and —" he looked at her wistfully. "You know I'm not half what you think I am, Marcia. You want me to be too much. You're thinking about an ideal husband, and not about me — that's what's the trouble. Come over here and sit on my chair and let me hold you. Oh, Lord — there's the door-bell!"

Perhaps if the Dwights had not chosen that particular evening to call, the Crosseys might have talked out their difficulties then and there and arrived at some possible compromise between Marcia's wishes and Harleth's temperament. But the Dwights called and the golden moment passed, and when the Dwights had gone it was impossible to recover it. To Marcia, her outburst seemed ill-timed and violent. And Harleth had begun to resent her comparison and to feel that he had been scolded without reason.

All the same, he made up his mind that he would see less of Leila. Of course he would have to take her out to dinner — he had asked her to go and she had said that she would and said it with an eagerness that proved, to Harleth Crossey's mind, that she anticipated it as a bright spot in her dull existence. This is what he wanted to believe, at least, and naturally, it is what he did believe, for he had the normal power of self-deception. It was easy enough to see, he

Half Democracy's war mistakes were made because the average citizen could not follow quickly and wholeheartedly into conditions he had never thought out. The more thinking we all do about after the War, the less, and less costly, will be our peace mistakes.


CHICLE
U. S. Orders Chewing Gum To Aid Soldiers on Marches
WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—More than 2,000,000 packages of chewing gum have been ordered by the War Department to help the army keep off thirst during long marches.
Lemon drops made from a special formula and canned tomatoes also have been ordered in large quantities for the same purposes, says a statement to-day from the War Department. More and more open warfare in France is increasing the demand, not only for thirst quenchers, but also for hard bread for marching rations.
BIG CHEWING GUM ORDER FOR ARMY
Orders have just been placed by the quartermaster's corps for 2,300,000 packages of chewing gum for the army. It has been found that on long marches and where the troops are unable to get sufficient water, chewing gum is very effective in relieving thirst, the war department announced.
Recently the commanding officer of a regiment of field artillery, when embarking for overseas service, stated that 250 pounds of chewing gum would save hundreds of gallons of water when most needed. He pointed out that chewing gum is cheap and that there are times when water is very expensive and at times unobtainable. Precautions to save water are therefore being taken, it is stated.

—*and they got the best*

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Pure Chewing Gum

Adams Black Jack	CHICLE	Adams California Fruit
Adams Chiclets		Adams Yucatan
Adams Pepsin		Adams Sen Sen
Adams Spearmint		Beeman's Pepsin

96,302,000 pieces of the Adams brands of chewing gum have been sent overseas for our soldiers and our Allies'.

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

NEW YORK CLEVELAND CHICAGO KANSAS CITY
SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO

A "FAG" AND A HERO

By **Corporal Derby Holmes**

THE Cockney Battalion, in which I was a corporal, was composed of boys from the poorest districts of London. A large number of those lads could neither read nor write. The families they had left at home were having all that they could do to make both ends meet. It was out of the question for them to expect their wives or mothers to send them smokes; how were they going to secure the nerve-steadying "fags."

Well, the tobacco fund in England was able to a slight degree to take care of them, but that was not sufficient. I was lucky enough to be able to come to their rescue, for my friends in "Blighty", as the Tommies call England, as well as my friends in America, were good to me, and sent me five or six hundred cigarettes a week. These I divided as far as I could in my own platoon, and then, as I saw the pitiful lack of these comforts among my comrades, I wrote back home to America and told my friends about it. They responded nobly to my plea, and parcels commenced arriving with hundreds of smokes a week; in fact one week I received for distribution five thousand.

I want you to imagine one of our American battalions, composed of the same sort of boys from poor homes, and then remember that what I did for the boys of my English company, the Tobacco Fund is doing now for these men.

To show the necessity for "Lady Nicotine" at the battle front, I want to tell you a true story:

In my platoon was a boy whom I will refer to here as Brown. He was young, but he had an old man's face. At first, when the machine-gun company was being formed, he and his older brother had been transferred to that company, and later became attached to our division.

One day, just after the second Battle of Ypres, the brothers were on the same watch, and were sitting beside their guns in the emplacement, playing cards. Young Brown was called away by the Sergeant on duty for a moment, and as he was just leaving the traverse or bay of the trench there was a burr and whizz and concussion. When Brown came to, he gazed around, feeling himself for possible wounds, and then looked for his brother. Lying in the bottom of the trench close by him was a heap of bloody clothing. It was his brother, or had been, for now there was just that huddled heap of remains to tell him the horrible story.

From that moment the lad was never the same. For a while he was in the hospital. Then they returned him to my section as unfit for further machine-gun service. His nervousness affected the nerves of all.

Finally came the big Somme offensive and we had our orders to go over the top. I really thought Brown would completely lose his mind during those hours before our time came. He cried and whimpered, and kept saying:—

"Oh send me 'ome, I don't want to die! Please Corporal, can't you get me out of this?"

I felt badly, but was unable to do anything for him. Suddenly, as I sat there on the fire step waiting, I remembered that I had never seen Brown smoke. I offered him a cigarette, but he shook his head and said that since his brother was killed he had lost all desire for them. Later, however, he took one, inhaled deeply, and, finishing that one, asked for another. Then came the orders to stand by; then blew the whistles for "Over the Top"; then we went out to the hell of No Man's Land.

Brown trudged beside me all the time. His face was white and set but he still carried on. When the Captain's runner was killed, I detailed Brown for this work, and although the Captain laughed when he saw my selection there was no choice, for a message had to be sent back quickly. Brown went running back, an unlighted cigarette in his mouth.

We were just taking our third line of German trenches, aided by the tanks in their first appearance, when I encountered two Germans not so big but what I thought that I could take care of both. I pulled the trigger of my rifle and one fell. I started toward the other, my bayonet lowered; but then I fell on trip wire. It was a close call for me. Fritz was making down on me when from back of me a shout rang out. A small form leapt through the air, and then—well, there was no Boche. It was Brown, who having delivered his message, returned just in time to save my life.

Fortunately the Captain saw what he had done. Three weeks later, in rest billets, Brown's name was called on parade during the inspection by the general of our division, and when Brown returned to the ranks he had upon his breast the Military Medal of England. What pride there was in that poor boy's face. He had dreams of taking that medal home to his mother. He pictured her happiness. But Brown never saw his mother, for he was killed by an explosive bullet two nights later as he was carrying supplies up to the first line trenches. I took the trophy to her myself after I was able to leave the hospital, and I told her all about her boy, omitting the part about his nervousness. She is happy in the memory that she is the mother of two of England's heroes. I like to think that it was that cigarette that calmed the boy's nerves. The doctors in the hospital when I told them of Brown's case, said it was probable that the "smoke" prepared him for his act of heroism.

Uncle Sam has found it necessary to restrict the amount of parcels sent to our soldiers in order to conserve space on the boats for munitions and food, so that now, it is practically impossible to get smokes to the individual soldier through private sources, and should your boy not have enough money to buy cigarettes at the nearest canteen, Y. M. C. A. Hut, K. of C. or Salvation Army Huts, he is decidedly "out of luck." You may send money to your own boy, but what about the other boy that has no one to send him money? What is he going to do? Rest assured that your boy will divide his last half-cigarette with his comrade, for one of the beautiful things that has come out of this bloody struggle is a beautiful spirit of unselfishness, so that what you have is also your comrade's! I know from actual experience that "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" takes care of just such penniless soldiers. It is one of the biggest aids to the army's morale in operation, and every man and woman in America should support it with cash contributions."

Corporal Derby Holmes, who relates this touching story, is an American boy whose eagerness to get into the big fight led him, while the United States was still neutral, to work his way to London on a cattle-ship for the purpose of enlisting in the British Army. He joined the Cockney Battalion of London and fought in the line for nearly two years. Three times was he wounded and invalided to Britain and finally, suffering from the effects of gas and shell shock, he returned to this country. Undaunted by his experiences he has now made application for enlistment in an American tank corps.

Corporal Holmes is the author of "A Yankee in the Trenches," published by Little, Brown and Company, and is at work on a novel entitled, "The Man Who Quit."—EDITOR'S NOTE.

Corporal Holmes' appeal is strongly supported by the mail that has arrived at Smoke Fund headquarters from France during the recent weeks:—

McClure's Doughboy Contributors

There is not much room on a reply postcard for a soldier to write an acknowledgment to the man or woman who sent him a package of smoke cheer; and yet what a lot of thanksgiving and good wishes can be crowded into such a card. Think, for instance, of what lay behind this message, addressed to tobacco-donor George W. Rooks:—

> "With many thanks from a ward of American and French wounded, just in from the trenches and enjoying the package of cigarettes and tobacco."
>
> —From the English Nurse.

American and French wounded—an English nurse—an allied trinity indeed.

Imagine too the atmosphere of suffering from which Private Walter A. Hass sent the following note to Miss Lotta P. Kelly of Providence, Rhode Island:—

> "Just a line or two to say that I am getting along fine, although I might be better. I have seen worse, however. This is my second time that I have been in two large drives and received a wound each time. Am glad you are connected with 'Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund.' We all appreciate it very much."

Smoke Fund Doing Its Greatest Work Now

When McClure's first published its appeal for smokes, it described the experiences of American soldiers with the British armies, who found that the greatest good accomplished by the British smoke fund was done when its "fags" were distributed to wounded soldiers. We predicted that there would soon come a time when American smokes would be as badly needed to relieve the pain and discomforts of our boys in "Blighty."

The soldiers' postcards now being received by smoke contributors in all sections of the United States show that this stage has already arrived, and that, thanks to the unflagging support of the American public, the appeals of the nurses for smoke comfort for their American patients are being answered.

Mess Sergeant Le Roy Rollins, of Company F. 103 U. S. Infantry, A. E. F., writes thus frankly to the Fund to show just what a condition the smoke contributor helps to relieve:—

> "I want to thank you most heartily for the package I received. I am a bed patient in a hospital in France and as it has been a long time since I have seen my company I am without money (a very common occurrence among soldiers).
>
> Your package just put joy into life again, for nothing satisfies a soldier like a good smoke and it is with the most sincere thanks that I write this note. I am sure the other boys appreciated theirs also by the generous cheer that went up when the boxes were passed around.
>
> I am sure your cause is a most worthy one and I want to thank every good fellow countryman who helps to support it. You, the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. are surely the soldiers' friends."

Wounded from Château-Thierry

In the same grateful tenor writes Sergeant Thomas Night—Sergeant in Camp Hospital No. 14, 3rd Aviation Instruction Center, A. E. F.:—

> "Your tobacco was split up and issued to wounded from the Château-Thierry Front. The boys were very happy when they got the tobacco and you would feel very glad if you could see them getting their issue."

McCLURE'S, by the way, is happy to see that its readers are keeping in touch with our soldier boys by letters as well as by smoke-kits. We print the following letter as a matter of duty, but we feel it our duty to accompany it with this advice:—try again, girls! They are not all married:—

> Editor,
> McClure's Magazine,
> New York City.
>
> Just five months ago to-day, seated at a fireside on a cold winter's night in a little village in western France, I wrote a letter to "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" thanking them for the smokes that they sent to us boys at a moment when we most needed that one great pleasure of the service. That was on New Year's Eve. My letter was published in the May number of your magazine under the heading, "Singing, Smoking, and Happy." Up to to-day, July 16, 1918, I have received just one hundred and thirty-eight letters from every part of the States, North, South, East and West. I also received one letter from Canada. Every one of those letters came from a constant reader of your great magazine (McCLURE'S). Back there in the States, far away from the war of sorrow and sins, there lives a little woman, a very wonderful little woman, who might not like me to answer all these letters to those nice girlies from every part of the States. Will you just put a line or two in your magazine and tell those nice girlies, some of whom spent a good many of their valuable spare moments to cheer a perhaps sad heart across the wide sea, that the wonderful little woman might be sad if she knew that her soldier boy was writing to so many girlies. And also you can say that this soldier boy loves that wonderful little woman with all his heart and that they can write to her and perhaps that will cheer up a lonesome heart. And in closing I guess that they will not blame the soldier boy because they do not get their long-expected letters. Will they? The wonderful little woman's address is, Mrs. Eddie C. Ruth, 400 West 53rd Street, New York City.

At present the ten leading newspapers in the cup contest are:

Circulation over 50,000	
1 Providence Journal, R. I.	$72,826.29
2 Seattle Star, Seattle, Wash.	45,537.91
3 San Francisco Bulletin, Calif.	31,411.80
4 Chicago Tribune, Ill.	15,772.63
5 Cleveland News, Ohio	14,263.48
Circulation under 50,000	
1 Elizabeth Daily Journal, N. J.	$12,870.67
2 Oklahoma City Times, Okla.	10,379.18
3 Hartford Times, Hartford, Conn.	7,862.35
4 Wilmington Evening Journal, Del.	6,976.25
5 Schenectady Gazette, N. Y.	5,548.75

Every dollar contributed to this Fund is changed into two dollars' worth of smoke comforts, which is then distributed by the Red Cross to our soldiers in the thick of the battle or in the hospitals of France.

$1.00 a month keeps one soldier supplied with smokes for the duration of the war. Send your money to "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund," 25 W. 44th Street, New York City.

thought, that Leila was counting on him as a friend, a real friend, else why should she have talked to him with such appealing confidence. Therefore, it was his duty, as a friend, not to be too abrupt in letting her friendship go. Things of that sort should be done by delicate degrees. Of course the fact that he was going to stop seeing her squared his account with Marcia. He thought of all these things going in on the train the next morning. He felt that he was a model husband and a wise, experienced man of the world. And when he reached his office, the first thing he did was to go to the telephone and call up Leila.

It was exactly what she had expected he would do and she was ready, with a hesitating, yet subduedly happy acceptance of his dinner invitation for that very evening. This being accomplished, Harleth had his secretary telephone to Marcia that he was going to stay in town for dinner. This would be the last time he would see Leila — yes, quite the last.

He meant it, oh, he meant it, but he might just as well have saved all the time he had spent in planning it.

The situation was summed up in a conversation between Curtis Jennings and Belle Percy four months later.

"It's the talk of the whole neighborhood," he said. "Everyone knows it and you can see that Marcia knows it, too. She's getting thinner by the minute, but she holds her head up and just goes on her way as if nothing were happening. I don't know what to do. . . . but I thought you, being such a friend of hers . . . maybe you can think of something. She needs some one with her, I think. . . . an understanding sympathetic woman."

Belle shook her head. "No," she said, "she'd rather be by herself. I know Marcia. But oh, Curt, I could just about murder Harleth Crossey. It's not been a week since I saw him and Leila luncheing together and she was wearing a great bunch of orchids. I always knew that he was a reckless, uncertain sort of a fool, but he was nice, too. . . . there's a sort of appealing boyishness about him . . . you can't help liking him, no matter what he does."

"I can," said Curt, grimly.

"Oh, so can I," said Belle, "but you know what I mean. Everyone sees him about with Leila. They go to dancing teas, and lunch and dinner and motoring in the park."

"But *Marcia*," persisted Curt, bringing the subject back to the part of it in which his deepest interests lay. "What's Marcia to do? She isn't going to sit down tamely and just endure this sort of thing, is she? She's not going to let Harleth Crossey treat her like this and get away with it, is she? And when he gets good and tired of Leila, he's to come sneaking back home again and find Marcia waiting for him with open arms, is he? After all he's put her through?"

"If Marcia thinks that this is only a passing whim — one of Harleth's flighty spells," said Belle, authoritatively, "she'll endure it and wait for it to get over. But once let her think that it's something more than that — well, she'll settle things very quickly."

"Which do you think it is?" asked Curt.

"I don't know," said Belle. "I'll say this, though, that I've seen Harleth Crossey play the fool many a time before, but it was always plain that he was *playing*. This Leila affair looks serious. You know exactly how Leila would do it, Curt. She'd flatter him, and amuse him, and she's always attractive to look at, in a bizarre, noticeable way, and Harleth likes to be seen out with a woman everybody stares at. Leila would know exactly how to handle a man like Harleth, who loves excitement and always wants to be stimulated and exhilarated.

"I've done everything I could for Marcia," Belle went on. "I've asked her here and I've gone out there, but, as I said, I made up my mind that she was better off alone and doing as she pleases. Oh, it hurts me to see Marcia, Curt. She's so gentle and so sweet, and all the time that look in her eyes, — as if some one were pressing a thorn into her heart. The whole thing started with that wretched party they gave."

"No, it began further back than that," said Curt. "I was there one Sunday, before that, while Marcia's Aunt Janey was there. Leila had been invited out for the week-end, and she and Harleth were amusing each other — finely. But I didn't attach any particular significance to it, knowing both of them as well as I do. I was only sorry for Marcia, that she had to be there and endure it. If there were only something that could be done to save her now."

Belle looked at him curiously. "You're a good friend, Curt," she said. But there was something in her tone that caused Curtis Jennings to leave her very shortly. He had no wish to arouse Belle's suspicions as to his feelings for Marcia, and he was afraid that he had already said too much.

Yet it was doubtful that Marcia would have felt it, even had gossip attacked her, so wrapped she was in a haze of numb despair over Harleth. Through her intense and absorbing love for him, she was aware, subconsciously, of every gradation of his feeling toward her, and the faltering of his will in the hands of the other woman. She could feel him receding from her — and then, when some little touch of remorse was on him — come toward her again. But he never came so near that she could hold him, as she had always before held him; or compel him to her as she had done in former escapades. He was out of her grasp. She knew it and blamed herself for failing him — at times. This mood would be succeeded by contempt for his weakness, and anger for his shortcomings. An acute and burning jealousy, a passionate desire to keep him hers at any cost, was with her always. Yet, she knew she could not do that. If he no longer loved her, she knew that she must let him go. To try to patch up some sort of a life with him, when he was straining away from her to another, would be torture far more unbearable than a decisive break of the tie between them. But her mind refused to go so far — she could not steady herself to face *that*.

By tacit agreement, they kept out of each other's way as much as possible. Marcia cultivated a new habit of taking breakfast in her room, leaving Harleth to eat alone and go without seeing her. He rarely came home to dinner. She went out less than ever, instinctively drawing away from her friends, who, though kind, could not help being curious. Sometimes a week would go by with barely a glimpse of each other. When they did meet, Harleth was uneasily polite, — a little furtive.

It was the affair between Imogen and Wasson that precipitated Marcia's final humiliation. She was in her room, trying to read, when suddenly some one knocked frantically at her door, and then opened it. It was Imogen, her face dead white with terror. She flung herself at Marcia's feet.

"Wasson's after me," she cried. "He's crazy — he'll kill me! He's got a gun!"

Marcia pulled herself away and hastily locked and bolted her door.

"Now, what's all this?" she said, sternly. "Get up, Imogen!"

"We was all down in the servants' sitting-room," related Imogen, still gasping, "and Wasson come in, looking queer-like, and 'e says to me 'e was tired of my foolin' and if I didn't marry 'im 'e was goin' to kill me. An' 'e out with a gun an' pointed it at me." She fell again to sobbing.

"What did the others do?" asked Marcia.

"They cut an' run, same as me," said Imogen. "An' Wasson's after me. I'll bet 'e's right out there in the hall, this blessed minute. Could he shoot through the door, d'ye think, Mrs. Crossey?"

"I don't possibly know," said Marcia, thinking rapidly. If the other servants had run, there was no help to be expected from them, and if Wasson were drunk, or crazy, there was no telling what he might do. Marcia crossed rapidly to the nursery, that opened from one side of her room. She explained in a word to Nurse what had happened and told her to bring the baby and come into her room. She locked the nursery door that led into the hall and hurried over to Harleth's room on the other side and locked and bolted his hall door. Then she came back to her own room, ordered Imogen to stop crying, and took up the telephone.

She did not want to send for the local police, for they were a joke of stupidity and inefficiency. Her nearest neighbors she hardly knew. And Harleth might be even now on his way and would walk unarmed and alone into Wasson's ambush. She called up the station and told the agent to watch out for Mr. Crossey, and tell him to telephone his home before he left the station — without fail.

What next . . . why, Curt Jennings, to be sure. Her mind leaped to his unfailing support with enormous relief. But central reported, mechanically, "Line out of order."

At that, Marcia's courage began to ooze away and panic crept upon her. What should she do, alone in the house, with two women, and Baby! Oh, if Harleth were only here! She must find him. She *must*. . . . She seized the telephone again and began a frantic search for him. He was still in town, of course. Well, she would try . . . everywhere . . . for him.

First, his club. Then, one after the other, she tried his favorite restaurants. But he was not to be found.

Desperately, she called the last place where she thought he might be, a famous old restaurant, quieter than the others, and a favorite with both of them. She got the captain on the telephone.

"Eugene — this is Mrs. Crossey, Mrs. Harleth Crossey," she explained rapidly. "Is Mr. Crossey there? If he is, I must speak to him at once, please!"

"Ah, Madame," came back the voice of the old Frenchman, "I am desolate to tell you that Monsieur Crossey have jus' lef' here, not twenty minutes ago. He was wiz your frien', Miss Templeton, who you 'ave so often lonch wiz 'ere. Can I perhaps do somesing for you, Madame?" For he recognized the agitation in her voice.

"No — no, thank you, Eugene," she said, and hurriedly hung up the receiver. Harleth would undoubtedly be taking Leila home. If she could make a quick connection, she might reach him just as they would arrive. She pulled the telephone to her again and called the St. Quentin.

At last she got an answer in a thick Ethiopian voice. She explained, rapidly, that she was Mrs. Crossey and wanted to speak to Mr. Crossey — that he was bringing Miss Templeton home. . . . Had they got in yet?

Herbert saw that his time had come for getting even with Miss Templeton. He had not served fourteen years in New York apartments without knowing of injured wives and possible divorces — and he answered according to his experience.

"O-oh — Miss Templeton? I tell you ma'am, I got mah orders not to ring up Miss Templeton's apartment afteh she come in wid Mistah Crossey," he replied. "No'm, 's much my place is wuth to distuhb *them*." The ugly implication in his voice was unmistakable. He put the receiver down and chuckled. "I 'spect de detectives'll be along next," he said to himself, cheerfully. "Lawsy, won' dey give dat high-flier one good skeer!"

The last word was hardly out of his mouth when the door opened and Leila Templeton and Harleth Crossey walked in, said a quick good-bye in the hall, and Leila stepped alone into the elevator, while Harleth lit a cigar and hurried out to the waiting taxi.

At the other end of the line, as she heard the negro's words and comprehended the meaning of his leering emphasis, Marcia Crossey turned suddenly faint.

The whole room was swimming around her, and her hands shook uncontrollably. Then it was true. . . . It was true!

Imogen's shrill whisper roused her. "Mrs. Crossey —'e's right outside! I can hear 'im! Oh — oh — 'e'll be shootin' next!"

Marcia stared at the girl for a moment, vacantly, and hardly comprehending. Then, with sudden determination, she got up and unlocked the door into the nursery.

"Nurse," she said, "take Baby up — carefully, so as not to rouse him, and go in there. You, too, Imogen. Lock the door on the inside and if you hear any shots, or any noise in here, open the windows and call for help. Some one will be sure to hear you."

She marshaled them inside imperatively, but Nurse hesitated, trembling. "Oh, Mrs. Crossey," she said, "what are you going to do? That crazy brute out there will shoot you!"

For answer, Marcia pushed her inside the door. "It wouldn't matter now if he did," she thought, and went quickly across to the door, unlocked it, flung it open and snapped on all the lights in the hall outside.

[*To be continued*]

Doing the job in hand and planning the job ahead — this is the fundamental rule of progress. Every war worker should be a peace planner.

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Some Day I'm Going to Kiss You! — *Continued from page 18*

Viking with them?" She even managed to look as interested as she sounded.

"His name's Harriss," informed Victor tersely. "Don't you know him?"

She shook her head.

"Well, you ought to."

"Why?"

But Victor shrugged and smiled a mysteriously derisive smile and took himself rather stiffly away.

After he had gone, Andy looked at Corinna reproachfully.

"What made you do it, Corinna?"

She opened her dark blue eyes wide at him.

"Do it?"

"Yes — deliberately humiliate me."

"Humiliate you! Is it so humiliating to be in my presence?"

"You know what I mean. Letting me break in on a twosome — to be treated like a buttinsky — and with no comeback!"

"We *were* going to meet the Johnsons," explained Corinna cheerfully. "They haven't come yet—that's all."

"That's all!" Andy gave a sardonic laugh. "Doesn't your Victor count for anything, then?"

CORINNA gave an amiable little shrug of her slender shoulders and sipped her silver-fizz.

"Oh, is it Victor's presence that is humiliating? You shouldn't feel humiliated by Victor. He's really a nice, agreeable young man; he was even willing to cheer me up when I felt lonesome."

Andy's gloomy gaze included her glass.

"Agreeable? — yes! I suppose you noticed he didn't ask me to have a drink!"

At that Corinna tilted back her pretty head and laughed.

"Well, laugh!" said Andy morosely. "I've put myself in bad to come and see you —"

"Would you rather have me weep?" asked Corinna.

She smiled at him; and Andy, gazing at her, thought how impossible it was to divine from a woman's soft, gentle exterior her inner capacity for deliberate cruelty.

Suddenly he leaned forward.

"Corinna!"

She still smiled, angelically provoking. "Yes?"

"What makes you act so — queer?"

Corinna arched her delicate brows.

"How do I act queer?" She seemed immensely interested in this abstruse question.

"If you don't know how, I guess I can't tell you."

"Oh, very well," she said resignedly. Then, having disposed of the matter, womanlike, she at once unearthed it again.

"I'm only acting ordinary — sensible and calm."

"I certainly can't contradict your calmness."

"How would you have me — tempestuous?"

Andy refused to answer. Corinna went on serenely:

"I like to be calm. I want always to be calm. Storms are ugly, disfiguring. Whatever happens, I intend always to be calm."

"That's more than you can guarantee. Things may happen, some day, that'll upset you more than you can now imagine."

"Oh, some day!" She gave a little gesture as if discarding all unwelcome futurities. Then she idly turned her head away.

"I see Victor's coming back," she observed.

"Then I'll get away before he gets here."

"But you've had nothing to eat —". Then, noting the expression on his face: "Please don't hold *that* against poor Victor. He probably didn't think."

"A gentleman *does* think!" he retorted. He rose. "Goodnight — will you tell him goodnight for me?"

After Andy had gone, could he have seen the interior Corinna, he might have glimpsed a different picture of her vaunted "calm."

That night she lay for a long time wretchedly wakeful, conjuring the vision of Andy with the wounded, resentful look in his eyes. Well, it was due him to look wounded; but not resentful. He himself had taught her to count on him as a stable friend, and when she had tried to do so, he had humiliated her; then had presumed to resent his own "humiliation"! Perhaps he hadn't *intended* to hurt her — but women shouldn't be indulgent to masculine crudities just because they are unintentioned. No; men must be taught better. That was it. A hundred times Corinna went back to this point of her beneficial motive; but, a hundred times, there arose before her the picture of Andy's eyes, of Andy's bewildered, wounded, unhappy eyes.

Those were not the eyes of one who could deliberately, maliciously inflict pain on a friend. They were too honest, too candid, too openly betraying of themselves. Poor old Andy! She must make it up to him some way; only — Yes; she must maintain her ascendancy, too.

Finally, her act justified, Corinna went off to sleep. But, nevertheless, she awoke with an aggravated case of depression. She seemed to find a sort of fierce and gloomy joy in self-abasement. A dozen times during the day she had to give her feet the command not to march to the telephone. But, in fairness to her future position, she mustn't make a definitely contrite advance; she must wait till she should see him casually.

But before she saw Andy again she met James Harriss — "the magnificent Harriss," the men called him in some bitterness of spirit.

Corinna met Harriss at Mrs. DeLancy Smyth's. Besides her imposing prænomen, Mrs. DeLancy had, too, the "y" which raised her far above the garden variety of Smiths.

Mrs. DeLancy Smyth loved the art of being hostess and, the night Corinna met Harriss, she had her usual collection of top-notch singers, painters, poets and so on. But Corinna didn't have much chance to observe them as, early in the evening, Harriss singled her out for his particular attention. Now, Corinna was an extremely pretty girl, with eyes that shone out between long lashes like some moonlit lake shining out between hedges of fir. She was in a soft misty gown the color of moonlight, and her hair was the soft, shadowy color of dusk, and, altogether, Harriss decided she was the most attractive girl there. (As Harriss didn't take to what he termed "freaks," many of Mrs. DeLancy Smyth's more distinguished guests easily escaped his notice.) He made it his business to fetch Corinna's ice for her, and to sit beside her while the Russian dancer was dancing and the Italian singer was singing and the more pretty than gifted society belle was mimicking.

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Harriss's prime trait again manifested itself when it came time to leave. Mrs. DeLancy Smyth had taken some pains to arrange with a couple to see Corinna home in their car.

When Harriss heard of the plan he at once overrode it.

"*I* want to take you home," he said.

Corinna felt the ancient, eternal thrill of subjection to masculine imperiousness, but she felt it her duty to demur:

"But they've waited for me. I don't want to seem ungracious."

"Oh, very well; if that's the way you feel about it."

CORINNA felt a little startled tremor; she wasn't used to being relinquished offhand. And after he had seemed so engrossed — Perhaps, after all, he *wasn't* engrossed. She had a sudden, imperative desire to make sure — not to let go of him till she *was* sure; all at once she longed to fasten her tentacles on him so that he'd never use that indifferent tone with her again. So, as she'd never done before, she abolished her code and said quite submissively:

"Well, I'll speak to Mrs. Smyth. Perhaps she can arrange it."

Mrs. Smyth did arrange it, but her surprised and meaning smile was to rise up afterward to haunt Corinna.

At her own door, Corinna invited Harriss to call sometime.

"When may I?" he demanded with flattering readiness.

Corinna hesitated. "I'm pretty busy this week —" She wasn't particularly busy but, when dealing with a man, Corinna thought it advantageous not to seem precipitate.

"Next week? — Tuesday, say? Perhaps we can go to the theatre."

Corinna shook her head. "I'm sorry," she said gently. "I've an engagement Tuesday. Why don't you just wait and telephone some day?"

"All right, then."

CORINNA was slightly taken aback; she had expected him to insist more for a definite engagement. This man's swift and casual assumptions were disconcerting.

Later, seated before her dressing-table, she basked languidly in the starry glow of her own reflected eyes. Corinna was not really vain or conceited; ordinarily she was no more self-conscious of her beauty than a flower — but, perhaps, even a flower likes to be admired. And Corinna was pleased that the complacent Harriss had, manifestly, found her face pleasing. As she pensively appraised herself in the glass, she was at the same time revisioning the look of approbation she had seen in Harriss's eyes.

He didn't give the impression of "reliability" as Andy did; but there was something in his hint of unreliability that provoked interest. And the way he calmly ignored, or brushed aside, what didn't fall in line with his desire — she didn't like brutality, and yet —

Sitting there, eyes half-closed, Corinna let her meditations swim on and on.

"I wonder when he will call up? — tomorrow? Likely; but I think I'd better put him off."

And then, suddenly catching herself, she blushed and went about getting ready for bed, resolved to forget her foolishness.

It was over a week before he called her on the telephone and asked if she could meet him at a certain restaurant for tea. Now Corinna had told herself she never wanted to see him again, but she found herself swiftly reflecting that if she refused him now, he'd likely acquiesce without urging, and, then, who knew when he would reopen the matter? You couldn't tell with a man like him. And she told herself it was because she was curious, that she would see him again.

"I've a headache," she meditated. "More in a mood for the park than a restaurant."

"I'm afraid I'm not long on walking in the park," answered Harriss. "I'd thought of tea — on the fly, you know. I've an early dinner engagement."

"Oh, I see," said Corinna abstractedly.

Her mind was in a whirl of indecision. This was too much! She mustn't submit to it, mustn't let him assert supremacy in this way! But she felt a sudden strange timidity about striving for her own. Like as not he would drop the whole thing. And she *did* want to see him — for the reasons above catalogued, of course.

So she found herself meekly acquiescing.

She dressed herself with unusual care, choosing a new gown which brought her a triumphant smile.

And, thus armed with the knowledge that she was looking her best in a new frock, Corinna met her uncertain quarry at the appointed hour. Nor did she venture being more than ten minutes late.

Her inner excitement over the encounter made her forget the languor she'd intended to assume; and after a few minutes, Harriss cheerfully observed:

"See here, what was that headache bluff? You know you haven't got a headache!"

Corinna was taken aback. Andy would never have done a thing like that; he wouldn't have dared. At such unsympathetic strokes it was Corinna's cue to transform herself instantly into a plaintive, misunderstood thing, victimized by a brute. But, now, she hesitated. *Would* Harriss feel a brute? With him would her wiles, her cunning, her graces, her contrarieties, be of any avail? She had a conviction not. He took

her at a disadvantage; he made her meet him on his own ground. No use trying to fabricate a pleasant, baffling veil of illusion and artifice for this man. She would have liked to stick to it, till the day of judgment, that she had a headache. But, instead, she changed the subject. Unwisely she harked back to the park.

"I'm sorry you don't like the park."

"Don't like it," he reaffirmed succinctly.

"But don't you think you should sometimes do what others like?"

"Why should I?" returned Harriss, pouring Seltzer into his high-ball. "Why should I make myself uncomfortable just because some people have strange tastes?"

"But perhaps they don't enjoy it if they're alone," she said. "For most people, it seems to me," she went on pensively, "do enjoy certain things more if they have a congenial person to share their mood. Sometimes your mood is a gay, lilting kind of melody, and then you want some one who'll take you to some bright place where you can dance, and not think. Sometimes you feel relaxed and cosy, and you want some one who'll sit and gossip amiably with you about your friends. And then, sometimes, you feel vague things surging up in you, and you want to walk in the park. But you want some one — Oh, I don't know; I know a man who lets me moon away to my heart's content when I feel that way. He's a great comfort."

"Well, I'm afraid I wouldn't be," commented Harriss, attacking his toast and jam with zest. "Better stick to him when you feel a park urge coming on."

Corinna fell back on herself helplessly. Almost worse than his slap to her highbrow mooning that always went so well with Andy, was this easy sincerity in telling her to "stick to him!"

Corinna had to struggle to keep from regarding him, eating away there, with an intense, baffled scrutiny.

When she had got home again, whither Harriss had taken her in a taxi, not omitting to hurry the chauffeur lest he be late for his dinner engagement, she was in fact no clearer than before anent her stand with him.

AND she was to ponder for days more this new problem which had come into her life. Her life seemed set all topsy-turvy by it. She tried to shake off thoughts of Harriss, and threw herself feverishly into the activities of her set. But the very first bridge she attended, a girl with bright, inquisitive eyes and a reputation for busy-bodyness, took occasion to say maliciously:

"What's this I hear about Andy Benson? He's playing around with the Brooks girl — the one that goes in for polo and golf."

Corinna made herself smile superiorly, as if Andy's affair with the Brooks girl had her full knowledge and sanction. But the thrust went deep. She had been sure of Andy — so sure it hadn't occurred to her to worry about his fidelity whilst she was being preoccupied with another. And he'd been playing around with the Brooks girl! — the athletic one! The sting was all the sharper since Corinna was not athletic. Perhaps Andy was now lost to her irrevocably. Had she lost him through her capriciousness? If so, what had she gained? She wasn't even sure she liked this self-satisfied Harriss, and she *was* fond of Andy. What, then, had caused her to all but forget Andy's existence, to moon, yes, to *moon*, over the other? This other had never spoken one word that appealed, that lingered tenderly in her memory . . . . Ah, Corinna, it is not the spoken words that always matter the most. It is the new interest, the provocative presence, the sudden contact with a puzzling personality.

Corinna concluded that gay, superficial intercourse with her fellows was not congenial to her state of mind. She took to long walks in the park — solitary, because Andy was now engaged with the Brooks girl — probably riding like the furies or something, instead of strolling to the tune of soulful discussion.

It was early November now, and the weather was beautiful. But even so, walking was now a sad pastime to Corinna; she must walk with no companion but her thoughts, and her thoughts were not agreeable.

One day Harriss extended her one of his spasmodic invitations — a box-party at the theatre; there was always something "doing" in Harriss's scheme of social intercourse — for him no idle sitting round to barter moods. Corinna was lifted out of her preoccupation by an anticipatory flutter, almost happy for the moment; and then, as fate would will it, Andy rang up to ask if he might drop in.

Corinna, then, almost regretted her engagement — she'd like to see Andy if for no other reason than to sound him about the Brooks girl. Yet, remembering that, she felt a certain gratification in being able to inform him, and truly, that she was going out with Harriss.

"Oh, the magnificent Harriss!" Was there something significant in Andy's tone?

"Magnificent? — what do you mean?" she demanded quickly.

"Oh, just that he *is* magnificent. Not for nothing is that second 's' in his name." Then, as Corinna didn't at once respond, he went on: "Far be it from me to compete with *him!*"

She didn't too much enjoy her outing that night. There was another girl in the party, a southern visitor, languidly vivacious; to be sure, Harriss didn't pay her more attention than Corinna, but then, neither did he pay Corinna more attention than the alluring stranger.

Corinna was sure she wasn't jealous — she wasn't in love with him, was she? — so she couldn't be jealous. No more than she was jealous of the Brooks girl. Here she mentally shook herself. What kind of girl was she, anyway? Getting upset about all the girls her men friends chose to admire. If she were definitely in love with one of them it would be different. Or even if one of them were, ever had been, definitely in love with her. But neither of them was. She smiled a secret, bitter smile.

It was an afternoon of the second week in December that Corinna chanced to meet Andy on the Avenue. He greeted her as genially as if there had never been a rift between them, and asked if he might walk home with her through the park. A walk in the park with Andy! Corinna's inner being sang as though this hadn't once been a commonplace, everyday affair.

It was a bleak afternoon, full of sighing gusts of wind and the feel of threatening snow, but to Corinna there seemed a palpitant, thrilling charm in the air. What bliss to talk to some one — really to *talk*.

"Isn't it splendid to be such friends that you can drift apart for weeks and weeks, and then be able to talk it all over — calmly and frankly?" She began.

Andy smiled at her.

"Yes, I remember you were always going to be calm, Corinna — under all circumstances."

Rather hastily she turned her head so he couldn't see her face; but she answered pensively:

"Yes. But one of the most satisfactory things in life, I think, is absolute frankness between friends."

"I've heard that's the best way," agreed Andy.

"I love to think of those old days," she went on dreamily, as if talking to herself, — "before things turned out this way —"

"Turned out what way?" asked Andy.

Corinna puckered her brows and sought for words.

"Well, when we don't see so much of each other — when we don't —"

She came to a halt; a few vagrant white flakes fluttered down; Andy reached for her arm and drew it within his own.

"You're an absurd child, Corinna," he laughed. "First you talk about our friendship being able to withstand anything, and then, all of a sudden, you begin to talk as if everything were over between us. That's not the case at all. Is it?"

Corinna made no answer.

"Is it?" he repeated.

"Look at that lamp, shining off there against the gray sky!" she exclaimed, suddenly veering the subject. "It might be the first star! Do you know, Andy," and she peered up into his face with a child's eager enthusiasm, "I keep a sort of album in my memory of all the most beautiful, fairy things I've seen. That lamp-star's going into the collection!"

Andy laughed softly.

"I saw Victor the other day — he's just written a play," he remarked irrelevantly. "It's a farce — Victor says it's the greatest farce of them all. But it isn't. Now, if *I* could write, I would write a farce that'd knock their eyes out."

"What's it about?" But her tone was a shade uneasy.

However, Andy didn't tell it to her. Instead he squeezed her arm in his and smiled down at her.

"Some day I'm going to kiss you!" he said, again irrelevant.

Corinna's eyes and spirit seemed a-wing in the park.

"Well, look out! — some day!" he warned.

But he didn't kiss her that day.

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(131A)

Caught On a German Raider — *Continued from page 27*

decoration on me, and I was carrying with me His Majesty's Royal License for this, signed by him, and also King George's Royal License with his sign manual, giving me permission to accept and wear the decoration. Both of these documents, together with others highly valued which I was also determined to save, were secured in water-tight cases, ready to be put in my pockets at the last moment.

We remained in the company of the *Wolf* for the next few days, and at 7 P. M. on the 10th, the *Wolf* again came alongside and coaled from us till 7 P. M. on the next day. Conditions were slightly better than on the previous occasion, but more fenders were lost and the *Wolf* was further damaged. On the 11th, we again saw and spoke to our *Hitachi* friends on the *Wolf* — the last opportunity we had of speaking to them. On the next day we crossed the Equator and then for some days we saw the *Wolf* no more.

ON January 14th, I approached the Captain and asked him whether we might send letters to the *Wolf* to be posted in Germany in the event of our not arriving in Spain. Most of us had to settle up our affairs in some way in case we should be lost at sea, and wished to write farewell letters to our home people. We ourselves had to write a farewell letter to our daughter, born in Siam, from whom we had been separated, except for short periods of furlough spent in England, for twelve years.

The Captain said we might write these letters which would not be posted if the *Igotz Mendi* with us on board got back safely to Spain. "But," he added, "we have changed our plans, and now intend that you should be landed in Norway. When we arrive in Norwegian waters, the German prize crew will be taken off the ship, after the *Wolf* has got home, the ship will be handed over to the Spaniards, and you will all be landed in Norway from where you can easily make your way to England." Here was quite a new plan — how much truth there was in this declaration will be seen later on. From this time onward definite promises began to be made to us concerning the end of our captivity: "In a month you will be free." "The next full moon will be the last you will see at sea," etc., etc.

We were now, of course, proceeding north every day, keeping in mid-Atlantic, well off the trade routes. We met the *Wolf* again on the 23d, and we were told that in eighteen days we should be ashore. We were then about 30° N. and we parted from the *Wolf* the same afternoon. It was always a great relief to us when we parted from her keeping our ship's company of prisoners intact. For the men amongst us feared we might be put upon the *Wolf* to be taken to Germany, leaving our wives on the *Igotz Mendi*.

The Kaiser's birthday, which fell on a Sunday, was marked by a most terrific storm. The wind was raging for hours at a hurricane force, and it seemed impossible that the ship could live in such a sea. From this day onward we lived in a condition of great misery and death stared us in the face many times. It got colder and colder every day for a considerable time; the food got worse and worse and we were on short rations; the ship became more and more dirty, smokes ran short, and conditions generally were almost beyond endurance. Darkness fell very early and the long nights were very dreary and miserable. Sundays seemed to be the days on which the worst storms occurred, though on very few of the days from this time on did we have anything but very dirty weather. On February 5th we again met the *Wolf*. With the *Wolf's* usual luck the weather moderated, and the ships stopped.

Those who had written letters to be taken on the *Wolf* sent them over on this day, and after the morning of February 6th, we never saw the *Wolf* again.

We heard from the *Wolf* that she was getting very short of food, and that there was much sickness, including many cases of scurvy on board. Some of the prisoners, we knew, had very little clothing, and positively none for cold weather, and our hearts were sore at the thought of so many of our fellow-countrymen, being taken into captivity in Germany.

The next day we entered the Arctic circle. The cold was intense, the cabins were icy, the temperature falling as low as 14° F. in some of them. There was no heating apparatus on the ship, with the exception of a couple of small heating pipes in the saloon. All the cabin roofs leaked and it was impossible to keep the floors and bedding dry. In our cabin, in addition, we had water constantly flowing and swishing backward and forward between the iron deck of the ship and the wooden floor of the cabin. This oozed up through the floor and accumulated under the settee, and on many nights we emptied five or six bucketfuls of icy water from under the settee which had also to be used as a bed. At last I persuaded the Captain to allow one of the sailors to drill a hole in the side of the cabin so that the water could have an outlet onto the deck. Since the great storm on the Kaiser's birthday our feet had never been dry or warm. The ports of the cabins had all long ago been painted black in order that no light might show through at night. We had to sit in these cold and dark cabins during the day. The weather prevented us from being on deck, which was often covered with frost and snow. The electric light was on for only a limited time each day, so, as the ports could not be opened, it being far too cold, we obtained permission to scratch a little of the paint off the ports in our cabin. This made things a little more bearable, but it can easily be imagined how people who had been living in a tropical climate for many years fared under such conditions. It was nothing short of cruel to expose women and children to this.

On the morning of February 7th, we for the first time encountered ice floes, when attempting the Northern passage between Greenland and Iceland. About 11 A. M. we stopped and hooted for the *Wolf* as a fog had come on. This was the first time we had heard a steamer's siren since the day of our capture. We waited for some hours in the ice, but no answering signal came to us, so the Captain decided to turn back as he thought it impossible to force his way through the ice. We, therefore, went back again on our course, the Captain hoping that the wind would change. After a day or two slow steaming on this course we resumed our attempt to go to the north of Iceland, evidently to escape the attention of the British ships which the Germans expected to encounter between the south of Iceland and the Faroes. But before long it became evident that ice was still about, and in the darkness of the early morning of February 11th we bumped heavily against ice several times. This time the Captain abandoned his attempt to go through the Northern passage, and turned the ship round to try his luck in the passage in which he did not expect to be so free from British attentions.

When the boys come marching home — what then?

WE thought perhaps that as we were on short rations and water was running short and the case of us all being really desperate, the Captain would land us and give up the ship at Reykjavik, Iceland, leaving us there to be rescued.

To add to our miseries, the Captain told us on February 11th, *for the first time*, that it was, and always had been, the intention to take us on the *Igotz Mendi* to Germany, there to be interned. He told us, too, that the women and those of the men over military age would be released at once, but we all declined to believe anything else our captors told us.

At daylight on the 11th, we saw in the distance the coast of Iceland, the first land that we had seen since the Maldive Islands, a week after our capture, *i. e.*, more than four months before.

We now shaped a course for the coast of Norway, keeping to the north of the Faroes. The Captain and crew had by this time become very anxious as to the fate of the *Wolf*, as no news had been received concerning her.

On the evening of the 19th, the Captain informed us that he had received a wireless message announcing the safe arrival of the *Wolf* at a German port. The Germans seemed singularly little elated at the news, and hardly ever mentioned the subject again. This was so different to what we had expected that most of the prisoners did not believe the *Wolf* had got home.

The *Wolf* had certainly made a wonderful cruise. They had successfully evaded the enemy for fifteen months, and had kept their ship in good repair, for they had first-class mechanics and engineers on board. But she must have been very weather-worn and partly crippled before she arrived at a home port. She had sunk seven steamers and seven sailing ships, and claimed many more ships sunk as a result of her mine-laying.

THE Germans were now getting very anxious as they approached the blockade zone. They affected, however, to believe that there was no blockade. The Captain said that even if there were a blockade it would always be possible to get through it at the week-end, as the British blockading fleet returned to port for that time! The *Wolf*, he said, came out and got home through the blockade at the week-end. It was quite simple — we were to do the same, and we should be escorted by submarines as the *Wolf* had been on both occasions.

On the 20th, we were off Bergen and saw the coast in the distance and also a couple of suspicious-looking steam trawlers which gave the Germans a few anxious moments. On that night we encountered the greatest storm we experienced on the cruise. The wind was terrific, huge seas broke over the ship, and the water even invaded the saloon to a small extent. Many cabins were drenched and running with water. The ship, though steaming full speed made no progress that night, but went back, and in three days made only 100 knots. After such stormy nights, and in such bitter cold weather, a breakfast of cold canned crab, or dry bread with sugar, or rice and hot water plus a very little gravy, or bread and much watered condensed milk, was not very nourishing nor satisfying. This weather, of course, pleased the German Captain, who said that no enemy ship would or could board him under such conditions. In fact, he said no enemy vessel would be out of port in such weather! The weather alone was sufficiently terrifying to the landsmen amongst us; the prospect of having to take to the life-boats at any moment if the Germans took it into their heads to sink the ship if she were sighted by an enemy ship, added to the fears of all of us. There had been no boat-drill, and the life-boat accommodation was hopelessly inadequate for the more than eighty people now on board. It is certain, with the mixed crew on board, that there would have been a savage fight for the boats. The prospect, looked at from any point of view, was alarming.

On February 22d, we rounded The Naze. Here, we thought, we should certainly come across some British vessel. But that day and the next passed — it seemed as if we, too, were to get in during the week-end! Many messages had been dropped overboard in bottles and attached to spars, etc., during the voyage, but all, apparently, in vain. The bearing of the Germans toward us became markedly changed. We were almost in their clutches now, the arrival at Kiel and transference to Ruhleben were openly talked of, and our captors showed decided inclination to jeer at us and our misfortunes. We were told that all diaries if we had kept them, must be destroyed, or we should be severely punished when we arrived in Germany. Accordingly, those of us who had kept diaries made ready to destroy them, but fortunately did not do so. I had written mine in Siamese characters, so the Germans could not have gained much information from it.

Sunday, February 24th, dawned, a cold, cheerless day. We were now in the comparatively narrow waters of the Skager Rack, and we saw only one vessel here, a Dutch fishing boat. Our last chance had nearly gone. Most of us were now resigned to our fate. I had written in my diary the day before: "There is no hope left, no boat of ours to save us." — But some said we still might see a British war vessel when we rounded the Skaw. At midday, the sailor on the lookout came into the saloon and reported to the Captain that a fog was coming on. "Just the weather I want!" he exclaimed. "With this lovely fog we shall round the Skaw and get into German waters unobserved."

But the fog that the Captain welcomed was just a little too much for him; it was to prove his undoing instead of his salvation. The good old German Gott about whom we had heard so much was not going to see them through this time. For once, we were to be favored. The white fog thickened after the midday meal, and it was impossible to see far ahead. Soon after two we passed a floating mine, and we knew that before long we should be going through a mine field — not a very cheerful prospect in a fog. But nothing could be much worse than imprisonment in Germany, and some of us, gathered together in our cold and gloomy cabin, were discussing the prospects and conditions of this when, at 3:30 on that Sunday afternoon, we felt a slight bump. Then another bump, and then still one more! We were fast! Were we really to be saved at the very last minute? It began to look like it, but it would not do to build too much on this slender foundation. The engines continued working, but no progress was made; they were reversed — still no movement. The fog was fairly thick but we could just make out through it the lines of the shore, and the waves breaking on it some distance away. Two sirens were going at full blast, one from a lightship and one from a lighthouse. The German officers became agitated; with great difficulty a boat was put out, soundings made, and various means adopted to work the ship off, but all were of no avail. The Captain admitted that his charts of this particular spot were not new and not good. It was impossible to tell the state of the tide at this moment; we all hoped it might be high tide, for then our rescue would be certain. The engines were set to work from time to time, but no movement could be made. Darkness fell, and found us still stuck fast. Our spirits had begun to rise, the prospect was distinctly brighter, and soon after six o'clock the Assistant Lieutenant went ashore in mufti to telephone to the nearest port for help. What reply he received we never heard, but we *did* hear that he reported he was on a German ship from Bergen to Kiel and wanted help.

ABOUT eight o'clock we heard that the Captain of a salvage tug was shortly coming aboard to inquire into matters. The ladies decided to stay in the saloon while the Captain of the tug interviewed the German Captain in the chart room above it. On the arrival of the tug Captain on the bridge, the ladies in the saloon created a veritable pandemonium, singing, and laughing at the tops of their voices. It sounded more like a Christmas party than one of desperate prisoners in distress. The Danish Captain departed. What had been the result of his visit we did not know, but at any rate he knew there were women on board. The German Captain came down into the saloon, asked pleasantly enough what all the noise was about, and said, "I have offered the salvage people £5,000 to tow the ship off. This will be done at four to-morrow morning, and we shall then proceed on our way to Kiel."

Some of us had talked over a plan suggested by the second mate of a captured ship, by which one of the neutrals among the crew should contrive to go ashore in one of the tug's boats in the darkness, communicate with the nearest British Consul and inform him of the critical and desperate condition we were in. We promised him five hundred pounds to be raised among the "saloon passengers," if by so doing our rescue should be accomplished.

We remained in the saloon talking over developments when we heard that a Danish gunboat had come nearly alongside, and that her Commander was coming on board. He had presumably received a report from the Captain of the tug. We heard afterward that he had his suspicions about the ship and had brought with him on board one of his own men to make inquiries of the crew, among whom were Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes, while he kept the German Commander busy in the saloon. The Commander of the gunboat was to come into the saloon; so the ladies could not remain there and make their presence known. But they contrived to leave some of their garments on the table and settee in the saloon — a muff, hats,

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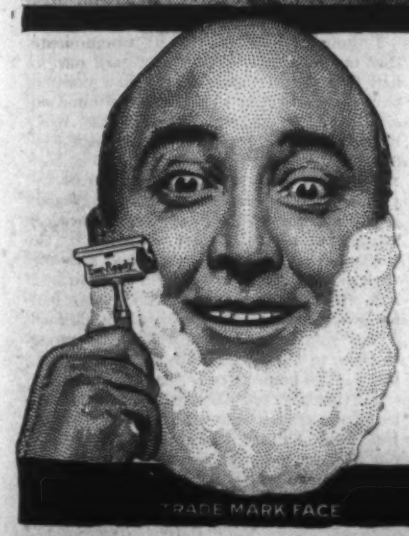

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gloves, etc. These the Danish Commander must have seen; not only that, but he saw some ladies who had stood in one door of the saloon before they were sent to their cabins. He also saw a passenger in khaki uniform, and the Australian Major of the A. M. C. If he had entertained any suspicions as to the correct character of the ship, which the Germans were, of course, trying to conceal, they must have been strongly confirmed by now. It was now too late for us to be sent to our cabins, as a German sailor came and ordered. We had achieved our object.

It was a night of great unrest, but finally most of us lay down in our clothes. For very many nights we had been unable to rest properly owing to the violence of the weather, the possibility of having to leave the ship at any moment, and our general anxiety concerning our desperate condition. We had not had our clothes off for many days. At 4 A. M. we heard the engines working, but still no movement could be heard. Soon the engines ceased; it was evident then that the attempt to get the ship off must for the present be given up. The wind was rising, and the sea getting rougher, and at 6 A. M. a German sailor came and knocked at the doors of all the cabins, saying, "Get up, and pack your baggage and go ashore." It was too good to be true; never was order more willingly and gladly obeyed! But first we had to see how the ship stood with regard to the shore; we went out on deck to look. There was the blessed green shore less than half a mile away, the first really solid earth we had been close to, since we left Colombo exactly five months before. With what a thrill of joy we saw the beach, and realized that we were saved at last! We had seen the sea under nearly every aspect possible from the Equator to the Arctic regions, and we had appreciated more than ever before its vastness. Not many of us wish for sea travel again.

When we were ready to go to the life-boat, we were told that we might take no baggage whatever, as the life-boat was from a shore station and could save lives only.

The German Captain took his bad luck in good part, but he was, of course, as sick as we were rejoiced at the turn events had taken. He had known the night before he could get no help from the Danish Authorities, as they refused towing assistance until all the passengers had been taken off the ship. But he had hoped to get off unaided at four in the morning. He professed great anger with the Danes, saying that if they had only helped as he requested, the ship could have been towed off in the night, and we with all our baggage could have been landed at a Danish port alongside a pier the next morning, instead of having to leave all our baggage behind on the ship. I fancy not many of us believed this; if the ship had been got off we should have brought up at Kiel and not at any Danish port. And, as the tug Captain said afterward, if he had towed the ship off the Germans would have most likely cut the hawser directly afterward, he would have received no pay for his work, and we certainly should not have landed in Denmark.

A FINE life-boat manned by sturdy Danish sailors was alongside the ship; the sea was very rough, but our ship steady, firmly embedded in the sandy bottom. The packages we had decided to save at any cost were put in our pockets, life-belts and life-saving waistcoats once more put on, and once more we all climbed a ship's ladder. As the life-boat was rising and falling almost the height of the ship with the heavy seas, descent into it was not easy. But nothing mattered now; once over the side of the ship we were no longer in German hands, and were *free!* The waves dashed over and drenched us as we sat in the life-boat; we were sitting in icy water, all of us more or less wet through. At last the life-boat crew pulled for the shore, the high seas swept over us all the way. We grounded on the beach, the sturdy sailors carried some, others jumped into the water and waded ashore. We were all on terra firma, free at last, after weary months of waiting and captivity. Groups of villagers were waiting on the beach to welcome us even at this early hour. They plied us with questions, and great was their wonder at what we had to tell.

We had been saved at the eleventh hour, almost the fifty-ninth minute of it; we were at the very gates of Germany, being due at Kiel the very next day! It was a miraculous escape if ever there was one, and came at a moment when all hope had gone.

What emotions surged within us as we trod the free earth once more! What we had gone through since we were last on shore! Then it was on British soil; now it was on the soil of a friendly neutral country. We had escaped imprisonment with the enemy, escaped making acquaintance with the notorious Ruhleben of evil fame. The more we reflected on it, and we did so every minute, the more wonderful did our escape appear. But our thoughts also turned to our friends on the *Wolf* who were doomed to meet the cruel fate from which we had so mercifully been delivered.

ONCE on dry land, and escorted by the villagers, we walked over the sand-hills to the lighthouse about half a mile away. There we were received with open arms. The kindly Danes could not do enough for us. Dry garments were offered us, hot drinks and food were supplied liberally, and we were generally made much of. We had come back to life and warmth once more. The lighthouse staff and villagers vied with each other in their efforts to make us feel at home and comfortable, and after interviews with some Danish Government officials, we were taken to hotels in Skagen, the name of the nearest town, a small summer bathing resort, just to the south of the Skaw. After lunch, the first square meal we had had for months, we set off to telegraph to our relatives and friends to announce that we were still in the world. It was one of our greatest anxieties on board that we could not communicate with our people, who we knew would be grieving over our disappearance.

The same afternoon we walked back to the beach to see if we could go aboard the stranded ship to retrieve our luggage, but the sea was far too rough to allow of this, and the German and Spanish crew had not been taken off. While on the beach we saw two floating mines exploded by a Danish gunboat. We had not only had a narrow escape from the Germans but also from the dangers of a mine-field. The next day was also too rough for us to go aboard; in fact it was so rough that the life-boat went out and took everybody off the ship, both Spanish and German. It was reported that a German submarine appeared to take off the German officers on this day, but as it was too rough to lower the boats this could not be contrived.

The *Igotz Mendi* was now deserted, but as the Danish Authorities had adjudged her, twenty-four hours after her stranding, to be a Spanish ship, she had reverted to her original owners. Accordingly, before leaving her, the Spanish Captain had hoisted the Spanish flag at her stern. She was no longer a German prize. She would have been the only one the *Wolf* had secured to take home — a neutral ship with only a few tons of coal on board, and a few married couples, and sick and elderly men as prisoners. Not much to show for a fifteen months' cruise, but even that was denied the Germans, though the *Wolf* had certainly carried home a valuable cargo, and some hundreds of prisoners, besides doing considerable damage to the shipping of the Allies.

The position of the stranded ship was a unique one. She was a neutral ship, a German prize, stranded in neutral waters, with a crew composed of Germans and neutral prisoners, and carrying passenger prisoners of many enemy nationalities — English, Australian, American, Japanese, Chinese and Indian.

Never was there a more dramatic turning of the tables. The Germans were now interned, and we were free. The German officers were sent off under guard to an inland town, and their sailors sent to a camp in another part of Denmark. The sailors did not attempt to disguise their joy at the turn events had taken. On their return to Germany they would have had a few weeks' leave, and then done duty in a submarine, or at the Front. Now, they were interned in a land where there was at least much more to eat than they could have hoped for in Germany, and their dangers were at an end till the War was over. They were marched under an armed guard of Danes, up and down the village street several times on one of these days; they were all smiles, singing as they marched along.

The next day a hurricane was still blowing, and going aboard was still out of the question. The ship was blown farther in shore and it began to look as if she would break up and we should see nothing of our personal belongings. The day after, however, was beautifully fine, and we left Skagen Harbor in two motor barges and boarded the ship, which was in charge of the Danish Authorities. After some difficulty, for the ship was in a state of great chaos, we secured all our baggage, much to our relief, as up to that time we had only the clothes we were wearing. We had set foot on the *Igotz Mendi* for the last time.

During the week we had to give evidence to the Danish Authorities concerning our capture and treatment on board. We were overwhelmed with kindness by the Danes who made no secret of their sympathies with the Allies; invitations to dinners and parties flowed in, and we could not have accepted them all if we had stayed as many weeks as we had days.

On Friday, March 1st, most of us left Skagen. The whole village turned out to give us a good send-off, and snapshots galore were taken — this indeed had been going on ever since we landed. The ladies amongst us were presented with flowers and chocolates, the men with smokes, and we left with the heartiest good wishes of our warm-hearted hosts. From Skagen our passage home was arranged by the British Consular Authorities. We stayed a few days in Copenhagen and then traveled through Sweden and Norway, leaving a port somewhere in that country for one somewhere in England; and so to London, where we arrived on the morning of March 10th, after incessant traveling by train and sea for a week. We had not relished another sea voyage — and one across the North Sea least of all — but there was no help for it.

No comment need be made on the German procedure of dragging their prisoners month after month over the oceans. Such a thing had never been done before. The Germans had had opportunities to release us, but had taken none to do so, as they had evidently determined not to allow any account of the *Wolf's* cruise to be made known. They might have put the *Hitachi* prisoners on the Maldives and left them there to get to Colombo as best they could, the Germans taking the ship; they might have sent the prisoners on the *Igotz Mendi* to Colombo or Java after they had taken what coal they wanted. As the Spanish Captain said, they had a right to take his contraband, but not his ship. But a question of right did not bother the Germans. Whenever they were asked why they did not release us when we thought it possible, they always advanced "military reasons" as the excuse.

It was hard enough on the men, but infinitely worse for the women. But they all kept cheerful throughout, even when it appeared they were certain to be taken with their husbands into Germany.

Every man is liable to think under such conditions that he is in a worse case than his fellow-captives, and there were certainly examples of very hard luck amongst us. The American Captain had abandoned his sea-calling for six years, and decided at his wife's request, to make one more trip and take her to see her relatives in Newcastle N. S. W. They never got there, but had eight months' captivity and landed in Denmark instead. Many sailors had left the Atlantic trade after encounters with the U-boats in the ocean, only to be caught by the *Wolf* in the Pacific. One of the members of the Spanish crew had been a toreador, but his mother considered that calling too dangerous and recommended the sea as safer. Her son now thinks otherwise; perhaps she does, too.

THE Captain of a small sailing ship from Mauritius to West Australia, in ballast to load timber, saw the *Wolf* when a day off his destination. Not knowing her, he foolishly ran up the red ensign — a red rag to a bull, indeed — and asked the *Wolf* to report him "all well" at the next port. The *Wolf* turned about and sank his little ship.

I thought, until our timely rescue came, that our own case was a fairly hard one. I had retired after spending twenty years in Government service in Siam, and we had decided to spend some months in South Africa before proceeding home. It seemed hard lines that after twenty years in the Far East we were to come to Europe only to be imprisoned in Germany! We have escaped that, but our plans have gone hopelessly astray, our health has not improved by the treatment on our long voyage, and although we took six months to get from Siam to London, the Germans succeeded in getting us home earlier than we, or they, anticipated. I was shipwrecked on my first voyage out to Siam in 1897, and taken prisoner on my last voyage home twenty years after!

Fortunately, one usually forgets the miseries of sea travel soon after one gets ashore. But never, I think, will one of us ever forget our long captivity at sea with our enemies, or the canned crab, the bully beef, the beans, *and* the roll of the *Igotz Mendi!*

[*The end*]

Big Business and the War — *Continued from page 25*

over there, chiefly for the American troops. Some of the Italian and French soldiers use lard much as we use butter. Immense quantities of lard go to all the Allied countries.

A favorite canned product with the English and Belgians is known as "rations," comprising one-third beef and two-thirds vegetables.

Perhaps the biggest problem of the packers is to get the products through to the Atlantic ports on time, and to see the frozen and cured meats loaded on the ships without delays and deterioration. The arrival of vessels is often unheralded in advance owing to the danger of sending wireless messages. Therefore, the instant a ship comes in, the machinery of the whole packing organization begins to move with extraordinary speed. To provide for such emergencies, immense supplies of meat and meat products are kept in reserve in the refrigerator rooms. The supply of one of the big concerns averages 100,000,000 pounds of meats in its curing cellars in various stages of preparation.

It is here that the value of big and intensive organizations is in evidence. When one of these rush orders comes, hundreds of men are shifted from other departments and set to work handling and loading the products for the Allies. Orders go to the foremen of the curing and domestic departments, for example, to assemble their men for this emergency work, and all the available organization is concentrated on it. In addition, it is often necessary to recruit workers from outside.

In filling one rush war order a Chicago packing company in a week shipped a thousand carloads, two-thirds for the warring countries, comprising 32,000,000 pounds of meat products.

This company ships on the average from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 pounds a week.

On one occasion, when it was necessary to use steamer space in a hurry, 24,000,000 pounds of meats and fats were shipped from Chicago on three days' notice.

Not all of these enormous orders from the Allied buyers demand such terrific haste. A single war order, divided among all packers, specified 135,000,000 pounds of corned beef and 100,000,000 pounds of bacon.

You may imagine that all this presents extraordinary difficulties and labor for the transportation department of every big plant.

Take refrigerator cars, for example, in the handling of which you find a complex organization devoting its skill and energies to getting the cars to the coast and back again as they are needed and getting the utmost efficiency out of the equipment. A separate card record is kept for each car, and as the trains pass the various icing-stations reports are made to headquarters by postal or wire. From these reports daily records are maintained of the whereabouts of each car. It frequently happens that for some reason the railroads set out empty cars on a side-track, and the fact is immediately made apparent to the transportation department by the lack of reports. If a car is not heard from within a few days tracers are sent out and the car put back into circulation.

This information is also invaluable when it becomes necessary to divert empty cars in transit to points where they are most needed. In addition, when possible, reserve cars are kept at various points, ready to be rushed to Chicago or packing plants farther west, as emergency calls come in.

Other anomalous office problems, too, have been brought on by the War and the pace it necessitates. Before any foreign shipment can be made, a long list of documents must be executed, including invoices, certificates of the Bureau of Animal Industry, weight slips, bills of lading, consular invoices and the O. K.'s of inspectors of various countries. When the large orders are rushed through so fast to meet the sailing schedules it is necessary to have just as much speed in the office. The old methods were found hopeless, so schools for training office people were established and the offices specially equipped with every kind of labor-saving machinery, such as calculating, duplicating and book-keeping machines.

Seven thousand telegrams a day, or more than ten every second during office hours, are received and sent by one of the Chicago companies, and the ordinary telegraph service is far too slow to handle this war food business. Private wires are operated by the packers between New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Cleveland, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Paul and other points. When a large rush order comes along it is distributed rapidly to the branch plants. Within thirty-six minutes after a certain big order for army meat was received, it had been divided among the various branches and instructions flashed to each.

Likewise, the can, box and bag-making departments eliminate delays that would hold up shipments. Sixty million feet of lumber a year are used in a single Stock Yards box-making plant, or enough to make a ribbon of wood, a foot wide, nearly four times across the United States. This lumber comes from points as far away as Washington, Oregon and Louisiana. One cooper shop makes a thousand barrels a day.

The bag-making department, which prepares the double sacks for each quarter of beef for the armies in France, represents a huge industry by itself. It turns out millions of these bags a year, each of which has to be cut and sewed. The cost is about $8.50 for every carcass.

All these activities must synchronize, which means the last word in organization. The departure of the refrigerator cars from the shipping platforms is on a schedule arranged in advance, and all the products must be assembled, labeled, inspected, checked and loaded, when the whistle of the locomotive blows. The trains leave the Yards in sections of twenty to forty cars, and consolidate afterward into 75- or 100-car trains, having the right of way.

In spite of the slaughtering on such a scale there still remained on the farms last January 66,800,000 cattle. This was the largest number since the War began in 1914.

For this, the influence of the Department of Agriculture has been largely responsible. Moreover, the work of the Department has resulted in a heavy decrease in disease among live stock. Hog cholera, which had cost the country six or seven million hogs a year, has been well eliminated through the use of serums. Corn-growing contests in the west have helped the demand for increased production of meat.

All this gives us a sense of our own irresistible power to win. All the winning-the-War is not concentrated on the battlefield. "Big Business," too, is in arms for Uncle Sam and Liberty.

Girls and Gas Masks

by **Daniel Henderson**

IT is early evening along the battle-front. A long, low greenish-yellow cloud rises above the German lines. The chlorine vapor finds a favoring wind and drifts across No Man's Land to the Allied troops. The sinister soul of the Hun is hidden in this mist — the fiendish spirit that hopes to blind, choke and suffocate its adversaries. The gases envelop outposts and trenches; they poison God's sweet air; they do their utmost to bring demoralization and death upon our troops. But they fail. No longer do men gasp and reel in the agony of their grip. No longer do troops run in gasping horror from this diaphanous death.

Every Boche invention or project in this war — no matter how terrifying — has met its match in the resourcefulness of the Allies.

In a Government plant near New York, which includes factories taken over from the Stewart Spedometer Company, the Ford Motor Car Company, the Goodyear Rubber Company, and the National Casket Company, battalions of girls and women toil earnestly, unflaggingly and successfully, that Pershing's men may pass through these deadly gas clouds, unweakened and unharmed.

There is a big story in this plant that for good and sufficient reasons cannot be fully told now. No romance of business is more absorbing than the way this group of big executives and inventors has come together out of their various callings to organize this branch of Uncle Sam's Chemical Warfare Service. In less than a year, by typical Yankee methods of production and operation, they have produced a mask that marks a distinct advance in gas protection, and have attained a scale of production that enabled them to supply not only two masks to each American soldier, but also to supply some to the Allied regiments.

The story, however, of the faithful women workers who have made these things possible should be told now. It should be spread broadcast to challenge and encourage men and women workers throughout the nation.

The writer chanced to be one of those drafted by the Plant's management to contribute an infinitesimal bit to the job of keeping these workers inspired.

As we watched these girls fashion the grotesque hoods which, for all their frightful appearance, held each the power to save an American soldier's life, it seemed that no incentive was needed to keep them busy. Their serious faces and flying fingers showed that there was patriotic purpose behind their work.

When this was remarked to our guides, they readily agreed that there was an inherent quality of patriotism in the toilers that would have kept them at their tasks without the circulation of their clever, inspirational workers' magazine, "The Gas Defender"; without the recreational activities conducted by the women's welfare manager, or without the "movies" and talks with which the employees are instructed and entertained.

"And yet," the manager remarked, "you know that a regiment, no matter how fine its morale, steps livelier to band music. Heartening posters, poems, "movies" and such things play the parts of fife and drum for our workers, and the final result is — more masks — perfect masks — for our boys "Over There."

One of the discoveries we made as we went through the plant was that we were in the place from which the cry, "Save the Peach Pits!" rang across the country.

These girls, realizing more than any one else the great need of peach pits and nut-shells for conversion into charcoal to neutralize the poison gases, have been the first to practise the slogan:

"Eat a peach and save the pit.
That's one way to do your bit!"

There are hundreds of women in the plant who have sons, brothers and lovers at the Front. Inquiry has revealed that on an average every woman employed has two relatives or friends with our fighting forces.

Pondering these facts, our thoughts went back to the time of the first gas attack, when the Huns, notwithstanding that the use of poison gases was specifically forbidden by The Hague Convention, launched their fiendish assault against the Turcos and Canadians on the Ypres salient. We recalled how the women of England and France toiled desperately to send to the battle-front the simple cloth hoods that were hastily devised as a protection against those deadly clouds by which the Germans hoped to slay our armies, or to ruin their morale; we thought of how those women in a single week made two hundred and fifty thousand masks and saved the cause of freedom! It thrilled us to think that the women we were watching were part of that same true breed; that these, too, were devoting their all to save our men from gases so abhorrent and poisonous that they seem to issue from the very gates of hell.

And should the question ever again be asked if the women of the country have their hearts and souls in the War, let the answer be:

"Yes! It is the women of America who have enabled our soldiers to take Cantigny, Belleau Wood, Château-Thierry and St. Mihiel! It is the women of America who are making the 'helmets of salvation,' in which our boys are cleaving a path through the torturing, strangling fumes that overhang the road to Berlin and Victory!"

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Letters of a German Propagandist — *Continued from page 23*

government subsidy. More men of military age in the useless professions, which mean so much to the joy and beauty of life, to employ.

If our league succeeds — as it must, Herr Direktor — many of the burdens from which your worthy people now suffer will be rolled away.

Most unprejuticed and far-seeing among the neutrals of my acquaintance, Captain Otto von Standhoff, ninth assistant secretary of the Bulgarian Legation, Washington, D. C., undoubtedly is. He to me recently his unbiased interview gave on North Amerika's double-header foolishness.

"Well known it is," said he, "that war was by North Amerika declared for the purpose of profiteering and money-clutching, just as it was upon Holy Germany forced by those who would the-civilization-destined-all-outside-barbarians-to-teach wreck. So ably this is proofed by the Ship Corporation so rapidly swelling! And in order the poor workingman further to dazzle wages are doubled!"

When smooth-thinking, off-standing, unprejuticed thinkers thus speak what argument except silence can you give?

Nothing can be more measly than a Profiteer. As a child, even before military orders I was taught, I was instructed in profiteer-hating. And to show my lower-than-worms-loathing for this vampire breed I will the following anecdote cite:

A few months before my removal to this temporary residence where I live, I was riding on the elevated railroad reading the *Staats-Zeitung's* intellectual news concerning German war-klaims, when a Teutonic-appearing gentleman I heard thus to a friend speak:

"Henry," said he, "that this will be a long war sincerely I hope. If three years more it should last, thirty million dollars I will be worth!"

No sooner these words were spoken than a hysterikal lady of the neurotic North Amerikan type uprose, a large umbrella in her trembling hands wielding. As I with our High and Perfect Emperor quite agree that peace-breaking always somebody else's fault is, I was for the stout gentleman's defense preparing; but before I anything could accomplish the small lady had the capitalist with her umbrella repreatedly smitten, shouting:

"Take that and that and that for my three sons now in France!"

Other neurotic Amerikan ladies now joining the battle, the offender hip and tooth ge-striking with umbrellas, etc., they raised the cry, "Take that for my husband in the Marines!" or "Take that for my brother in the Rainbow Division!"

While this rough scene I sat witnessing, it suddenly to me occurred This Man is a Profiteer! Being myself an American citizen in-a-subtle-sense-of-speaking, deep loathing for the vampire I began to feel. So uplifting the motto "Gott mit Uns!" I in the assault joined, suitable-expression-of-kontempt shouting, as my cane upon his entirely-without-hair head I struck.

"Take those, sir," I upspoke, "for the Kaiser and his six sons now on the battle-field!"

And how, Herr Direktor, was my assistance received? Did those peevishly bred-to-talk-with-the-nose Yankee women so much as thank me for my righteous blows? What in a land where women supposedly-human are considered can be expected? No sooner had my cane so gallantly on that wicked profiteer landed than an aged lady, who had been striking the capitalist in the name of her grandson in the navy, turned upon me and bruised me eleven times with her parasol! Therefore, I acted as any cool-in-the-brain Prussian officer would do. With one skilful stroke down I knocked her and escaped before more serious consequences from superior-numbers-of-others should ensue.

This, Herr Direktor, in order the one-side-only-thinking minds of Amerika to show I contribute. That their own sons should suffer by war made indignation for them; that the Holy Kaiser's entire exalted family should do likewise in the opposite direction they great-cause-for-rejoicing seem to think it! Often quite hopeless as a nation you are; and yet you could be improved by a new management.

Yours for Peace by Christmas

MAX VON HELIGOLAND

(Enemy Alien Internment Camp Z-13)

Getting Us Over — *Continued from page 16*

most a gulf, and you simply cannot get the feeling of the Atlantic. For, happily, we strike no storms. Instead, above us, drifts another fleet — of cloud-boats — a vast argosy of silver and gold seems to be convoying us, too, and the sunsets come with bewildering flame, with streaks of magenta and purple and sapphire pink. The west is banked with crimson sails and that great galleon of the sky bids us good night as it dips down the horizon line. The flags of heaven wave to us, celestial banners send out their signals, and seem to whisper that all is well. Yet underneath us who knows what peril may be waiting? We are safe to-day. To-morrow — ?

I remember two soldiers who helped to make our voyage a delight. One played the piano, the other the violin. They had never been out of some little New Jersey village; but now, with heads shaven in a most unmusicianlike way, until they looked like plush buttons, they found themselves on the high seas, in the first-class passengers' lounge, playing for us every evening. Their real gift got them out of their crowded quarters below, for which they must have been secretly glad, and they rattled off snatches of "Over There," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding," the "Intermezzo" from *Cavalleria*, and — of course — "The Rosary." One of them sang; and while we ate our meals his plaintive little untrained voice told us of "The Sunshine of Her Smile." He, too, had found a means of expression — he who, during all his twenty summers, had probably never dared to sing away from home.

And I remember Frank I—— on the lower deck, a lad from somewhere near Buffalo, silent at first, but soon voluble when he found that I really liked his honest face. He had wanted to marry, a few days before he was drafted, "the sweetest little girl in the world" — and she was, for I saw a snapshot of her which he pulled from next his heart. But he didn't think it would be fair to her, and he was hurried off to a southern camp. He had two regrets: that he was still single, and that he had so little education. "I'm a first-class private — that's as far as I can go, I guess." But I told him of great men who had been less than he at his age, and perhaps not nearly half so brave; one chopped timber, and read good books on his way out to do it. "If you'll lay the emphasis on 'first-class' and soft-pedal the 'private,' I bet you'll come back a major, Frank." His blue eyes danced. "Do you really think so?"

Well, here's to Major I——!

The day comes when we are told to put our life-preservers on again, and boat-drills begin in earnest. We are lined up every afternoon at four sharp, the roll is called, and it isn't well to fail to answer to your name. You learn the very seat in the boat where you will sit in case we are torpedoed, and some wag remarks that if the Boches were decent — which they are not — they'd hit us while we are at drill: it would be so very convenient for us.

There is laughter even in the danger zone; and it is that spirit of comedy in the face of peril that will make us the victors in the War. Grim, set jaws — I saw none. We were all as happy as children; but never for an instant, I think, did we forget the tragedy in the world, and the possibility of direct tragedy for us. Yet laughter was our sword. What was to be, was to be. But it didn't happen; and the morning came when nine little destroyers, bright, sturdy greyhounds of the sea, leaped out of the mist to meet us. And I've never been happier to see any human being. They trotted along beside our hulking ship like panting dogs, and they seemed to say, "We'd like to see anybody try to touch our master!"

Oh, we felt safe with them! And then the big dirigibles came out, too, and we were doubly protected. The stern, beautiful Irish coast loomed out of the gray sea; and Scotland hailed us, and the Isle of Man, where there are a host of German prisoners, winked at us; and soon the busy Liverpool quays welcomed us in most friendly fashion.

We were safe at last. The bands on all the ships in the Mersey started playing, and American flags greeted us on all sides. Our boys cheered and sang. The journey was ended. The Great Adventure had begun.

Yes, indeed, they are getting us over!

Out in Front — *Continued from page 32*

of the Alps. It was a curious scene to come upon so close to New York.

Broderick and Delia leaned over the parapet of the bridge. He had left her alone on the boat, on the deserted deck, wrapped in his motor coat, to read her letter. On the crowded train he had told her that he would unfold his plan as soon as they were alone.

Delia felt little curiosity. She had read Warren Bruce's letter, and the present, the interval, meant little or nothing to her. She would live in the future until it merged into the perfect present. All bitterness, despair, fear, had gone out of her. She was happier, perhaps, than she would ever be again.

"Don't you want to know where you are going?" asked Broderick teasingly. "For all you know I may be the abducting villain."

She smiled with so much of her former radiance that Broderick almost whistled. Her eyes shone like winter stars after a swift wind had blown away a heavy curtain of rain. "I told Bruce you'd be prettier than ever, and you're making quick time. But why don't you ask where we are going?"

Delia's eyes swept the beautiful silent landscape. "It is here, that is enough. Besides—" she blushed but added in a matter-of-fact tone, "he told me to do everything you said."

"Good little girl. Model wife for Bruce. He'll be more high-handed than ever when he has led his men over the top a few times." Then as her face blanched, he added hastily: "Forget it. A playwright knows how a play should turn out, and this play is going to end my way. Now, please come down to earth, listen, and register. We are on the way to my childhood's home. My present family consists of my aunt, a delightful person, who nearly wept over the telephone when I told her that I was going to bring her a companion, one, moreover, who had been ill and would want a lot of fussing over. She had a girl, and lost her — use your imagination. Besides, she has been nearly driven mad on the servant question, and perhaps, when you are a bit stronger you will help her — I hope you won't mind that. There really isn't much to do, except when I am there,— I do make an awful lot of trouble. But it's good training ——"

"Mind! It's like manna from heaven. And I'm a good cook."

"Fine. She's been eating her midday meal at the hotel. Now listen to her name. People are sometimes touchy if you forget their names, and especially if you are about to become a member of the family."

"I have a good memory! What is her name?"

"Mrs. Crosby. To me, and to you before long, I'll bet, Aunt Polly. Come along."

They walked for a quarter of a mile and came to an old-fashioned house whose ground behind sloped to the shore of the ever-turning river. In another moment Delia was being greeted with a formal yet warm courtesy by a dignified woman with white hair and a sweet worried face. "You are very kind to come to this quiet town and pay me a visit," she said as she poured out the tea before the fire. "If you will help me a little about the house it will leave me that much more time for my Red Cross work. They sniff at you so when you come late or miss a morning. Jimmy, don't spill ashes on the carpet. I detest sweeping and I shall not permit Miss Ramsing to sweep for at least a month."

She and Broderick sparred gaily until Delia had finished her tea, then being a very wise woman, she took her guest up to a bright little bedroom overlooking the river and told her to lie down for two hours.

But Delia was alone with her letter and there was no sleep in her.

COMING IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

NO end of good things will be found in the first number of McClure's for the new year: A heart-stirring and patriotic article by Anna Steese Richardson, who went to France for McClure's a few months ago. Mildred Cram, who translated the unusual Submarine stories, entitled "Out of the Depths," which appear in this number, will add to our war fiction a beautiful story of Italy — a story told with rare restraint and delicacy. One of the most distressing things in the Great War was the attitude of many Americans toward Great Britain. How erroneous that attitude was is shown admirably in an article by H. C. Witwer, entitled "I Used To Be Anti-British." "The Man From Up the Creek," by James B. Hendryx, will be one of the best stories that we have published for many months.

More Shells—Fewer Casualties

BACK of every war activity lies—coal. Ships, shells, guns, transportation. For all these we must have—coal.

The more coal, the more shells with which to destroy the machine-gun nests of our enemies—and thereby save the lives of our own boys.

The larger the supply of coal—the shorter the war and fewer casualties.

Our annual output of coal has increased a hundred million tons since we went into the war, while no other nation has even been able to maintain its output during the war.

Another fifty million badly needed tons can be saved—to help shorten the war.

Save coal.

Close up the unused rooms and turn off the heat. Put on storm doors and windows—put them on early. See to it that the weather strips fit.

Don't heat your home above 68°. A higher temperature is unhealthy, anyway.

Burn wood where you can.

Keep an eye on the furnace—don't leave it all to "the man."

If you feel that one shovelful of coal won't make any difference—think of it as a shell for the boys over there.

If you find yourself burning two lights when one will do—turn one out.

You, who have bought bonds and thrift stamps, you who have given of your money for war charities, given until you have felt the pinch, you whose sons and neighbors' sons are over there, will you not give up, too, just a bit of lazy, enervating comfort to help hurry along the job those brave boys have tackled?

Save light and heat, save coal.

To learn to operate your furnace efficiently, get from your local fuel administrator a leaflet entitled "Save Coal in the Home."

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BE suspicious of any tenderness or bleeding of the gums. This is usually the first stage of Pyorrhea—an insidious disease of the gums that destroys the teeth and undermines bodily health.

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WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU? You young man? Are you prepared to meet face to face what life has in store for you and make a success of it, or are you going to fall in behind with the grand army of incompetents physical and mental weaklings who never get anywhere? Rarely if ever, has a man succeeded in life without health. You will find physical wrecks by the wayside of life suffering for their early mistakes and errors. There is a reason for this.

I AM A BUILDER OF MEN

Make it re-builder if you like the results are the same because they are based on a system which has taken a lifetime to study out and perfect. I, personally, am the result of that system. I experimented first with myself, because I wanted to be sure. Then I tried it on others with the same marvelous results. I have never had a failure among the many thousands who have placed themselves in my hands. I annihilate physical ills, and in many cases, mental ills. There are no drugs in my prescription. "Throw physics to the dogs." If ever there was a royal road to health, strength, energy and vitality, it is that known as the Strongfort System by which each pupil receives individual instructions.

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Have you made a mistake at some time in your life as a result of which you are now suffering and paying the penalty? What are you going to do about it? Do you know that I can help you and will? In all earnestness and sincerity I beg of you to

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The Eyes of the Army — *Continued from page 28*

observer is impossible, all communication between them taking place by means of written messages or by some code of signals (taps on the body, etc.) agreed upon between them, or by speaking tubes.

One day we had a lecture from a French air officer who was sent over by his Government, and who showed motion pictures taken from airplanes; also motion pictures of celebrated French and American flyers.

I shall not soon forget that gathering of soldier photographers. How their eyes shone as they studied these flying heroes! So careless and debonair! Rather frail and narrow-chested! Watch this one just alighting! His breast is covered with medals. He puffs at his cigarette and waves his hand. Who is he? The greatest airman that France has produced; yet they say he was a consumptive, a daredevil person, most decidedly rollicking in private life. His name? There it is flashed on the screen: "*Georges Guynemer. Died September 17, 1917.*"

THIS brings us to the perplexing fact that some of the greatest flying achievements of the War must be credited to men like Guynemer, who could not pass the physical tests for military service. Not being able to enter any other branch, these young fellows somehow sneaked into the air service, their motto being: "We have little to lose, only a few years to live, so we'll just cut loose and raise h——!"

Heroes of the air!

In spite of which I may remark here that physical fitness is being more and more carefully considered in the selection of military aviators.

And a famous trainer of athletes who is devoting much time to physical-culture work among our aviators was instrumental in getting the Government to station flight surgeons and expert trainers in every aviation camp to watch over the flying men, just as expert coaches watch over a boat crew or a football eleven.

"The very fact that our aviators are brave and full of nerve increases their danger," he said to me, "since they will not admit a temporary physical disability. They are proud, high-strung young fellows, like quarter-backs on football teams, and when they are called upon to go up, they go up if it kills them.

"The other day, for example, at one of our flying fields, we happened to spot a case where an aviator would certainly have lost control of his machine if he had been allowed to go up as he wanted to. We proved this by ground tests in the air chamber. It was a case of wrong diet, stomach upset and temporary heart weakness."

A constant danger faced by all flyers is from anti-aircraft guns, known collectively as "Archie," and the air photographer is in especial peril here, since, while he is engaged in map-making work, he must fly straight ahead at the same level, avoiding up and down deviations. This is necessary in order that dozens of small pictures taken of a given area may be in the same scale; that is, may fit into one large pieced-together photographic map without any waste of valuable time in reducing pictures taken at too low a level or enlarging pictures taken at too high a level. Furthermore, the photographic map-maker must sweep evenly over the area he is taking, being careful to miss no portion of it and to preserve the same conditions of slant and light, as far as possible, so that the map may present a uniform appearance.

The consequence is that anti-aircraft guns have a great advantage in attacking him, once they have got his altitude, since he can swerve only to the right or left, not up or down.

"Believe me, you feel pretty miserable sometimes," confessed an aerial photographer to me, "as you work away at your old camera and every minute or two see twin flashes from Archie way down there, which means two more shells coming up at you."

"Isn't there anything you can do to defend yourself in such a situation?" I asked.

"Sometimes when Archie gets very bad we swoop down and attack him with bombs. That may put him entirely out of business, or it may force the anti-aircraft gunners to seek shelter in their dug-outs at least temporarily. But, of course, this manœuver is uncertain, for it exposes the airplane to great risks at lower bombing levels."

So great is the nervous strain upon those engaged in this map-making job, with shells bursting all around them, that even the best men are often stunned, as in shell shock, and my informant tells me that he has seen air photographers in France stagger out of their machines, dull-eyed, white-lipped, unable to speak except for incoherent mutterings.

"Archie! Archie!" they gasped.

The extraordinary precision that has been attained by flying photographers, not only in taking battlefield pictures under trying conditions, but in dropping bombs upon the enemy, is shown in two airplane photographs made by British experts in the Mesopotamia campaign. One of these, taken at a height of a mile or more, shows a falling bomb snapped at the very moment when it is bursting on an enemy water tank.

How modest these young fellows are in telling about their exploits in the sky!

"Yes, I was nearly shot down once in a photographic airplane," said an English captain in the Royal Air Force to me. "I was pumping away at the pictures, emptying my magazine of plates — there are eighteen of them in a bunch — when, *zip!* a Heinie had got under our tail and a bullet came singing through the petrol tank. I had to stick my thumb in the hole to keep the gasoline from pouring out. Then another bullet smashed my camera; another cut through my leather jacket and the leak got worse. We were in danger of a spark from the engine. It isn't at all amusing to have your bus get on fire two miles up in the air, so we shut the engine off and planed down. We got away with the plates — that is the great thing."

"How do you hold a camera in taking air pictures?" I asked.

"Sometimes over the side, but usually the camera is fixed in the fuselage, pointed straight down at the earth. To take a picture all you have to do is to study your map which is marked off into small squares, sight carefully and pull the shutter string, then work the loading handle for another exposure."

"I suppose you fellows have to fight in the air as well as take photographs?" I remarked.

"Certainly. We have to defend ourselves. All air observers are taught to use machine guns; but our main job is to snap pictures. Most of the fighting is done by fast pursuit planes."

"As a guard?"

"Yes, two pursuit planes for every observation plane. Of course, if we get separated from our convoys in a fight, we do the best we can — it's a good deal up to the pilot."

"You mean the pilot of the photographic airplane?"

"Yes. He's got to be a good man who can think quickly."

"How often do the air photographers go up?"

"Every day when the weather permits, and often they stay up many hours at a time."

To greet the dawn in the air — this is one of the supreme sensations! Sunrise from an airplane!

But when the heavens are gray and the clouds settle low it is impossible for an airman to fly, as he can neither see the ground nor determine his whereabouts.

Or it happens that a flying photographer, sailing along in full sunshine at a two-mile level, suddenly finds himself above a violent rainstorm, accompanied, possibly, by thunder and lightning!

Then the landing in a storm! Having no sight of the ground, the pilot does not know at what height he is, and must take his chances in "counter chasing"; that is, flying lower and lower, in the hope of glimpsing some familiar object that will give him his bearings. This is a very risky manœuver, for in the event of engine trouble or in loss of control the pilot could scarcely save himself before smashing down to the ground.

I ASKED another air officer about taking night pictures from airplanes.

"That is a possibility that has already been taken care of," he replied. "It is merely a matter of supplying airplanes with night flares. The Germans have also done this. The German night flares will burn for five minutes."

"They burn on the ground?"

"Exactly. They are lighted and dropped from an airplane just as bombs are dropped, only these flares merely burn with a brilliant illumination that dispels the darkness and allows a photographic plate to make its record. It is evident that night photography will be of immense importance to the intelligence departments of armies."

Speaking of night planes brings to mind the hint of a new and exciting service that flying photographers may be called upon to render. And here again the Allies will be following a German lead, for it appears that the spy airplane is a crafty conception of the Teutonic mind.

The spy airplane!

There are battlefield rumors of sinister night-flyers. French airplanes that are not French, English airplanes that are not English, Italian airplanes that are not Italian, arriving boldly at this or that airdrome of the Allies for a replenishment of supplies and then departing. These machines, German-owned, have the semblance and insignia of Allied airplanes, they are manned by aviators in French, English or Italian uniforms who speak these languages perfectly, but who are nevertheless enemy spies. The business of these spy airplanes, it appears, is to land a cleverly disguised officer or pair of officers in some carefully photographed field or forest within the enemy's lines, then, a few nights later, after the desired spy work in this region has been accomplished, to pick them up again.

MOST interesting was the information given me by an expert as to the part played by flying photographers in locating and destroying the famous long-range German cannon that bombarded Paris from a distance of 75 miles.

"For many days there was doubt as to where these extraordinary guns were hidden," he said. "They were finally located by calculations based on the moments of arrival of the long-distance shells in Paris; also on microphone records and airplane photographs.

"You understand that different guns give forth different sounds of explosion, according to their kind and caliber, and these characteristic sounds are recognizable at a distance.

"How far away from the long-distance guns were these microphone listeners?"

"Perhaps not over twenty-five miles away — they were at various distances, at dozens of points, scattered along the spokes of an imaginary wheel that centered where the long-distance cannon were. Then, by noting and comparing the exact second or fractions of seconds when these big-gun explosions came, and knowing how long it takes sound to travel a certain distance, the microphone listeners were able to calculate, by methods of simple triangulation, that the big guns *must* be near a certain spot in the St. Gobain forest. Whereupon, photographic airplanes were sent out to watch that spot and snap what they saw.

"And very soon flying photographers of the Allies, cruising a mile or two over this forest, saw suspicious smoke-puffs coming at regular intervals and proceeded to photograph them. In order to avoid any mistake in identification the airplane observers, at each explosion, communicated by wireless with the microphone listeners and it was found that the two records invariably corresponded, making allowance for the transmission of sound."

"And so the long-distance guns were located?"

"Yes. Then the airplane observers swept down nearer and nearer until they could actually see the barrels of these long-range cannon and photograph them."

"And then these cannon were put out of business?"

"Two of them were — partly by bombs dropped from airplanes, partly by Allied artillery working under airplane direction."

"How are these directions given?"

"By wireless signals."

"Can a pilot work the radio apparatus and steer the machine at the same time?"

"Yes. Steering an airplane is very easy in straight flying — like steering a bicycle."

"Can an airplane receive radio signals from the earth?"

"No. The noise of the engine makes that impossible. Airmen can send only by radio; they receive signals from the earth by reading messages in long strips of white cloth spread on the ground in crosses and patterns according to a code. Sometimes airmen receive messages heliographed to them by wounded soldiers back of the German lines who are able to catch their attention by Morse codes flashed from a polished helmet or from a bit of looking-glass. Men have been rescued that way. Oh, it's a great life — while it lasts!"

Patriautocracy — *Continued from page 11*

at Verdun, which was questioned by nobody in Germany — but decidedly by the French. It would logically be followed by all of us standing around like a herd of cows and waiting for grandpa's eldest son to come around in his new uniform and order some of us to take a basket and climb down and try to find enough of grandpa's August remains to hold a September funeral over.

"But it should not be Democracy's way. Democracy should lay a tender and restraining hand on the dear old gentleman's sleeve, and say, 'Grandpa, we love you to death, and we admire you beyond words, but there lies in front of you a large and exceedingly high cliff, with rocks at the bottom, and unless you have concealed about your person a parachute, or something, we should strongly advise you against doing a Steve Brodie, or a Dip of Death, at your age.' At which Grandpa, being a democratic old republican, or a republican old democrat, would stop and squint a bit and then say, 'Why, bless my soul! There *is* a precipice there, isn't there? Funny I didn't see it. You must get mother and the boys and we'll all go 'round another way.'

"And you would; and everybody would be happy, and you would have developed your initiative and your individualism, and grandpa would have saved his life, and all would be well.

"Yes, sir, helpful criticism is the developer of everybody and the strength of the multitude. If you've got to think out ways to do things, it not only develops your own brain but some of the things you think out may be good enough for other people to use. Which helps them. And vice versa.

"While unwillingness to criticize means merely that you're too stupid, too lazy or too selfish to think up anything good in the first place.

"Willingness to accept criticism shows an open nature anxious to do the best it can for everybody by every means, no matter whence they come. For there is nothing easier than to ignore poor or unwise counsel.

"Unwillingness to accept criticism shows vanity, obstinacy and shortsightedness. No one man can know everything. Life isn't long enough. Wisdom lies in a multiplicity of wise counselors.

"Whereby wise criticism, wisely followed, becomes at once the salvation of the individual, in that it encourages him to think. It is also the salvation of the nation, in that it utilizes all the brains of all the people for the common welfare of them all.

"All this does not mean that disloyal and malicious criticism should not be discouraged and suppressed. It should. For, as loyal criticism tends to help, so does disloyal criticism tend to hinder and to harm. But it is not hard to distinguish between loyal and disloyal criticism. The one advocates courses to be pursued toward the winning of the War. The other seeks to confuse those courses.

"To criticise for inaction, incompetence and delay, at the same time showing how action, competence and speed can be accomplished, is not alone loyal, it is each man's duty. For as long as we are all partners in this enterprise that we call the United States, it obviously becomes the duty of each partner to work as hard as he can for the benefit of the business.

"But to criticise the United States for standing for its rights; or for trying to win the War; or for sending troops to France; or for trying to help Russia; or for endeavoring to suppress the I. W. W. and similar disloyal organizations; to try, by criticism, to incite class war; to disrupt and confuse our own country for the benefit of the enemy; to incite a Bolsheviki; to discredit good men and encredit bad; all these things are distinctly disloyal and show that those who do them are not partners in our business, but enemies within our gates.

"We have one object in view. It is to win the War, with as little loss of blood and life as is absolutely necessary. Anything that tends to clarify and expedite that course demands the loyal advocacy of all loyal citizens. Anything that fails to clarify and expedite that course demands the loyal criticism of all loyal citizens. But that criticism should be loyal criticism. Criticism that aims to confuse and delay is disloyal and should be treated as such.

"No earnest man, anxious to win the War, should consider honest criticism an affront. He should consider it an aid and avail himself of it wherever possible. We all want to do everything we can in every way we can to help win the War. Some can help by carrying a gun; some by carrying a hod. Some can help in the army and the navy, and some in the factory and some in the field. Some can help only by giving of the counsel that they feel in their souls to be wise and sound. If this counsel, founded upon experience and proven by past performances in kind, be advanced, it should be taken in the helpful spirit in which it is given, and not be met with impatient scolding merely because it happens to run counter to opinions fixed and preconceived. Honorable men of world outlook are too few that we can afford to treat them like querulous children.

"We must remember, too, that after all, honest criticism denotes honest interest. Honest interest develops honest characters. Honest characters make honest men and honest women. People who do not criticize others, cannot learn to criticize themselves. People who do not criticize themselves, do not build their own characters. And people who do not build up their own characters, become slovenly of thought and lax of purpose. Hence it is criticism that makes a race, and the lack of criticism that breaks it.

"If we would maintain our American Democracy of which we are so proud, each of us must give to it all that is best of him, in help, in effort and in advice. And if to help, to effect and to advise, we must criticize, then criticize we must, not alone for the welfare of the country but as well for the welfare of each and every individual that the country is composed of. We are not considering alone the safety of the hundred million; we consider as well the growth of each individual hundred millionth. For criticism makes citizens; as the lack of criticism makes only serfs.

"We must help by criticism the well-meaning inefficient, as we must suppress by criticism the ill-meaning efficient. We must criticize those who try to do too much, as we must criticize those who try to do too little, and those who do nothing at all. By criticism we must awaken those among us who still sleep — the parasite woman and the meaningless man. By criticism we must bring to shame and to justice the profiteer, both of capital and of labor. By criticism we must expose the traitor, the disloyalist and those who would try, through intellectual perversion, to raise the cunning cub of Bolshevism with which they love to play, into another such blood-hungry monster as that which now tears and torments the prostrate carcass of Russia.

"For, after all, it is criticism — honest criticism — that is Democracy's only weapon against the forces that beset it from without and from within. For, without criticism, Democracy becomes Autocracy. By forbidding a man to criticize, you discourage him from thinking. Discouraged from thinking, he soon becomes a dumb and driven thing, without voice, opinion or character of his own, to be roused only as animals are roused, by hunger or abuse.

"And you, who went to war for the ideals of Democracy, will awake some day to find that, by ruling that honest men may not voice their honest thoughts or say their honest opinions, you have ranged yourself upon the side of your own enemies.

"Had you thought of that?" my friend asked.

I shook my head. For I had not.

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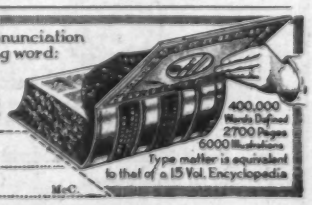

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Are you "watching your step" before investing?

Safety First in the Money Market

by **Paul Tomlinson**

WHEN you have money to invest, how do you proceed with your selection of an investment? After you have made your investment, what sort of a watch do you keep over it? The business of investing money can be divided into two operations; first, making sure that your selection is sound, and second, watching to see that it stays that way.

In discussing the first operation it is taken for granted that the investment you desire to make is in no way speculative. It has often been stated in this department that only those who can afford to lose money can afford to speculate and there are few people in this class. It is understood, therefore, that the term "investment" as used here implies safety of principal and an assured income. There are other points to consider, but these two are essential.

A friend may give you a "tip" which on the face of it sounds most attractive, but it will pay you to investigate. When you are tempted to follow advice of this kind, stop for a moment and think how hard you worked to earn your money. Ask yourself if you can afford to part with it, after all it cost you to save it. Perhaps you'll think twice, and if you do, you'll act slowly. Patience is oftentimes one of the elements of success in investing, just as it is in every other business, and it is well to remember that all the good investments are not going to be snapped up to-day, nor to-morrow either. Salesmen offering questionable securities always urge haste; because they know if you think it over, their chance is gone.

Nor is it wise to rely upon hearsay. Hearsay evidence is not accepted in a court of law, and should have no value in influencing the selection of an investment.

Go to your banker for expert advice. Tell him how much money you have available; inform him concerning your financial circumstances and prospects, for these are factors to be considered very carefully in choosing your investment. He will hear your story and recommend the purchase of a certain security. In all probability his judgment is good, and you are justified in accepting his recommendation as sufficient, but it may be well to go still further. Does he know about the men who are in charge of the affairs of the company whose securities he advises purchasing? Are they honest and efficient? What has been the record of the company for the preceding five years? Is their product in demand, and will it be in demand five years hence? Has the company any surplus? How much are they earning per share on their preferred and common stock? What would the stock be worth if the company's affairs were wound up? How much stock is authorized and how much issued? If you are buying the stock, find out the extent of the bonded indebtedness, for interest must be paid on the bonds before any dividends are available.

IT is to be supposed that your banker has satisfactory information on all of these points, or he would not have made the recommendation to you. But it does no harm to find out for yourself. Is there a market for your security; that is, is it in such demand by investors that it can be sold at any time? This is a most important point, one that experienced investors insist upon. What, they ask, is the good of owning a security you cannot sell? You never know when you may need cash, and need it badly. Moreover, you will have considerable difficulty in borrowing money on a security which does not possess a ready market.

If you are buying a bond find out its rank. That is, is it the company's first obligation, or are there other issues which would have to be paid before yours, in case the property were sold. What is the security behind your bond; is it sufficient to cover the amount of the bond issue? What is the company's credit? Here perhaps we have the most important element of all. If the company's credit is good it follows, almost as a matter of course, that the business is prosperous, and if the business is prosperous the chances are that there will be no difficulty in meeting interest requirements, and refunding the principal, when due. Thus it may be that a debenture bond of a company with credit may be safer than a first mortgage bond of one without credit. Liberty Bonds are only debentures — promises to pay — and yet our Government's credit is so high that these bonds which have no tangible security behind them are considered the safest investments in the world to-day.

The conclusion is, therefore, that every investment must be examined on its own merits. In other words, "preferred," "first mortgage," "first lien," and other high sounding titles may mean much or they may mean nothing at all. Investigate, consult your banker, and use your common sense. And do these things before you buy. Afterward it may be too late.

It may sound as if it were a life work to judge of a sound security, and it is — almost. As a matter of fact, no banker pretends to be infallible, and there are specialists in the investment field just as there are in the field of medicine. So it is that one concern deals only in railroad securities, another in industrials, or a third solely in farm mortgages. If you are attracted to a certain kind of security, therefore, go to the house which specializes in it. If the information you get is satisfactory, make your purchase. But making your purchase does not end your work. All the time the security is in your possession you should keep in touch with it. Follow the market quotations, and if the price appreciates substantially it is a reasonably safe rule to say "sell." On the other hand, under certain conditions it may be wise to sell, and take a loss if the price should go

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down. Sometime it may be advisable to sell, and buy something else with your money. Frequently you can benefit yourself materially in this way. For instance, your company may have passed the height of its success, while another may be on the upgrade. Their securities may be selling at approximately the same price, and yet few people would deny that a future is worth more than a past. Opportunities for profitable exchanges frequently present themselves. Get yourself in the habit of reading the financial news, not only in the newspapers, but in some of the good financial magazines, of which there are several.

Above all, read the financial statements and reports of the company in which you have a bond or stock interest. Keep yourself thoroughly posted on all developments which might affect your investment. Your banker has the means of keeping you in touch with latest conditions, and it is wise to avail yourself of his facilities. Never lose touch. Conditions are always changing, particularly in these times, when few people have the temerity to prophesy what the future has in store. If you are keenly alive to changing conditions they need not worry you; in fact, they may furnish opportunities for advantage. But if you buy a stock or bond, and then "put it away and forget it," you may suddenly discover some day that there is hardly more than a memory left. Don't blame the banker who sold you the security. It may have been perfectly good at the time of purchase, but conditions have changed. As a result you may be poorer, though undoubtedly wiser.

But it is not necessary to learn all these things by bitter experience. Any man's judgment may be faulty, but if reasonable care is used, you can at least lessen the chances of financial misfortunes. Go slowly, trust the advice only of those qualified to give it, and use your common sense. For instance, letters often come into this department from people who say they bought some stock in an oil well, or a gold mine, stock which the salesman "knew" was going to be advanced in price "next week"; and unless the offer were taken advantage of at once the chance would disappear. So the sale was made. After the lapse of a few months, as no big dividends, nor any dividends, were forthcoming and letters to the company were ignored, an appeal is made to the Financial and Insurance Department. But it is almost invariably too late. Suppose our advice to go slowly and investigate had been followed: a consultation with a banker would have been held, and the chances are the investment would never have been made. The salesman's promise that the price was to be advanced "next week" could safely have been ignored, for by the employment of common sense it could easily be figured out that if the price were to be doubled in a few days the salesmen would be an imbecile to let some one else get the benefit of the advance. Doesn't it sound reasonable that he would have held it just a little longer, and reaped the benefit himself? There are few people in the world so charitably minded as to give away money to strangers.

Buy something you are sure of, no matter what the return. It is better to get two per cent. on an investment than to lose your principal in an effort to get twenty. There are plenty of good investments. Don't consider any other kind, and don't forget that the character of any security may change. Eternal vigilance is the price of success in the selection of investments, and in the care of them as well.

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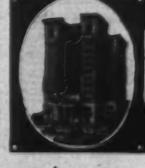

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McC. 12-18.

Farson, Son & Co. are distributing a comprehensive pamphlet describing the properties of the Globe Oil Company. This pamphlet will be sent on request.

A valuable aid to investors in Curb Stocks is the service rendered by the commission brokerage house of L. R. Latrobe & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, through which they furnish latest information. Write them on any security in which you are interested.

The Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich., will send free booklet M. C. "Key to Safe Investment." Deals with the advantages of Detroit Real Estate Bonds.

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"We're Right on the Ground," by E. J. Landers & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers Farm Mortgages from the Northwest. Free.

The-Twenty-Payment-Plan originated by Slattery & Co., Inc., of 40 Exchange Place, New York City, has been in successful operation for a great many years. Booklet describing the plan in detail will be forwarded to anyone by this firm upon request. Ask for 80-A.

E. M. Fuller & Co., members of the Consolidated Stock Exchange of N. Y., have issued a new 16-page, pocket-size handy reference book for investors, which contains a complete list of all the dividend paying stocks listed on The New York Stock Exchange. A copy of the booklet may be obtained on request to E. M. Fuller & Co., 50 Broad Street, New York.

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No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1918.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur S. Moore, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The McClure Publications, Inc., publishers of McClure's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, The McClure Publications, Inc.,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Editor, Frederick L. Collins,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, Charles Hanson Towne,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Arthur S. Moore,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.)
The McClure Publications, Incorporated,
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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
A. S. MOORE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1918.
[SEAL] Edwin Brown, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 35. Bronx Register's No. 913. (Certificate filed in New York County, No. 119.) New York Register's No. 9161. (My commission expires March 30, 1919.)

IN JANUARY

"THEY ALWAYS MARRY THE GIRL," by Dana Gatlin, will be one of the leading features of the January number of McClure's. It proves conclusively once more for our benefit that youth will have its way despite anything that wiseacres may predict.

"Unconditional Surrender," by Fred C. Kelly. We all know how the War is going to end — but here we have the final scenes staged dramatically for us by a prophet's pen.

"The Nice Present," by Bruno Lessing, will make you scream with laughter and acknowledge that all gifts are not unalloyed blessings.

"For Those in Peril on the Sea," by Reginald Wright Kauffman, the accredited correspondent of the United States Naval Forces based on France. We realize that we have a wonderful army in France, but what the world does not fully appreciate is the perilous life that other men lead in order that these troops may safely reach the battle-line.

Out of the Depths — *Continued from page 20*

Morillot thought? The submarine was quite on her beam ends, but she seemed to clutch at the surface of the sea like an exhausted swimmer. . . . In that last struggle the poor, wounded, half-drowned thing seemed held aloft by some miracle; some supernatural power lifted her out of the water and held her there for the Austrian devil to see. . . .

"The destroyers caught sight of her, and opened fire. Spurts of livid flame and thrusting white search-lights pointed downward at the *Monge*. There was a crash and a dark, glittering upheaval of water. The Austrians saw the *Monge* rent and splintered; the sea was stained with blood. Then the *Monge* rolled over.

"'Appell'! Morillot cried. Appell, the ensign, was below, getting up the last of the crew. He did not hear.

"'Goulard'! There was no Goulard to answer.

"'Moulard'! Moulard was dead.

"Then the sea began to rise remorselessly.

"'*Mes hommes*'! Morillot shouted, '*Vive la France! Jetez-vous à la mer*'! (Throw yourselves into the sea!)

"And because some of them wavered and clung to the *Monge* even then, as if it were a drowning part of France itself, Morillot shouted again: '*Tout le monde à la mer, je dis*'! (Everybody overboard, I say!)

"It was like him, eh? The dark water rose all about him and yet he stayed in the conning tower. His crew, struggling in the water, begged him to jump.

"'*Commandant, sauvez-vous*'!

"'*Moi, non*'! he said, and his voice seemed no longer human. He belonged already to the immortal heroes. . . . '*Sauvez-vous*'! And his answer, '*Moi, non! Vive la France*'!

"Then they saw the surface of the sea foaming whitely; they heard the *Monge* hissing—something down below still striving to live. . . . Then no more."

The Commandant's voice changed:

"*Il était marié avec la fille de l'amiral De Marolles*," he said placidly. "*Et il avait un fils, né apres le commencement de la guerre, qu' il n'avait jamais vu et dont il parlait très souvent avec nous.* . . . One day a letter came for the young widow, by post from Austria. It had been passed by the ravenous censorship called Imperial and Royal. I have a copy. . . ." He read:

German Concentration Camp at Gabel,
Bohemia, February 20th.

Madame,

In spite of separation we are with you in spirit and join with you in mourning the memory of him who remains, in spite of death, Our Commander.

A pure and noble example of kindness, of energy, of courage and of valor, we loved him; and how beautifully, in a thousand ways, he returned our love!

You may be assured that we can never forget him. Will you receive, madame, the homage of our profound respect?

The Crew of the *Monge*.

"The UC-12"

I SUPPOSE you'd call this a romantic story. Perhaps it is. There is a prologue of polished hypocrisy, a mysterious and criminal plot and an epilogue to a lurid melodrama.

I dedicate the tale, with no compliments, to those who believed that Italy need not have declared war on Germany. I dedicate it to those who thought Louvain, Bruges, Malines and Rheims righteous whips across the shoulders of Civilization.

Let us begin with the prologue. Remember the date—the 25th of June in 1915. Fifteen, not sixteen, mind you!

Two months after Italy's declaration of war against Austria, Italian mine-sweepers, cruising just outside an important naval base, discovered a line of twelve mines that had been laid with the evident purpose of blowing up any ship that entered or left the port. The mines were an unfamiliar type, most evidently German.

Three weeks later, another string of these devilish beads was thrown around the neck of the same harbor. Again they were discovered by the mine-sweepers and removed. Who had put them there? There was only one answer—a submarine. In all probability a German submarine. Mine-sweepers combed the sea. Time after time the mines were removed. Time after time, miraculously and secretly, they were laid again. . . .

There you have the prologue and the action. Here is the epilogue:

On the 16th of March the crafty visitor approached the Italian shore again. This time they were ready for her. Submerged, invisible, she crept toward the mouth of the harbor. Too far. There was an explosion; an immense column of yellow water, stained with petrol, shot into the air. . . .

Torpedo boats and a hundred excited, scurrying launches rushed to the spot at once. When they got there the sea was still torn by an invisible agony; oil spread slowly over the surface of the water; huge bubbles, bodies and equipage were tossed up from the bottom of the sea.

The Commandant of the port decided to raise the monster—a delicate matter, since a portion of the terrible cargo remained on board. Very cautiously, inch by inch, the two shattered fragments were lifted out of the sea and put ashore. Then we saw her name. "UC-12." Her birthplace, the Weser Dockyard at Bremen.

Some of the compartments were still intact, but it was almost impossible to open a way into them. An incredible entanglement of twisted and rent places, projecting tubes, all smashed, bent and distorted, barred the way.

There was nothing Austrian about the "UC-12" except the Austrian flag, and that, with astonishing carelessneses, had been changed at Pola on the 28th of June, 1915, a day or two before the first mine-laying in Italian waters!

. . . . . .

The "UC-12" has been refitted and relaunched. Under the Italian flag she is avenging the harm she did as a German mine-layer. Before she fell into the Italian net she had a brief but amazing career.

When war against Italy was declared, the "UC-12" left Kiel by rail and arrived at Pola on the 24th of June.

In February, 1916, the "UC-12" was somewhere near Durazzo. She laid mines in the roadstead and placed two other lines that the Italian sweepers discovered. When she returned from Durazzo, the "UC-12" made straight for one of the Italian bases.

"The Jalea"

HE rose to the surface of the water, dazed, shaken, almost unconscious. The sea was still boiling from the terrific explosion that had wrecked the *Jalea*. Vietri struggled blindly, reaching for the blessed air and light with outstretched arms.

Light . . . air. . . . Thank God, both, at last! He turned over on his back and floated, whirling dizzily for a moment in the vortex of wreckage. Then he opened his eyes. His lieutenant was swimming near him, trying desperately to undo his heavy boots. Vietri swam over to him with swift, powerful strokes and put both arms under him while he kicked off the clumsy boots.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

Cavalieri shook his head. "Damned if I know," he answered. "A mine. . . . Poor luck. Where are we?"

"Off Grado."

Cavalieri's head bent back against Vietri's arm. He smiled faintly. "I'm done. Let go of me. You're wasting yourself."

"Not I," said Vietri.

Cavalieri raised his head. "There's a boy over there in a worse way."

Behind him Vietri saw one of the crew struggling desperately to keep afloat. He turned despairing eyes on Vietri and shrieked. Then he sank back, out of sight, leaving scarcely a ripple on the surface of the sea. Overhead, a cloud of white sea-gulls wheeled and dipped, startled by this sudden violent upheaval of the unbroken sea, this amazing apparition of men, bloody, broken and gasping, thrown up from the bottom of the Adriatic to struggle a moment and then to disappear again. Vietri stared back at the shrieking birds and shouted at them.

"You've got wings, damn you! Go back to Grado and tell them the *Jalea* struck a mine, submerged—all on board lost!"

"Not yet," Cavalieri whispered. "Let go. Save yourself, for God's sake!"

Then he twisted sideways, made a terrible grimace and died. Vietri was quite alone. He let the lieutenant slip out of his arms; then set his face toward Grado and swam, desperately but steadily. In the distance, like a string of fiery beads, Grado's windows blazed in the glare of the setting sun.

As he swam, the delectable mirage receded and Vietri realized that he was caught in the Gracala current and was being swept back toward Austria. The winking lights dimmed, grew smaller, almost disappeared, while he struggled desperately, like a man possessed, to cheat the enemy. He wanted to reach Grado. More than life itself he wanted to take back the story of the *Jalea* to Italy. Not to Austria. Not to those conquerors, waiting for confirmation of that atrocious murder. . . . Impassive, heroic, with his wide-open eyes fixed on the disappearing goal, he swam on. His face was calm, the face of a man who is concentrating on a great purpose. Twilight overtook him, and then a brief, impenetrable dusk when sea and sky were lost in a black void.

Suddenly he remembered that if he should drift and wait, the reflex current would catch him and carry him back toward Grado again.

He turned over on his back, spreading out his arms, and drifted with slight movements toward the enemy.

Suddenly a light sprang from shore and flashed across the surface of the water. Austria! The current was sweeping inshore again, carrying him with it. He had only to make one more effort and he would be seen and rescued. The Austrians would be only too glad! There was a great confusion in his brain; a contorted vision of bright lights, warmth, food, rest from this terrible effort. He suffered, with longing and with fatigue that were worse than any physical pain he had ever known. His arms ached, his mind was on fire with temptation, his eyes smarted with tears.

Then suddenly a rush of feeling swept him out of his body. He felt the pride of victory; a hot, unbearable hatred of defeat gave him strength; he had an ecstatic vision of supreme happiness, supreme accomplishment——Grado! He laughed aloud, turned around and swam away from shore.

At midnight he had been in the water for more than ten hours. His body was swollen, his eyes and throat were so parched with thirst that the water washing all around him was a hideous mockery. Still he swam on, guided by the white light from the reflectors searching over the sea at his back. The reflex current had set in at last. Still he swam on, held up by his fixed purpose, carried forward by that indomitable desire—to reach Italy.

Dawn came slowly. The thick gray mist which lay upon the water became faintly luminous. Straight ahead Vietri made out some square white patches placed in line upon a dark background. Land or cloud? He couldn't be sure. He was not sure of anything except the cold and his weakness. Not even sure when he heard the high wailing shriek of the Grado buoy and saw it loom suddenly out of the mist like a tossing wraith. . . . He felt himself at the point of death but he swam on, and caught at the buoy with his numb fingers. Grado. . . . The buoy of Grado. . . . Of course. . . .

"Help!" he shrieked with his last strength. "Help! Grado!"

Some one on the mole at Grado heard the cry. A motor launch went out and circled the harbor, with distrust. Vietri heard the brittle explosions of the engine and some one called in an angry voice, "Who are you? Hi, there! Where are you?"

He had forgotten his own name in the immensity of his struggle. But he managed to say, lifting his head, "*Jalea*."

"Courage!" the voice said. "We're coming."

Suddenly the prow of the launch loomed above the buoy, a man's face, anxious and curious, peered down at Vietri. "All right there? You from the *Jalea*?" Vietri nodded. The man's face was wavering. His voice, far off, like a voice coming from a great height, cried, "Give me your hand." Vietri turned over slowly and tried to meet the hand held out to him. But he could not. He felt himself lifted up and pulled into the launch. Then the voice, farther away, but very insistent, like the angry droning of a bee, asked again, "Who are you? The *Jalea*? What became of her?" He opened his eyes again and saw the man's face, enormous, still very anxious and absorbed. He made a great effort, somehow capturing speech in the atrocious confusion of his mind. "*Jalea*—all over. . . ." he said. "*Viva l'Italia!*"

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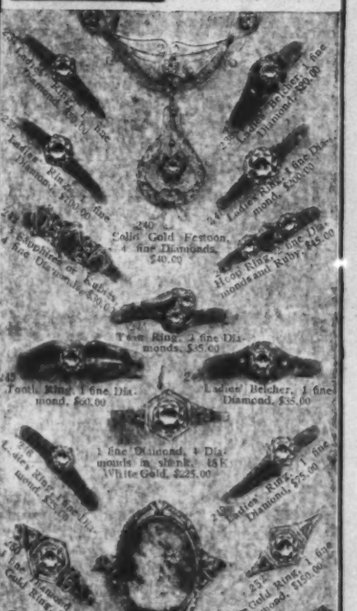

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Something Different — *Continued from page 22*

that he was thin and dark and almost as good-looking as Mack Jenkins had said, though not a bit like a movie-hero.

"Mr. Moreland," she said, leaning forward and holding out her hand. "I'm Miss Carden, your kidnapper for the evening. If you only knew how grateful Mrs. Turner is to you for filling the break in her dinner table" (Heaven forgive me the lie)—she concluded mentally.

He gave her hand a warm strong grip, and in the touch of him, she had the sensation of something curiously vital, almost electric. His voice, deep and slow, added to this impression. "Is an odd number at dinner such a calamity then?" he asked, as he stepped in beside her.

"It's a real tragedy to Molly Turner," answered Alice. There was something about the man, she reflected, like an aura of infectious well-being. She wished the light was better so that she could get a good look at him.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe you'll tell me a little something about Mrs. Turner and her other guests just to save me from making any bad breaks."

"You can't make any bad breaks at a New York dinner party," said Alice. "All you need to do is to eat and answer, and if you know a good story, tell it. We're all perfectly harmless, perfectly stereotyped, we think and say nothing but commonplaces. As I was coming down to meet you I was gloomily reflecting on this very thing—and wishing bitterly for something different. I was quite hopeful that you might provide me with a thrill—but no, you're conventional and well-tailored and polite. Why couldn't you have been a Westerner of romance——"

"WITH chaps and a wide-brimmed hat with a leather band, and a beautiful blue handkerchief around my neck," broke in Moreland, with a chuckle.

"Exactly. It would have served Molly Turner right. She's rather expecting that sort."

"If I'd only known it! I might have hired a costume and brought a lariat and done rope tricks."

"It's cruel of you to dwell on it. You make me feel what I'm missing—though I dare say you can't do rope tricks at all, and are just vain and boastful. But it's a delightful picture to think of—I would certainly have had my thrill."

There was a moment's silence in the car. Then, leaning toward her a little, Mr. Moreland said simply. "Well, I'm having mine. You're the first beautiful woman I've talked to in ten years. And all this lovely luxuriousness—" he touched gently, almost caressingly, the fur of her cape. "It honestly thrills me—and so do your eyebrows, and so does the way you turn your head with that little lift of the chin—and your voice—and that long curving line your arm makes under that silk stuff—and the ripple of your hair. I do not mean to be rude and offensive, I assure you. But I've been so isolated, I can't help gloating over you and the fact that I'm near to you and talking to you."

This astounding speech left Alice breathless for a moment. Was the man serious, or was he making fun of her? And how should she reply to him? She determined to answer lightly. "My poor young Westerner," she said, in mock pity, "if you think my cape is lovely, *what* will be the effect on you when I take it off and you are in the full effulgence of my new evening frock? I begin to be sorry that I wore it. And when I reflect that all the women you'll see to-night are much better looking than I, and have far more wonderful frocks—I'm even more sorry for you."

To her relief he answered her in kind. "I'm beginning to be sorry for myself," he said, but he had no time to say more, for the car was drawing up before the door of the Turner's smart little house.

But in the touch of his hand as he turned to help her out of the car, she had as great a shock as from his speech about her beauty. It was intimate and tender—a love-making sort of touch. She half started to draw back, and then controlled herself and let her hand stay in his for the two seconds it took her to reach the pavement. It was not a bold or familiar touch, nor did he try to prolong it, yet it gave her the feeling that he had leaned to her and whispered that he loved her. And—though she did not quite coherently know it herself—she seemed to have wanted him to say it!

As they came into the light of the hall, she had her first chance to see him clearly. Movie-hero indeed! He was a real man. There wasn't a hint of anything theatrical or affected about him. And when he smiled down at her, a whimsical, understanding sort of smile, with just a thought of wistfulness in it, she did not stop to analyze or deny the instant confusion of happiness that she felt. Absurd—she'd only just met the man. She hadn't talked to him fifteen minutes. And yet . . . somehow, they'd known each other for endless ages, and there wasn't the least need to pretend otherwise.

"I wish we didn't have to go to this party," he said as she slipped her cape into the hands of a waiting maid. "Do you think—could we cut it and run for it now?"

"We're late as it is," she answered, and turned toward the drawing-room door. "Now if you'd spoken while we were still in the car—" and she laughed at the dismay in his face.

She was laughing still as the curtains lifted and they faced the battery of eyes that was promptly turned on them. The sight of them all staring made her perfectly sure that Molly Turner had been amusing herself by telling the others that a wild Westerner was expected, and since there had been one round of cocktails, they were all quite ready to be amused. Her surmise was made a certainty when Molly came forward with her best baby stare.

"You're awfully late, but forgiven because you're here at all," she said. "Alice dear, how lovely you look. And this is—Mr. Moreland?"

Oh, it looks all right, written out on paper but it was the nasty way she said it. "I can't imagine what sort of a person you are" her tone conveyed, "who'll force yourself into a house where you're not known and not wanted, but I suppose you know nothing of the customs of civilized people, and since you're here I must be ostensibly polite to you. But don't presume on it."

Yes, all that was in her voice and the nonchalance of her outstretched little hand. Alice felt a tingle of her own hand—it tingled because it so longed to give Molly a primitive salutary slap. But she could do nothing. She turned away and spoke to the others. There were the Taureners, very musical; the Aldreds, very arty; Minnie Caird and her husband, which is the way they were always named and sufficiently described them; Mrs. Wycherly and her latest pet poet, Edgar Rowe Telley; Daisy Shuster, the illustrator; and Randolph Larned, a young lawyer with shell-rimmed glasses and a bump of conceit even more conspicuous than his eyegear. All the time she was speaking to them, Alice was conscious of Molly's wicked little voice, rippling on, oh, so smoothly:

"You're from the West? The real West? A wonderful place to get away from, isn't it? But I believe it's the pose of all you Westerners now to pretend that the East bores you frightfully. Of course we all know it's only a pose."

Peace is not chiefly an end, but a beginning

"IT'S very educating—the East," said Moreland. His voice was very quiet, very colorless. Alice longed to turn back and protect him from Molly's claws. But she did not. After all, they could not really hurt him. Only she would have liked to have had him treated decently.

"Who is the wild and woolly person, anyway?" breathed Randolph Larned into her ear.

She was spared the necessity of answering because more cocktails were brought in and Randy did not wait to hear what she might say, with stronger stimulant at hand. And as soon as the cocktails were disposed of they were going in to dinner.

It was not until they were settled at table that she realized that Molly must have juggled the place cards at the last moment, so that the stranger might sit beside her, with Lallie Wycherly at his other side, and Iris Aldred just across the table. Alice was down at the other end with Jim Turner and Carl Aldred. She could only hear a little bit of it, now and then, but she could see Iris Aldred and Molly and Lallie Wycherly all leaning toward Moreland, and they were quite uproarious. Randy Larned, who was between Molly and Iris, seemed to be having a beautiful time of it, too.

Alice hated them all with a sudden vehement hate. Some one—Lallie, she thought—asked Moreland if his favorite author were Nick Carter—and they all shrieked at this bit of stupidity as though it were wit.

SHE became aware suddenly of something quite different in Moreland's voice and manner. He was putting on a Western drawl and dialect, affecting to slouch in his seat and to have difficulty with his table silver,—all of which was not lost upon those around him, who exchanged open glances of amusement. They had stopped trying to be funny about the West temporarily and were plying him with themes which they felt certain would be unfamiliar. She could hear Iris Aldred asking him if he did not feel "the inevitability of Matisse."

"Oh, pshaw, that was a film I missed. Was it a good one?" Moreland answered gravely, and his listeners rocked with mirth while he observed them with puzzled seriousness.

If he were only playing with them, Alice meditated grimly, he might be having a better time at their expense than they at his. She considered them all, and wondered how it was she had ever admired and enjoyed them. She wished that the dinner would end that she might make some excuse to leave—a headache—a caller—anything. And never, never again would she set foot in the house of people so wanting in the decencies of hospitality. If they couldn't see what sort of man Moreland was . . . how well worth while. . . . Again she set the brakes resolutely on her runaway thoughts. After all, Moreland was nothing to her . . . oh, nothing at all. How could he be?

She strained her ears again to hear what they were saying, and was rewarded by a bit of superciliousness from Randy Larned.

"My dear chap," he said, in the tone one would use to a faithful but stupid valet, "you must find the traffic here awf'ly baffl in'." (Alice remembered that Randy had once spent six weeks in the British Isles—hence the English accent.)

"I did till I got acquainted with the policeman at Broadway and Forty-second Street," explained Moreland, his drawl more hopeless than ever, his slouch more slouchy. "He's a mighty kind-hearted fellow and he set me right about a lot of matters. And say, he knows a lot of tricks—Jap wrestling tricks, you know. Look—here's one." Without saying, by your leave, Moreland flung a long, lean, sinewy arm behind Molly Turner and grasped Randy Larned by his elbow. The effect was electric.

"Ye-ow! Let go! Oh, my God!" shrieked Randy.

Moreland dropped his elbow and beamed around the table.

"There's a nerve there," he explained proudly, "that when you grip just right nearly kills you. They use it to arrest rough customers. Just a little trick—but ain't it wonderful?"

It was wonderful. Randy, rubbing his injured elbow, and conscious that his behavior had been far from heroic, glared at Moreland with resentment that he did not try to conceal. Lallie and Mollie and Iris started to laugh, somewhat hysterically, and the rest of the table roared quite naturally. Randy's yell had been genuinely funny in spite of its anguish.

"Served Randy right," observed Jim Turner to Alice. "Keep him quiet for a while, I hope."

A rapid, inconsequent babble of talk began to cover the awkward moment that sophistication is bound to feel when a primitive gesture is flung into its midst, and Moreland was permitted to dissect his salad in peace. Indeed, his nearest neighbors seemed a little apprehensive of him, and Lallie Wycherly edged as far away from him as she could, perhaps fearing an attack on her own quite unprotected elbows. Only Molly, the insatiable, eyed him now and then with a sparkling, inquisitive glance, and wondered how she could best stir him up again.

Presently she began to talk to him. "You Western people are so deliciously natural in all you say and do!" she said, with disarming innocence. "I suppose, in the West, one can be. Here, in the higher civilization, we're bound by conventions. Stupid, aren't they? And yet, I see you, too, respect them to a certain extent. You've come straight from an—er—almost savage environment, and yet you're wearing dress clothes. You don't mind my asking, do you—I'm so interested in the way other people live—but did you rent your suit for the evening, or do people out West actually wear them sometimes?" She brought out the last words slowly, sweetly, with an insolently ingenuous smile. Even the people nearest to her gasped and were silent, and in the silence the answer came clearly. Moreland accompanied it with a frank grin at his hostess.

"Now how did you guess it?" he said, admiringly. "Yes ma'am, I rented it at the same place Mr. Turner rented his. And the man I rented it off of said there'd be three others from his place here to-night. I sure do like to be dressed up right when I'm in the city."

Jim Turner led the roar of laughter that followed—laughter in which Molly did not join, and which made Moreland look round in puzzled wonder.

"I'll bet I've made some sort of a break," he murmured. "No offense intended, Mr. Turner."

There was an interval of peace after this, and the ices were got through with no further baiting of Moreland. Molly seemed to have lost interest in the West. She turned her pretty back fairly to Moreland and chattered away (a little too gaily) to Randy, on her other side, but Moreland seemed to be indifferent to the neglect.

"Now the minute the coffee's served," Alice promised herself, with mixed emotions, "I'm going to get away. And I'm going to take Mr. Moreland with me. I won't leave him here to be bored and insulted. I'll slip out and telephone for a taxi, so as not to have to ask Molly for her car again, and then——"

Her plans were here rudely interrupted. The Westerner, just as Molly was about to give the signal for her guests to rise, leaped to his feet and from the hip pockets of the supposedly hired dress suit drew two stumpy, businesslike revolvers.

"LADIES and gentlemen, put up your hands!" he commanded. The guns seemed to be pointing directly at each one of them.

"Don't make any noise," he went on, the drawl gone from his voice and the slouchiness from his body. "The first person who speaks or moves except as I direct will get a very painful wound—and maybe something more. Sorry, Mrs. Turner, to break up your pleasant little party, but business is business. Hands up—everybody! I thank you."

Waveringly their hands went up. They sat about the table like so many wax figures, their faces set in droll expressions of terror and surprise.

"Now, Mr. Turner," said Moreland, "take your money out of your pockets and your watch, take out your studs and links, and lay them all on the table in front of you. The rest of you keep perfectly still. I have you covered, Mr. Turner,—just do exactly as I say and when you've done it, put your hands up again."

Without a word, Jim Turner obeyed. Money, watch, studs and links were expeditiously placed as Moreland had directed. "Thanks," said the robber. "Mr. Larned, please take that big fine table napkin you've got on your lap and go around and tie Mr. Turner's hands securely behind him. Then, Mr. Turner, you can walk over there—" pointing to the farthest corner of the room—"and stand with your face toward the wall."

This, too, was accomplished after a little delay. Then Larned's valuables were added to Turner's, and he was tied up by the gentle poet, who was quite white and shaking.

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if you do exactly as I say and make no fuss," insisted Moreland. "But remember—*make no fuss.* These guns are both seven-shooters, and there are only thirteen of you. I'm a dead shot, too."

After the men were robbed, and tied, it was the turn of the women. "Mrs. Wycherly, that necklace, please—though I suspect it of not having much value. And your rings. You may keep your earrings—they're paste. And we'll get Mrs. Turner here, who loves the West so much, to tie your hands. Mrs. Turner, your jewelry's of the best—I admire your taste. Put it all right down there with the other things. Yes, your earrings, too—they're very good stones even if they're not very large. And, now, Mrs. Aldred. And Mrs. Taurener—and—and—what was the name?—you—the lady in the pink dress?" He pointed his revolver at Daisy Shuster. "Yes, that's right—put it all down. And Miss Carden here will tie your hands. Thank you, Miss Carden—make a good job of it—tie them tight. Now walk over to the side there. Face to the wall. Nick Carter methods, you see—my favorite author. Everybody please stand *perfectly* quiet."

Alice Carden was the last. She began to fumble at the fastening of her necklace, but he stopped her.

"No, no, Miss Carden—you brought me here and so it's only fair that you should keep your things. Besides, I've got something else for you to do. Please take that last napkin there and tie up all that stuff in it, so I can carry it easily." He walked quickly over to her side, and watched her while she did it, and she made a fair job of it. Her hands did not even tremble. It was all so unreal and absurd that she couldn't be very much frightened.

Moreland lowered one hand and slipped the knotted ends of the napkin full of loot over his arm. "Now, Miss Carden," he went on, "walk out into the hall in front of me. Everybody else stay still, please—I'm standing right here in the door. And I may as well tell you that I've got a pal on this job, and the telephone wires are cut, and if you venture out of the house for half an hour—any one of you—you'll be shot dead in your tracks, for my pal's watchfully waiting across the street, and he'll stay there until I've made my getaway. You can occupy your time telling each other what you'd have done to me if you'd only had a gun. Good night, ladies and gentlemen. Thanks for the dinner, Mrs. Turner—it was bully. And your highbrow conversationalists are a scream. Remember—perfectly still until you hear the street door slam, and then don't come out of the house for half an hour. Mike, my pal, is a rough fellow and his gun's got a new Maxim silencer, and he's just crazy to use it. So long, folks, as we say out in the wild West."

He turned back to Alice Carden, who had been standing in the hall. "Get your cape," he ordered, "and put it on." She picked it up and threw it over her shoulders. "Now open both outer doors," he further commanded. She did that, too. He dropped his guns back into his pockets, snatched his coat and hat, made one quick jump through the doors, banging them behind him, caught Alice by the wrist and raced her down the steps and down the block. At the Avenue he stopped, jammed his hat on his head, and hailed a passing taxi.

"Get in," he said, and fairly pushed her through the door. She did not hear the order he gave the chauffeur, but sank back breathless and gasping. He leaped in beside her and the taxi darted on.

"But," she said, finding her voice at last, "but what did you do with all the stuff?"

"The stuff?" he asked. And behold, the first Moreland had come back, and the twanging provincial had vanished and, with him, the commanding highwayman.

"Yes, all the rings and money—that I tied up for you?" she went on.

Moreland burst into the most genuine hearty mirth. "My dear girl," he said, "I left it right between the two front doors of Mr. Turner's house, of course, where I hope they have found it by this time, if they didn't believe too implicitly my story of Mike and his deadly gun."

"You left it——?"

"Of course I left it. I ought to be ashamed of myself, I suppose, but when we went in there and that little feline Mrs. Turner began clawing me and my big beautiful country, and all these other male and female near-humans began making a joke of me, I couldn't help it—Satan entered into me. The woman whose earrings I insulted kept saying she wanted a thrill—well, I guess they've all had a thrill. And you yourself said you wanted something different,—do you remember? Listen—are you very angry with me? That's the only thing I'd mind——"

He was leaning toward her, very pleading, very earnest. Once more his hands tenderly, entreatingly were clasping hers. She was being drawn, not unwillingly, against his shoulder.

"Do you think I'm crazy?" he said. "I suppose I am, a little. When I came out to the car there, from the club, and you leaned out of the shadow and spoke,—my Lord, girl, I knew I'd found you at last after years and years and years of waiting. And I went off my head. You know what I said to you as we went uptown. I meant it, every word—I mean what I'm saying now. I'm not a wild ruffian, Alice—I've got to call you Alice, for it's the loveliest name in the world—honestly I'm not. Maybe I shouldn't have done what I did to-night—but truly, you know, they were such fools and so mean-spirited and hard and silly, all of them, except you. Aren't you going to forgive me? I kept looking at you, and looking at you and there you sat so lovely and so different from the others, and—and I could see that you were worried about me—and wanting to help me when—oh, you know this isn't the life for you, Alice. You're going with me—out West—where we're all busy with real things—and where we wouldn't sneer at any guest, no matter if he were a tramp. I've got heaps of money—and I didn't hire my dress suit, truly. They sneer at the West—why, my Chink can cook all around the Turners' cook, and they haven't even got up-to-date electric lights. But that doesn't matter. The only thing that really matters is, do you forgive me for making such a fool of myself? Do you?—do you?"

"Where did you tell the taxi man to go?" asked Alice, irrelevantly, but not drawing away from his shoulder.

"I told him to drive around the park for an hour or so, till I told him to stop," confessed Moreland. "You see, this is my turn to kidnap you. I had to. I had to get a chance to talk to you, and it's still early in the evening. Girl, dear, I'm not going to leave you here in New York, binding little useless books for an occupation, and associating with those ridiculous people for your amusement. I simply can't do it. Don't turn away from me. Why shouldn't I fall in love with you all at once like this? Is it so strange? I should think every man in the world that had ever seen you would be in love with you."

"But I don't know you," protested Alice, weakly, it must be admitted. "I don't know anything about you. You're too headlong. We might not like each other at all if we knew each other better."

"You might just as well say the sun won't shine to-morrow when all the stars are out and it's clear as crystal to-night," said Moreland. "I don't wonder you feel dubious about me for I've acted like a wild man to-night. But if I should come around to-morrow morning with references, and letters and all that sort of thing, and—oh, you do believe me. And you—you like me, too—a little. I can tell that you do. Oh, my dear——"

And the conversation became highly personal.

An hour later the taxi was turned toward Alice's studio. "There may be a policeman on the doorstep," said Moreland, "sent by our late friends and fellow guests. But if there is, I can square matters easily. The Commissioner and I are old friends, so don't be nervous, darling. And I shall be around just as soon as you'll see me in the morning."

"Molly Turner will never forgive me," said Alice, thoughtfully. "None of them will. It's a good thing I've decided to—to—make this kidnapping permanent. The farther away I can go, the better."

"You're going a little over two thousand miles," said Moreland, "and if you would kiss me once more, I'll guarantee to make them forgive you—*if you really* want them to, but I think it's wasted motion to do it. Is this where you live? My dear—my dear—I can hardly believe that three hours ago I was the lonesomest, bluest, grouchiest man in the world."

There was no policeman on the doorstep, and under the elevator boy's sleepy chaperonage they conducted their farewells with great dignity and decorum.

"Thanks for bringing me home, Mr. Moreland," said Alice, politely. "It's been a charming evening." They shook hands and he turned back to the waiting taxi. She was just about to step into the elevator when she remembered something and ran out to the street and caught Moreland's arm.

"Oh, darling," she cried. "what *is* your first name?"

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